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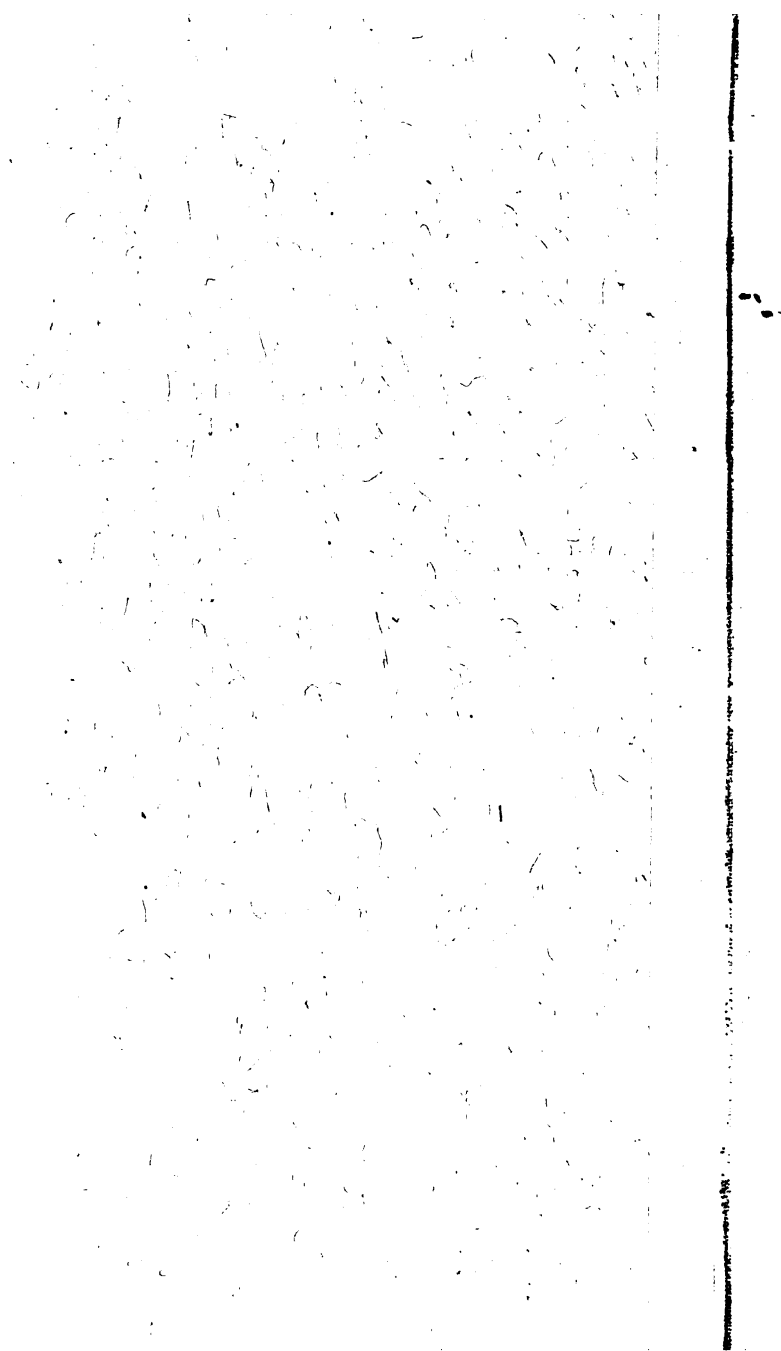
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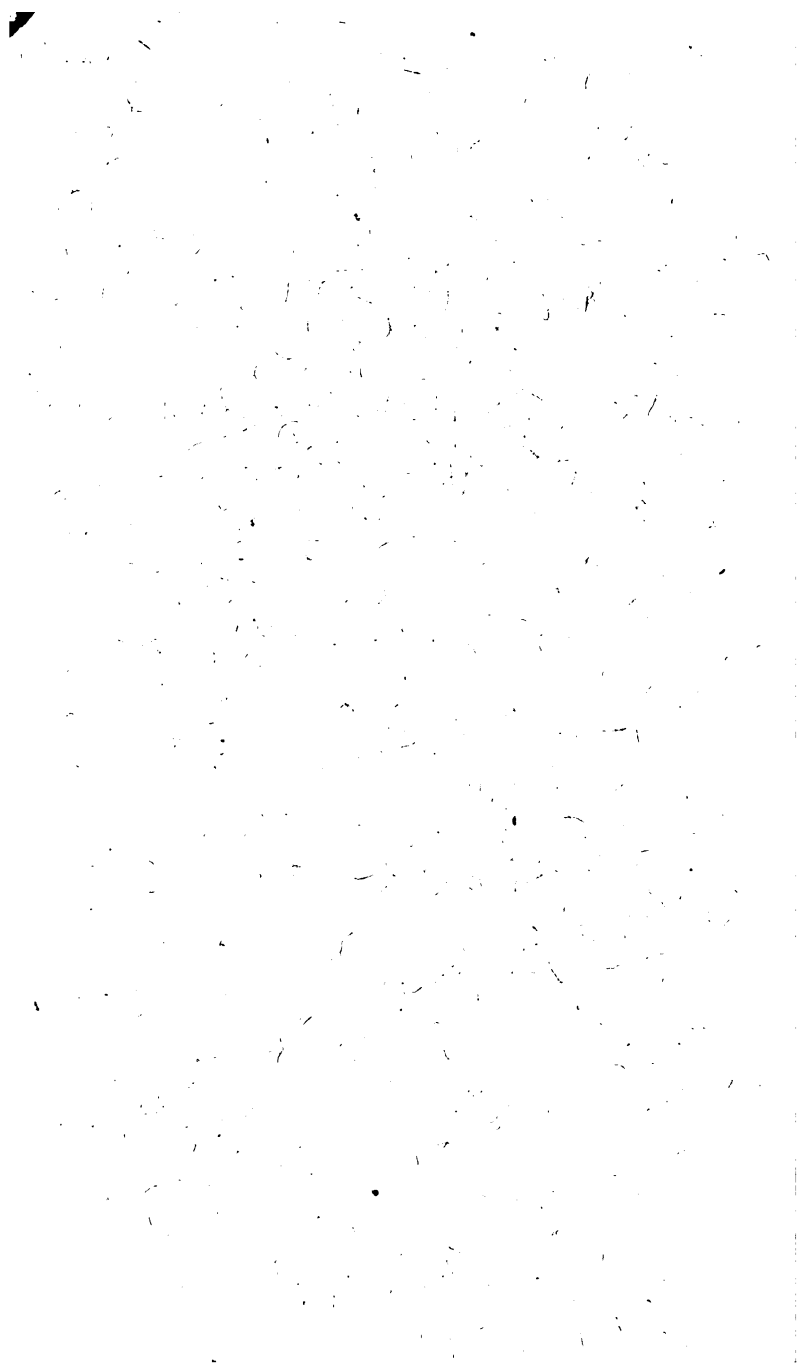
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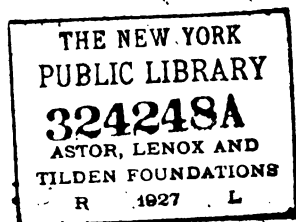
READER.



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1889.

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ROY WOOD
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PREFACE.

THE YOUNG LADIES' READER, which we now offer to the Catholic schools of the United States, has been compiled with a special view to the wants of the young girl who is soon to quit the schoolroom to enter upon her life-work. To animate her to the right performance of this task we have sought, in the present volume, to place before her the examples of good and brave women who have shown to the world that its best work is not done by men alone.

But while we have sought to teach lessons of special utility to woman, we have not lost sight of the fact that she, though not called to the pulpit or the rostrum, ought to consider that to be able to read with ease and expression is more than an accomplishment, and we have therefore made selections which will afford opportunity for every variety of vocal expression.

The YOUNG LADIES' READER, like the other volumes of the Young Catholic's Series, is not merely a compilation, but contains much original matter

FEAST OF CORPUS CHRISTI,
New York, May 27, 1876.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION,	13
LESSON I. The Work of Women in the Church,	21
“ II. Under the Violets,	23
“ III. Vocation,	25
“ IV. Marie Antoinette,	28
“ V. The Skylark,	29
“ VI. A Coffee Plantation in Brazil,	30
“ VII. The High Tide (1571),	35
“ VIII. Mary, Queen of Scots,	41
“ IX. Mary, Queen of Scots,	48
“ X. Scene from the Vespers of Palermo,	55
“ XI. The Little Brook and the Star. Part I.,	58
“ XII. The Little Brook and the Star. Part II.,	64
“ XIII. Mother of God,	71
“ XIV. Escape from a Panther,	72
“ XV. Evening Prayer at a Girl's School,	78
“ XVI. Tea-Parties in New York,	79
“ XVII. Monk Felix,	81
“ XVIII. Death of Little Nell,	86
“ XIX. St. Peter's Throne,	92
“ XX. Lina ; or, Love and Charity,	93
“ XXI. Blessing the Bells,	99
“ XXII. Dedication of Ireland to the Sacred Heart,	101
“ XXIII. Queen Isabella,	104
“ XXIV. A Family Scene,	108
“ XXV. Our Titles,	113
“ XXVI. Sins of the Tongue,	114
“ XXVII. Evangeline,	117
“ XXVIII. Thoughts for the End of the Year,	123
“ XXIX. Hazel Blossoms,	125
“ XXX. Mother Julia,	127

LESSON		PAGE
	XXXI. Queen Katharine of Aragon before Her Judges,	131
"	XXXII. The Wife. Part I.,	137
"	XXXIII. The Wife. Part II.,	143
"	XXXIV. The Humblebee,	147
"	XXXV. Concerning Simplicity,	149
"	XXXVI. Art and Nature,	153
"	XXXVII. The Daughter of St. Jane Frances de Chantal,	158
"	XXXVIII. Brushwood,	158
"	XXXIX. Nano Nagle, the Foundress of the Presentation Order,	163
"	XL. A Breton Pilgrimage,	168
"	XLI. St. Scholastica,	171
"	XLII. Unseen, yet Seen,	177
"	XLIII. The Siege of Torquillstone. Part I.,	180
"	XLIV. The Siege of Torquillstone. Part II.,	186
"	XLV. The Leper,	190
"	XLVI. A Companion for the Winter,	194
"	XLVII. The Angelus,	199
"	XLVIII. The Bridal of Malahide,	201
"	XLIX. The Sea and the Atmosphere,	204
"	L. Joan of Arc in Rheims,	208
"	LI. The Contest of the Flowers,	212
"	LII. The Sahara,	218
"	LIII. St. Martin's Summer,	221
"	LIV. Mother Margaret Mary Hallahan,	223
"	LV. The Brook,	230
"	LVI. A Sister Pleading for the Life of a Condemned Brother,	232
"	LVII. Mother Catherine Spalding,	236
"	LVIII. The Love of Home,	242
"	LIX. Summer Wind,	243
"	LX. The Love of God,	245
"	LXI. Ave,	248
"	LXII. Things as They Are,	251
"	LXIII. The Feast of the Nativity,	255
"	LXIV. Love for the Church,	256
"	LXV. My Garden Acquaintance,	258
"	LXVI. Bingen on the Rhine,	263
"	LXVII. The Voluble Woman,	267
"	LXVIII. Ginevra,	271



LESSON		PAGE
	LXIX. The Relief of Vienna,	274
"	LXX. Marguerite of France,	281
"	LXXI. St. Teresa's Childhood,	285
"	LXXII. Scene from the "Siege of Valencia,"	289
"	LXXIII. Infallibility,	295
"	LXXIV. The Lily Maid of Astolat,	301
"	LXXV. The Kingdom of Souls,	305
"	LXXVI. Martyrdom of St. Callista,	308
"	LXXVII. Paradise and the Peri. Part I.,	312
"	LXXVIII. Paradise and the Peri. Part II.,	317
"	LXXIX. The World's Fair,	324
"	LXXX. The Angelus,	329
"	LXXXI. Ancient and Modern Forms of Prayer,	330
"	LXXXII. Peace,	335
"	LXXXIII. Mother McAuley,	336
"	LXXXIV. Pictures on Memory's Wall,	341
"	LXXXV. Some Thoughts on Women,	342
"	LXXXVI. Mother Seton,	346
"	LXXXVII. Influence of the Reformation on Wor- ship,	352
"	LXXXVIII. The Good Parish Priest,	354
"	LXXXIX. Land and Sea Breezes,	357
"	XC. The Martyrdom of St. Catherine of Alexandria,	361
"	XCI. The Maid of the Inn,	367
"	XCII. The Battle of Lepanto,	371
"	XCIII. The Cathedrals of Europe,	375
"	XCIV. At the Shrine,	380
"	XCV. The Secret of Content,	381
"	XCVI. The Martyrdom of St. Agnes,	384
"	XCVII. Washington's Journey to His Inaugura- tion,	387
"	XCVIII. The Angel's Story. Part I.,	393
"	XCIX. The Angel's Story. Part II.,	396
"	C. Adelaide Anne Procter,	401
"	CI. St. Cecilia's Day in Rome. Part I.,	406
"	CII. St. Cecilia's Day in Rome. Part II.,	409
"	CIII. The Messias,	414
"	CIV. Easter Eve,	417
"	CV. Mother Most Pure,	424
"	CVI. School Sisters of Notre Dame. Part I.,	428
"	CVII. School Sisters of Notre Dame. Part II.,	432

*A List of the principal Authors, extracts from whose writings
have been used in this Reader :*

Cardinal Wiseman.	Emily Bowles.
V. Rev. John Henry Newman, D.D.	T. Buchanan Read.
V. Rev. I. T. Hecker.	Bessie Raynor Parkes.
Orestes A. Brownson, LL.D.	W. H. Anderdon, S.J.
Adelaide Anne Procter.	Walter Scott.
Eleanor C. Donnelly.	N. P. Willis.
O. W. Holmes.	Helen Hunt.
Edmund Burke.	Gerald Griffin.
Mrs. Craven.	Prof. Maury.
Prof. Agassiz.	Alfred Tennyson.
Jean Ingelow.	Daniel Webster.
Mrs. Hemans.	Father Lacordaire
Aubrey de Vere.	D. G. Rossetti.
J. Fenimore Cooper.	George Eliot.
Washington Irving.	J. R. Lowell.
H. W. Longfellow.	Mrs. Norton.
B. J. Dorward.	Jane Austen.
Charles Dickens.	Samuel Rogers.
D. F. McCarthy.	St. Teresa.
W. H. Prescott.	Thomas Moor
Miss Ferrier.	Bret Harte.
Archbishop Landriot.	Alice Cary.
St. Francis de Sales.	Henry Giles.
J. G. Whittier.	Archbishop Spalding
William Shakspeare.	John Dryden.
R. W. Emerson.	Robert Southey.
Archbishop Fénelon,	Alexander Pope.

INTRODUCTION.

Elocution is the utterance or delivery of thought by means of language. **Good elocution** requires correct articulation, and a proper regard for pronunciation, inflections, emphasis, pauses, and modulation. The principles of elocution are applicable to reading, recitation, conversation, and public speaking.

Articulation is the distinct utterance of the oral elements of a word. The **oral elements** are divided into three classes: tonics, subtonics, and atonics. **Tonics** are pure tones produced in the throat. They are represented by the vowels. **Subtonics** are tones produced in the throat, but modified by the palate, tongue, teeth, or lips. **Atonics** are mere breathings formed into sound by the organs of speech. Subtonics and atonics are represented by the consonants.

Frequent attempts have been made to describe and illustrate the formation of the various articulate sounds for the benefit of those whose articulation is faulty; but the descriptions are necessarily imperfect, and engravings show but a part of the process. Clear and accurate articulation can only be attained by daily practice on those sounds which are difficult to utter, or are liable to be changed or suppressed.

Correct pronunciation consists in giving to each oral element its proper sound, and the placing of the accent. Errors in pronunciation which are not the result of carelessness arise from imperfections in the organs of speech, or from a defective ear. They consist of the omission, addition, or substitution of an oral element. Leading authorities differ in their mode of pronouncing words. Sometimes the difference extends to the oral elements; most generally it arises in reference to the placing of the accent. Care should be taken to adopt the pronunciation which the best usage has sanctioned. **A standard dictionary** should be consulted whenever the pronunciation of a word is in doubt.

Accent is the peculiar force placed upon one or more syllables



in order to give the word its proper pronunciation. The more forcible accent is called the **primary accent**; the others are called **secondary**. The acute accent (´) indicates the syllable on which the primary accent falls. The grave accent (`) placed over a vowel shows that the number of syllables is increased. These marks are also used to denote inflections.

Accentuation may be called **syllabic emphasis**. The rules which govern it are regulated by custom and the peculiarities of our language. The usual accentuation can only be changed by poetic license, or when emphatic words have a sameness of formation.

“For this *corrupt*’ible must put on *in*’corruption; and this *mor*’tal must put on *im*’mortality.”

INFLECTIONS.

Inflections are turns or slides of the voice used in reading or speaking. The **rising inflection** is the movement of the voice from a lower to a higher tone. The **falling inflection** is the movement of the voice from a higher to a lower tone. In conversation, the voice rises or falls on each unemphatic syllable through the interval of a musical tone, while on accented syllables the variation is greater.

The **Circumflex** indicates the union of the rising and falling inflections on the same word. All words not requiring the falling inflection or circumflex are uttered with a slight rise at the end.

Monotone is the enunciation of successive words in the same tone of voice. Absolute monotone, however, should always be avoided.

Questions that can be answered by yes or no take the rising inflection. Indirect questions take the falling inflection.

Macbeth.—I have done the deed’. Didst thou not hear a noise’?

Lady M.—I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry. Did not you speak’?

Macbeth.—When’?

Lady M.—Now.

Macbeth.—As I descended’?

Lady M.—Ay.

Macbeth.—Hark! Who lies i’ the second chamber’?



In addressing, the rising inflection denotes familiarity; the falling inflection denotes formality or reverence.

The falling inflection follows a command. The rising inflection is used for entreaties.

Or, Hubert', if you will', cut out my tongue',
So I may keep mine eyes'. Oh, spare mine eyes'!
Though to no use', but still to look on you'.

The rising inflection belongs to the softer passions. It follows expressions of pity, grief, fear.

Oh my son Absalom'! my son', my son Absalom'!
Would God I had died for thee', Absalom my son', my son'!

The falling inflection belongs to the sterner passions. It follows expressions of anger, hatred, revenge.

Contrasted words or phrases take opposite inflections.

The *good* man' is honored', but the *evil* man' is despised'.

A negative sentence or clause takes the rising inflection, when the sentiment in a positive form is expressed or implied in the lines which follow.

Thou art no lingerer in monarch's hall',
A joy thou art, and a wealth to all'.

The rising inflection is used after a concession; after sentences expressive of that which is doubtful, weak, or trifling; and after answers which express indifference. The falling inflection follows expressions of reproach, defiance, or contempt.

When a sentence begins with a series, the last member takes the rising inflection, and the one before it the falling. In a concluding series the last member takes the falling inflection, and the one before it the rising.

I slip', I slide', I gloom', I glance'
Among my skimming swallows;
I make my netted sunbeams dance
Against my sandy shallows.

"Kindness produces good-nature and mutual benevolence', encourages the timorous', soothes the turbulent', and humanizes the fierce'."

The circumflex is used to express surprise, irony, contempt, sarcasm, scorn, insinuation; and in expressions having a double meaning or used in a peculiar sense.



Monotone is employed in the delivery of passages expressing awe, reverence, solemnity, grandeur, majesty, and power.

Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and nature made a pause,
An awful pause, prophetic of her end.

The peculiar intonation of unimportant phrases or clauses is often called **alur**. It is the subdued movement of the voice which renders those parts less expressive to the ear, and brings out the emphatic words and phrases in strong relief.

EMPHASIS.

Emphasis is a stress or force of voice laid on a word or clause in a sentence, in order to enforce a meaning. Emphasis may be given by the use of the rising, falling, or circumflex inflection, by a pause, or by a change of pitch, force, or tone.

The meaning of what is read or spoken, as well as the life and spirit of its delivery, depends upon the proper arrangement of the emphasis. To determine this, the reader or speaker must comprehend the ideas and sentiments expressed. Without a clear knowledge of the subject-matter no rule can be applied.

Emphasis is either **absolute** or **antithetic**. Absolute emphasis distinguishes the important words in a sentence, without reference to others.

Go, ring the *bells* and fire the *guns*,
And fling the *starry banner* out ;
Shout **FREEDOM** till your *lisping* ones
Give back their *cradle* shout.

Antithetic emphasis depends upon the comparison of words or thoughts.

TRUTH, crushed to earth, shall *rise again*,—
The *eternal years of God* are hers ;
But **ERROR**, wounded, *writhes with pain*,
And *dies* amid his *worshippers*.

Sentences are frequently constructed to convey an impression beyond that which is really expressed by the words. When such cases occur, the illusion must be made so apparent by the manner of emphasizing the sentence that no further indication may be needed. This form of emphasis comes under



the head of antithetic, and is generally rendered by an inflection of the voice.

But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar that should move
The *stones* of Rome to rise in mutiny.

PUNCTUATION.

A **pause** is a suspension of the voice in reading or speaking, in order to render the expression clear or forcible. The punctuation-marks indicate the **grammatical pauses**, but a constant quantity of time cannot be assigned to them. Neither do they indicate all the pauses required. The **rhetorical pause** is a rest which is frequently required in reading or speaking, although the construction admits of no grammatical point. The ability to use the rhetorical pause correctly becomes a powerful means of expressing emphasis.

When an emphatic word closes the sentence, it should be preceded by a pause.

Emphatic words should be followed by a pause, the length of which varies with the degree of emphasis.

A pause is required where an important word or phrase is omitted by ellipsis.

The subject of a sentence, when it consists of many words, should be followed by a pause.

Pauses generally precede relative and adverbial clauses.

In reading poetry we find that pauses are dictated by the melody. To combine these and the pauses of sense requires great skill. The *cæsural* pause generally falls after the fourth, fifth, sixth, or seventh syllable in the line. When the construction is such that the *cæsura* coincides with the grammatical or rhetorical pause, the line can be easily read. If the poetic pause interferes with the meaning of the line harmony must be sacrificed for sense.

MODULATION.

Modulation consists of those variations which give expression to the emotions prompted by the subject. Tones are modulated in four ways: they are varied in pitch, force, quantity, and quality.



Pitch has reference to the degree of elevation or depression from the usual tone of voice.

Middle pitch is that tone of voice usually assumed in speaking. It is the natural tone for unemotional, bold, or noble pieces; but it must be used for all kinds of reading when the pupil has not the requisite compass or cultivation of voice to read naturally in a higher or lower key.

How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
Breaks the serene of heaven;
In full-orbed glory yonder moon divine
Rolls through the dark blue depths.
Beneath her steady ray
The desert circle spreads
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.
How beautiful is night!

High pitch is that which rises above the usual speaking tone. It is employed in animated, joyous, and impassioned pieces.

A horse! a horse! my KINGDOM for a horse!
—Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die:
I think there be six Richmonds in the field;
Five have I slain to-day instead of him.
A horse! a horse! my KINGDOM for a horse!

Low pitch is that which falls below the usual speaking tone. It is used in expressing emotions of awe, sublimity, or reverence.

Oh, now forever
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
Farewell the plumèd troop and the big wars
That make ambition virtue! Oh, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!

So stately her bearing, so proud her array,
The main she will traverse forever and aye.
Many ports will exult at the gleam of her mast!—
Hush! hush! thou vain dreamer! this hour is her last!



Quantity has reference to the duration of sounds. In conversation the movement of the voice may be called medium. In the expression of joy, anger, or alarm, the movement is quick; but in expressing feelings of reverence or sympathy, the movement is slow. Quantity always affects the pauses. As the movement becomes slow, the pauses must be lengthened; and when the movement is quick, the pauses must be cut short.

Force has reference to the loudness or softness of sound. A bell may be touched very softly, and it will give forth a sound of the same pitch as that produced by a violent blow; but one sound would be many times louder than the other. The degree of force used in conversation constitutes a medium between a soft whisper and a vehement shout: force embraces every variety of tone between these limits.

Full force is required for bold, animated, noble, and impassioned emotions. Medium force is required for matter-of-fact ideas; while grave and pathetic feelings are best rendered with subdued force.

Quality means the kind of sound uttered. The sounds made by a piano and a flute may agree in pitch and quantity, yet differ in quality. The tones of voice of persons differ in the same way. In quality, a sound may be pure, orotund, aspirated, or guttural.

The **pure tone** is a clear, smooth flow of sound, generally in the middle pitch of voice, and is suitable for the expression of joy, cheerfulness, and tranquillity.

We will take that long, long walk
 In the hawthorn copse to-day,
 And gather great bunches of lovely flowers
 From off the scented May;
 And oh, we shall be so happy there,
 'Till will be sorrow to come away!

The **orotund** is a full, deep, and pure tone, expressive of sublime and pathetic emotions. It is the highest perfection of voice; and no pains should be spared in order to acquire it.

Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again!
 I hold to you the hands you once beheld,
 To show they still are free!

The **aspirated tone** is a forcible breathing utterance, used in expressing terror, anger, revenge, and remorse.



Whence and what art thou, execrable shape!
 That dar'st, though grim and terrible, to advance
 Thy miscreated front athwart my way
 To yonder gates?

The **guttural tone** is a deep, aspirated flow of voice, used in expressing hatred, loathing, and contempt.

Oh, take the maddening bowl away,
 Remove the poisonous cup!
 My soul is sick,—its burning ray
 Hath drunk my spirit up.
 Take, take it from my loathing lip,
 Ere madness fires my brain;
 Take, take it hence, nor let me sip
 Its liquid death again!

PREPARATORY WORK.

The following specimens of choice reading comprehend a sufficient variety, both as to style and subject, to afford ample scope for drill in emphasis, modulation, and emotional reading. Though many of the selections are of a mixed character, the *general spirit* of each may be arranged under one of the following classes:

- | | |
|-------------------|------------------------|
| I. Unemotional. | V. Pathetic. |
| II. Animated. | VI. Noble, or sublime. |
| III. Impassioned. | VII. Solemn. |
| IV. Joyous. | VIII. Ludicrous. |

Each selection should be carefully analyzed in order to secure a proper understanding of the subject-matter. This mode of procedure will promote culture of mind, as well as enable the scholar to apply the principles of emphasis and modulation. It will also assist the teacher to guard against mechanical and listless reading. The thoroughness of the analysis will depend on the time allotted to reading, and upon the intelligence of the scholars. But in any case the general spirit of the piece and the important ideas should be determined. Lessons in reading will then serve as a basis of useful instruction respecting the author, and the language and style of the works from which the extracts have been made.

YOUNG LADIES' READER.

LESSON I.

THE WORK OF WOMEN IN THE CHURCH.

1. WE hear much said, and not a little is written, in the United States and England, about the exclusion of woman from spheres of action for which her natural aptitudes fit her equally with man, and in many cases render her superior to him; of her imperfect education, and, in many cases, the inferior position which she is forced to accept in society.

2. Strange that we hear no such complaints in Catholic society, or from Catholic women! Is it because they have been taught to hug the chains which make them slaves; or that they are denied the liberty of speech; or that their lips are closed by arbitrary authority? Not at all. The reason is plain. Women, no less than men, are free to occupy any position whose duties and functions they have the intelligence or aptitude to fulfil. They have the opportunities and are free to obtain the highest education their capacities are capable of receiving. This every Catholic woman knows and



feels, and hence the absence of all consciousness of being deprived of her rights, and subject to oppression and injustice.

3. One has but to open his eyes and read the pages of ecclesiastical history to be convinced that in the Catholic Church there has been no lack of freedom of action for women. Look for a moment at the number of sisterhoods in the Church, some counting their members by thousands, all under the government of one head, a woman, and elected by themselves. Others again, each house forming a separate organization, with a superior of its own, elected for a limited period. In fact, there is no form of organization and government of which they do not give us an example, showing a practical ability in this field of action which no one can call in question.

4. Then, there is no kind of labor, literary, scientific, charitable, mechanical, in which they may not engage, according to their abilities and strength. Who shall enumerate the different kinds of literary institutions, schools, and academies under their direction?

5. Who shall count the hospitals, the orphanages, the reformatories, the asylums, and other similar institutions where they have proved their capacity to be above that of men? All roads are open to woman's energies and capacities in the Church, and she knows and is conscious of this freedom; and, what is more, she is equally aware that whatever she has ability to do will receive from the Church encouragement, sanction, and that honor which is due to labor, devotion, and genius.



6. Few great undertakings in the Church have been conceived and carried on to success without the co-operation of woman. The great majority of her saints are women, and they are honored and placed on her altars equally with men. It is not an unheard-of event that women, by their scientific and literary attainments, have won from Catholic universities the title of Doctor. Saint Teresa is represented as an authorized teacher, with a pen in hand and with a doctor's cap.

REV. I. T. HECKER.

LESSON II.

UNDER THE VIOLETS.

1. HER hands are cold ; her face is white ;
 No more her pulses come and go ;
Her eyes are shut to life and light :
 Fold the white vesture, snow on snow,
 And lay her where the violets blow.
2. But not beneath a graven stone,
 To plead for tears with alien eyes ;
A slender cross of wood alone
 Shall say that here a maiden lies
 In peace beneath the peaceful skies.
3. And gray old trees of hugest limb
 Shall wheel their circling shadows round,
To make the scorching sunlight dim
 That drinks the greenness from the ground,
 And drop their dead leaves on her mound.



4. When o'er their boughs the squirrels run,
And through their leaves the robins call,
And, ripening in the autumn sun,
The acorns and the chestnuts fall,
Doubt not that she will heed them all.
5. For her the morning choir shall sing
Its matins from the branches high,
And every minstrel-voice of spring,
That trills beneath the April sky,
Shall greet her with its earliest cry.
6. When, turning round their dial-track,
Eastward the lengthening shadows pass,
Her little mourners, clad in black,
The crickets, sliding through the grass,
Shall pipe for her a requiem mass.
7. At last the rootlets of the trees
Shall find the prison where she lies,
And bear the buried dust they seize
In leaves and blossoms to the skies :
So may the soul that warmed it rise !
8. If any, born of kindlier blood,
Should ask, What maiden lies below ?
Say only this : A tender bud,
That tried to blossom in the snow,
Lies withered where the violets blow.

O. W. HOLMES.



LESSON III.

VOCATION.

1. MOTHER MADDALENA stood with her arms folded, and listened this time without interrupting Fleurange. Standing thus motionless in this place, at this evening hour, the noble outlines of her countenance and the long folds of her robe clearly defined against the blue mountains in the distance, and the violet heavens above, the mother might easily have been taken for one of the visions of that country which have been depicted for us and all generations. The illusion would not have been dispelled by the aspect of her who, seated on the low wall of the terrace, was talking with her eyes raised, and with an expression and attitude perfectly adapted to one of those young saints often represented by the inspired artist before the divine and majestic form of the Mother of God.

2. "Well, my dear mother, what do you say?" asked Fleurange, after waiting a long time, and seeing the mother looking at her and gently shaking her head without any other reply.

3. "Before answering you," replied she at last, "let me ask this question: Do you think it allowable to consecrate one's self to God in the religious life without a vocation?"

"Assuredly not."

"And do you know what a vocation is?" said she very slowly.

Fleurange hesitated. "I thought I knew, but you ask in such a way as to make me feel now I do not."



4. "I am going to tell you : a vocation," said the mother, as her eyes lit up with an expression Fleurange had never seen before—"a vocation to the religious life is to love God more than we love any creature in the world, however dear ; it is to be unable to give anything or any person on earth a love comparable to that ; to feel the tendency of all our faculties incline us towards Him alone ; finally," pursued she, while her eyes seemed looking beyond the visible heavens on which they were fastened, "it is the full persuasion, even in this life, that He is *all*—our *all*—in the past, the present, and the future ; in this world and in another, forever, and to the exclusion of everything besides !—"

5. Fleurange, accustomed to Mother Maddalena's habitual simplicity of language, looked at her with surprise, and was speechless for a moment, struck by her tone and her unusual expression, no less than the words she had just uttered. A deep blush suffused the young girl's cheeks and mounted to her forehead.

6. "My dear mother," said she at length, casting down her eyes, "doubtless it is not given to all to feel such love for God ; especially to love Him thus to the utter exclusion of all else here below ; but," she continued with emotion, "is not the voluntary sacrifice of all the affections and joys of the world a holocaust likewise worthy of being offered Him ?"

7. Mother Maddalena's eyes resumed their usual expression of mildness : "Yes, assuredly, my poor child. I did not wish to insinuate a doubt as to that. How could I, in this house, open to all who suffer, and where among our sisters—and not the



least holy—are several who have brought hearts crushed by the sorrows of life? But still, that is not the irresistible call of God which we consider a genuine vocation.

8. “And what I wish you to understand, my dear Gabrielle, is this: if I know you—and who knows you as well?—you are one of those whom God would have called thus, had it been his will your life should be consecrated to him in the cloister. It is not for one like you to vow yourself to him through discouragement or disgust of the world, or because its happiness has lost its enchantment. The struggle has been severe, I know, but on that account would you have it ended? No. Gabrielle, on the contrary, you must resume your strength to continue the contest.”

9. Tears came into Fleurange's eyes, and she bent down her head with an expression of sadness.

10. “Oh, my poor child,” resumed the mother, “it would be much easier for me to tell you to remain and never leave us again! It would be sweeter for me to preserve you thus from all the sufferings that yet await you. But believe me, the day will come when you will rejoice you were not spared these sufferings; and you will acknowledge that she who is now speaking to you knew you better than you knew yourself.”

11. The stars were now beginning to appear in the dim azure of the heavens, and the last gleams of daylight were fading away. It was the hour of the Ave Maria. The bell soon announced it, and they said the familiar prayer together before going down to the cloister.

MADAME A. CRAVEN.

LESSON IV.

MARIE ANTOINETTE.

1. It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in—glittering like the morning star, full of life, and splendor, and joy.

2. Oh, what a revolution! and what a heart must I have to contemplate, without emotion, that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream, when she added titles of veneration to that enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honor and of cavaliers.





3. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry has gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished forever! Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom.

4. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise, is gone! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honor, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage while it mitigated ferocity, and ennobled whatever it touched.

BURKE.

LESSON V.

THE SKYLARK.

1. BIRD of the wilderness
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blessed is thy dwelling-place,—
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!
Wild is thy lay, and loud,
Far in the downy cloud,



Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
 Where, on thy dewy wing,
 Where art thou journeying?
 Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

2. O'er fell and fountain sheen,
 O'er moor and mountain green,
 O'er the red streamers that herald the day ;
 Over the cloudlet dim,
 Over the rainbow's rim,
 Musical cherub, soar, singing away !
 Then, when the gloaming comes,
 Low in the heather blooms,
 Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be !
 Emblem of happiness,
 Blest is thy dwelling-place—
 Oh, to abide in the desert with thee !

Hogg.

LESSON VI.

A COFFEE PLANTATION IN BRAZIL.

1. THE Fazenda da Fortaleza de Santa Anna lies at the foot of the Serra da Babylonia. The house itself forms a part of a succession of low white buildings, enclosing an oblong square divided into neat lots for the drying of coffee. This drying of the coffee in the immediate vicinity of the house, though a very general custom, must be an uncomfortable one ; for the drying-lots are laid in a dazzling white cement, from the glare of which, in this hot climate, the eye turns wearily away.

2. Just behind the house, on the slope of the



hill, is the orangery. I am never tired of these golden orchards, and this was one of especial beauty. The small, deep-colored tangerines, sometimes twenty or thirty in one cluster; the large, choice orange, "*Laranja selecta*," as it is called, often ten or twelve together in a single bunch, and bearing the branches to the ground with their weight; the paler "*Limaô doce*," or sweet lemon, rather insipid, but greatly esteemed here for its cool, refreshing properties,—all these, with many others, make a mass of color in which gold, deep orange, and pale yellow blend wonderfully with the background of green. Beyond the house enclosure, on the opposite side of the road, are the gardens, with aviary and fish-ponds in the centre.

3. With these exceptions, all the property not forest is devoted to coffee, covering the hillsides for miles around. The seed is planted in nurseries especially prepared, where it undergoes its first year's growth. It is then transplanted to its permanent home, and begins to bear in about three years, the first crop being of course a very light one. From that time forward, under good care and with favorable soil, it will continue to bear, and even to yield two crops or more annually, for thirty years in succession. At that time the shrubs and the soil are alike exhausted, and, according to the custom of the country, the fazendeiro cuts down the forest for a new plantation, completely abandoning his old one, without a thought of redeeming or fertilizing the exhausted land.

4. One of the long-sighted reforms undertaken by Mr. Lage is the manuring of all the old, deserted plantations on his estate; he has already a



number of vigorous young plantations, which promise to be as good as if a virgin forest had been sacrificed to produce them. He wishes not only to preserve the wood on his own estate, and to show that agriculture need not be promoted at the expense of taste and beauty, but to remind his countrymen also that, extensive as are the forests, they will not last forever, and that it will be necessary to emigrate before long to find new coffee-grounds if the old ones are treated as worthless.

5. Another of his reforms is that of the roads. The ordinary roads in the coffee plantations, like the mule-tracks all over the country, go straight up the sides of the hills between the lines of shrubs, and, besides being gullied by every rain, they form so steep an ascent that even with eight or ten oxen it is often impossible to drive the clumsy, old-fashioned carts up the slope, and the negroes are obliged to bring a great part of the harvest down on their heads. On Señor Lage's estate all these old roads are abandoned, except where they are planted here and there with alleys of orange-trees for the use of the negroes; and he has substituted for them winding roads in the side of the hill with a very gradual ascent, so that light carts drawn by a single mule can transport all the harvest from the summit of the plantation to the drying-ground.

6. It was the harvesting season, and the spectacle was a pretty one. The negroes, men and women, were scattered about the plantations with broad, shallow trays, made of plaited grass or bamboo, strapped over their shoulders and supported at their waists; into these they were gathering the



coffee, some of the berries being brilliantly red, some already beginning to dry and turn brown, while here and there was a green one not yet quite ripe, but soon to ripen in the scorching sun. Little black children were sitting on the ground and gathering what fell under the bushes, singing at their work a monotonous but rather pretty snatch of song, in which some took the first and others the second, making a not inharmonious music. As their baskets were filled they came to the administrador to receive a little metal ticket, on which the amount of their work was marked.

7. A task is allotted to each one—so much to a full-grown man, so much to a woman with young children, so much to a child—and each one is paid for whatever he may do over and above it. The requisition is a very moderate one, so that the industrious have an opportunity of earning a little money independently. At night they all present their tickets, and are paid on the spot, for any extra work. From the harvesting-ground we followed the carts down to the place where their burden is deposited. On their return from the plantation the negroes divide the day's harvest, and dispose it in little mounds on the drying-ground. When pretty equally dried, the coffee is spread out in thin layers over the whole enclosure, where it is baked for the last time. It is then hulled by a very simple machine in use on almost all the fazendas, and the process is complete.

8. Yesterday we succeeded in obtaining living specimens of the insect so injurious to the coffee-tree, the larva of a little moth akin to those which destroy the vineyards in Europe, and among them



was one just spinning his cocoon on the leaf. We watched him for a long time with the lens as he wove his filmy tent. He had arched the threads upwards in the centre, so as to leave a little hollow space into which he could withdraw; this tiny vault seemed to be completed at the moment we saw him, and he was drawing threads forward and fastening them at a short distance beyond, thus lashing his house to the leaf, as it were. The exquisite accuracy of the work was amazing. He was spinning the thread with his mouth, and with every new stitch he turned his body backward, attached his thread to the same spot, then drew it forward, and fastened it exactly on a line with the last, with a precision and rapidity that machinery could hardly imitate.

9. It is a curious question how far this perfection of workmanship in many of the lower animals is simply identical with their organization, and therefore to be considered a function, as inevitable in its action as digestion or respiration, rather than an instinct. In this case the body of the little animal was his measure: it was amazing to see him lay down his threads with such accuracy, till one remembered that he could not make them longer or shorter; for, starting from the centre of his house, and stretching his body its full length, they must always reach the same point. The same is true of the so-called mathematics of the bee. The bees stand as close as they can together in their hive for economy of space, and each one deposits his wax around him, his own form and size being the mould for the cells, the regularity of which, when completed, excites so much wonder and admiration.



10. The mathematical secret of the bee is to be found in his structure, not in his instinct. But in the industrial work of some of the lower animals, the ant for instance, there is a power of adaptation which is not susceptible of the same explanation. Their social organization, too intelligent, it seems, to be the work of any reasoning powers of their own, yet does not appear to be directly connected with their structure. While we were watching our little insect, a breath stirred the leaf, and he instantly contracted himself and drew back under his roof, but presently came out again and returned to his work.

AGASSIZ.

LESSON VII.

THE HIGH TIDE (1571).

1. THE old mayor climbed the belfry tower,
The ringers rang by two, by three ;
“ Pull, if ye never pulled before ;
Good ringers, pull your best,” quoth he.
“ Play uppe, play uppe, oh Boston bells !
Ply all your changes, all your swells,
Play uppe ‘The Brides of Enderby.’ ”
2. Men say it was a stolen tyde—
The Lord that sent it, He knows all ;
But in myne ears doth still abide
The message that the bells let fall :
And there was naught of strange, beside
The flight of mews and pewits pied
By millions crouched on the old sea-wall.



3. I sat and spun within the doore,
My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes;
The level sun, like ruddy ore,
Lay sinking in the barren skies,
And dark against day's golden death
She moved where Lindis wandereth,
My sonne's faire wife, Elizabeth.
4. "Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling
Ere the early dews were falling,
Farre away I heard her song,
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along;
Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
Floweth, floweth,
From the meads where melick groweth
Faintly came her milking song,—
5. "Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
"For the dews will soone be falling;
Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
Come uppe, Whitefoot, come uppe, Lightfoot,
Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow;
Come uppe, Jetty, rise and follow,
From the clovers lift your head;
Come uppe, Whitefoot, come uppe, Lightfoot,
Come uppe, Jetty, rise and follow,
Jetty, to the milking-shed."
6. If it be long, ay, long ago,
When I beginne to think howe long,
Againe I hear the Lindis flow,
Swift as an arrowe, sharp and strong;



And all the aire, it seemeth mee,
Bin full of floating bells (sayth shee),
That ring the tune of Enderby.

7. Alle fresh the level pasture lay,
And not a shadowe mote be seene,
Save where full fyve good miles away
The steeple towered from out the greene;
And lo! the great bell farre and wide
Was heard in all the country side
That Saturday at eventide.
8. The swanherds where there sedges are
Moved on in sunset's golden breath,
The shepherde lads I heard afarre,
And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth;
Till floating o'er the grassy sea
Came downe that kindly message free,
The "Brides of Mavis Enderby."
9. Then some looked uppe into the sky,
And all along where Lindis flows
To where the goodly vessels lie,
And where the lordly steeple shows.
They sayde, "And why should this thing be?
What danger lowers by land or sea?
They ring the tune of Enderby!"
10. "For evil news from Mablethorpe,
Of pyrate galleys warping downe;
For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,
They have not spared to wake the towne:
But while the west bin red to see,
And storms be none, and pyrates flee,
Why ring 'The Brides of Enderby'?"



11. I looked without, and, lo ! my sonne
Came riding down with might and main :
He raised a shout as he drew on,
Till all the welkin rang again,
“ Elizabeth ! Elizabeth ! ”
(A sweeter woman ne’er drew breath
Than my sonne’s wife, Elizabeth !)
12. “ The old sea wall (he cried) is downe,
The rising tide comes on apace,
And boats adrift in yonder towne
Go sailing uppe the market-place.”
He shook as one that looks on death :
“ God save you, mother ! ” strait he saith,
“ Where is my wife, Elizabeth ? ”
13. “ Good sonne, where Lindis winds away,
With her two bairns I marked her long ;
And ere yon bells beganne to play
Afar I heard her milking song.”
He looked across the grassy lea,
To right, to left, “ Ho Enderby ! ”
They rang “ The Brides of Enderby ” !
14. With that he cried and beat his breast ;
For, lo ! along the river’s bed
A mighty eygre reared his crest,
And uppe the Lindis raging sped.
It swept with thunderous noises loud ;
Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,
Or like a demon in a shroud.
15. And rearing Lindis backward pressed,
Shook all her trembling bankes amaine,
Then madly at the eygre’s breast
Flung uppe her weltering walls again.



Then bankes came down with ruin and rout—
Then beaten foam flew round about—
Then all the mighty floods were out.

16. So farre, so fast the eygre drave,
The heart had hardly time to beat
Before a shallow, seething wave
Sobbed in the grasses at oure feet ;
The feet had hardly time to flee
Before it brake against the knee,
And all the world was in the sea.
17. Upon the rooffe we sat that night,
The noise of bells went sweeping by ;
I marked the lofty beacon light
Stream from the church tower, red and high—
A lurid mark and dread to see ;
And awesome bells they were to mee,
That in the dark rang "Enderby."
18. They rang the sailor lads to guide
From rooffe to rooffe who fearless rowed ;
And I—my sonne was at my side,
And yet the ruddy beacon glowed ;
And yet he moaned beneath his breath,
"Oh, come in life, or come in death !
Oh lost ! my love, Elizabeth."
19. And didst thou visit him no more ?
Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare ;
The waters laid thee at his doore,
Ere yet the early dawn was clear,—
Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
The lifted sun shone on thy face,
Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.



20. That flow strewed wrecks about the grass,
 That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea ;
 A fatal ebbe and flow, alas !
 To manye more than myne and me :
 But each will mourn his own (she saith),
 And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
 Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.
21. I shall never hear her more
 By the reedy Lindis shore,
 "Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling
 Ere the early dewes be falling ;
 I shall never hear her song,
 "Cusha! Cusha!" all along
 Where the sunny Lindis floweth,
 Goeth, floweth ;
 From the meads where melick groweth,
 When the water, winding down,
 Onward floweth to the town.
22. I shall never see her more
 Where the reeds and rushes quiver,
 Shiver, quiver ;
 Stand beside the sobbing river,
 Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling
 To the sandy, lonesome shore ;
 I shall never hear her calling,
 "Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
 Mellow, mellow ;
 Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow ;
 Come uppe, Whitefoot, come uppe, Lightfoot ;
 Quit your pipes of parsley hollow,
 Hollow, hollow ;



Come uppe, Lightfoot, rise and follow ;
Lightfoot, Whitefoot,
From your clovers lift the head ;
Come uppe, Jetty, follow, follow,
Jetty, to the milking-shed."

JEAN INGELOW.

LESSON VIII

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

HER LIFE IN SCOTLAND AND FRANCE.

1. THE story of Mary, Queen of Scots, is one of the most mournfully interesting in history. She was born in 1542. Three days after her birth her father, James V. of Scotland, died, leaving the infant princess as his sole surviving heir to a kingdom already rent by rival factions. The Protestant Reformation, which had broken out in Germany, had, through the apostasy of Henry VIII. and his nobles, entered England, and was eating its way into Scotland. Around the cradle of the little princess began the jars and bickerings that embittered her after-life, and brought it to its tragic close.

2. Henry VIII. saw and hastened to seize his opportunity of bringing about what, from time immemorial, had been the dream of English monarchs—the union of the two kingdoms ; a union that in reality meant the subjection of Scotland to England. He sought the hand of Mary for his son, the Prince of Wales. The Earl of Arran, who was regent, and nearest heir to the crown after Mary, sided with Henry and the Protestant factions. To



him was opposed Cardinal Beaton, the former minister of James V., who looked for aid to France, the old ally of Scotland against England. For the first six years of her life the struggle raged between the rival factions. Henry sent forces to invade the kingdom, and the English so pressed the Scots that Arran was at length driven to offer the child's hand to the eldest son of the king of France in exchange for aid against his foes. The offer was accepted. Mary was formally betrothed to the Dauphin, and conveyed to France in 1548.

3. In France she was educated. The best tutors that Europe could offer were at her service. Her great natural abilities and qualities of mind and soul were developed by a course of studies unequalled at the time. As the years advanced she became the admiration of the court of France, and one of the most famous women in Europe. At sixteen she was known as at once the most beautiful and most accomplished woman in France; and the songs of the poets and the writings of the times resounded with her praises long before malice thought it necessary to blacken her memory and dim her fame. She was not yet the Catholic queen, heir to the throne of England, whom it was the policy of her enemies to calumniate and cry down.

4. In 1558 her betrothal was confirmed by marriage with the Dauphin, who, in the following year, succeeded his father on the throne of France. In the following year, also, John Knox, the founder of the Presbyterians, returned to his native country, to add by his fierce and disloyal doctrines to the



turmoil that already possessed it from end to end. An apostate priest, he hated the Church he had abandoned with the hate that only apostasy knows. He could not brook the thought that a Catholic sovereign, and that sovereign a woman, should reign over him and his, and from the very first he set himself up as the bitter and implacable foe of his Queen.

5. In 1560 her husband, Francis, died, and Mary at once retired from the French court, which now came to be ruled by one who ever had been and continued to be her enemy—Catherine de Medicis. In the year following she returned to her own kingdom, after narrowly escaping capture on the sea at the hands of the English sent out by Elizabeth to apprehend her, a safe-conduct having been previously refused. Thus, even before her entry, as queen, into her own kingdom, did Elizabeth show herself the avowed enemy of Mary Stuart.

6. Scarcely had her foot touched Scottish soil when all the evil spirits that had wrangled around her cradle broke loose once more with tenfold bitterness and violence, fed by the gold of Elizabeth on one side, and by the fierce preaching of Knox and the ambition of the Scottish nobles on the other. She entered her kingdom without a friend that she could well call her own, to find it torn with internal strife, and opposed to the faith of its Queen and of its own fathers. Nevertheless, her beauty, her gentleness, and her evident desire of conciliation on all sides, at first won the hearts of her people. Knox raged against her because she went to Mass and adhered stoutly to her faith. He had caught the ear of the masses, and all that was gracious in



her his sour spirit revolted against and misrepresented. She advocated liberty of worship for herself and all her subjects alike. He would have liberty of worship for himself and his followers, but none for the Catholics.

7. Most of the nobles, when they laid claim to any religion at all, sided with Knox, and thus the youthful Scottish Queen found herself an alien in religion, in feeling, in policy, in thought, in language almost, from the chiefs and the greater portion of her own subjects. Had she been the deceitful, false, ambitious character that it has pleased some historians to paint her, the most natural thing for her to do would have been to follow the example of so many other princes of that age, and turn Protestant. For she was not only Queen of Protestant Scotland, but presumptive heir to Protestant England, and it only needed a change of religion to convert her fiercest foes into fastest friends. But Mary Stuart, although she never of her own will surrendered a single right or title that nature gave her, from first to last valued the heritage of the faith of Christ above the crown and empire of a world.

8. In 1565 she married Henry, Lord Darnley, who on his mother's side was descended from Henry VII. of England, and on his father's from the royal house of Stuart—an alliance which was, politically, perhaps, the most powerful that she could have made. It strengthened her title to the throne of England, and secured it for her heirs in the event of Elizabeth dying without issue. Had the man she married only proved equal to his fortune, it is probable that Mary Stuart's history would have



brightened from that date. But Darnley was a weak-minded, vain, ambitious, and foolish young man, full only of his own silly schemes, and utterly incapable of discriminating accurately between friend and foe. He quarrelled with Mary on the most trivial pretences; he intrigued with her enemies; he was subject to low vices; he fluttered from party to party, until all were alike disgusted with him, and the only one true to him to the last was his faithful, long-suffering, and forgiving wife.

9. The Scottish nobles of that period were a fierce and lawless set of men, each one possessed of his own ambition, and caring for nothing besides. They had lived so long insubordinate that they chafed at subordination, and only regarded this young girl, their Queen, as convenient for the purposes of each one, and a happy instrument to use against the opposing party. Thus Mary came unwittingly to play some part in every plot that convulsed her realm, and the burden of them all was laid at her door, while the minds of her people were studiously inflamed against her by every species of calumny and slander. She, however, would knowingly make herself a party to no lawless plot, and resolutely refused to be used as a plaything either by her husband or her nobles. She stood firmly on her rights as Queen of Scotland, and on the allegiance of her nobles to her as subjects. The only way to rid themselves of such a woman was to destroy her, and this they determined to do.

10. One of the first steps to this end was the murder of her secretary, Rizzio, to which Darnley was a party, and the seizure and imprisonment of the



Queen's person. Her husband, finding that he had only been a tool in the hands of abler and more determined men than himself, made his escape with the Queen, to whom soon after a son was born. The next object of the conspirators was to gain possession of this son, to whom the hearts of the people turned, and use him against his mother.

11. Murray, Mary's half-brother, himself an aspirant to the throne, was the principal in their villany. Darnley continued his scheming and plotting, intriguing by turns with every party, but faithful to none. Such a man was in the way and not to be trusted, and the Scottish nobles scrupled little at removing one who stood in their path. The house in which he was lying ill at Kirk-of-Field, near Edinburgh, was blown up, and the dead body of Darnley was found lying some distance outside.

12. As the minds of the people had by this time been educated to regard their Queen as capable of any crime, it was easy enough for the moment to charge her with the murder of a husband who before all the world had done nothing but injure her, and of whom all the world itself was weary. The Earl of Bothwell, one of the boldest spirits among the confederate lords, a man equal to any deed of daring, saw his chance of ascending the Scottish throne. He knew how the people regarded Mary, and how lonely and friendless she was. He seized upon her person, and compelled her to marry him three months after the murder of her husband.

13. His former confederates, seeing that he had stolen a march upon them, turned at once against him. They seized the infant prince, and sum-



moned all loyal subjects to aid them in rescuing their Queen from the man who had forcibly taken possession of her person. The appeal was answered. A battle was prevented only by Mary's surrendering herself to them.

14. Once safe in their hands, they turned against her, loaded her with infamy, and imprisoned her in the castle of Loch Leven. She was compelled by brutal violence, though protesting to the last, to sign an abdication in favor of her son, and Murray was appointed regent. During her imprisonment, however, a popular reaction in Mary's favor set in, and the question was mooted through all Scotland whether their Queen had not been the victim rather than the doer of the crimes so cunningly laid at her door. Her party began to grow in strength, and by the daring and devotion of George Douglas, aided by Lord Seton, she escaped from Loch Leven, and put herself at the head of such forces as she could muster.

15. Murray saw that no time was to be lost, and that if not crushed at once she would draw the whole kingdom back to its lawful allegiance, while his own life would stand in jeopardy. Before time could be given to collect an army, he attacked the Queen's forces at Langside, and, notwithstanding the desperate bravery with which they fought, routed them. All hope being lost for the present, Mary fled for refuge into England, whither Elizabeth had more than once invited her. Thus, in 1568, ended her seven years reign in Scotland, which she had entered almost a stranger, and parted from a fugitive, leaving it in the same state of political and religious strife in which she

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found it at her birth, and which had only grown and strengthened with her years.

LESSON IX.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

HER LIFE IN ENGLAND.

1. THE moment Mary's foot touched English soil her doom was sealed. Scarce a plot had been



raised against her crown and life in which Elizabeth had not been implicated. Not for the first and not for the last time did English gold buy Scotch honor. From the moment Mary ascended the Scottish throne to the defeat of her followers at Langside, Eliz-

abeth had been her steady foe, and ardently longed for just such an event as had now come about. But from first to last it was one of the



most striking features in Mary Stuart's character to be slow to believe evil of any person.

2. Murray and his clique were now in power, with Mary's son and heir in their possession. It was the unfortunate fate of this prince to be always in the hands of his mother's enemies. They educated him to their purposes, brought him up a Protestant, and always used him as a check upon his mother.

3. Mary, however, had applied to her cousin for refuge and aid against her rebellious subjects. Her own clear conscience and innocence of all guile never whispered a doubt of Elizabeth's good faith. The offer of assistance had before this been made by that lady, who had no lack of fair words when it suited her purpose. At the beginning she made a faint show of welcome to her visitor. And Murray, to explain his share in recent events and his present position of a rebel against his sovereign, hastened to make it appear that Mary had been driven from her kingdom by the righteous wrath of her people.

4. The lie was given to him at once by a fresh rising of the Queen's partisans, who distrusted England, and whose movement was so promising of success that Elizabeth grew fearful lest Murray should be straightway driven from power, whereby all her nice schemes for Mary's detention would be thwarted. She entreated Mary, therefore, on the plea of preventing bloodshed, to order the disbanding of her forces, and proffered the Scottish Queen her own services as a peaceful arbiter. Mary complied; the rising was nipped in the bud; Murray stamped out any



remnants of it that might remain, and hastened into England to prefer his charges against his Queen.

5. This was the occasion of the famous conferences at York and Westminster, when every evil deed that had occurred in Scotland during Mary's reign was laid at her door, while her character was assailed with the foulest calumnies. But not even the ingenuity of malice could overcome the plain, open truth; and however sorely it went against Elizabeth's will, her own English commissioners were compelled to close the conferences in her name with the statement that "there had been nothing sufficiently produced nor shown by them against the Queen, their sovereign, whereby the Queen of England should conceive or take any evil opinion of the Queen, her good sister."

6. The obvious course for the Queen of England. to pursue under those circumstances was to convey "the Queen, her good sister," over the border again, and reinstate her on her throne. Such intention, however, was very far from Elizabeth's mind. Excuses were found for detaining her, and then the sadder, though the greater, life of Mary Stuart began.

7. The reasons for Elizabeth's steady opposition to Mary, and determination to keep her in her power, were manifold. Personal pique and jealousy of one whom she regarded as a rival may have influenced her to some extent, and doubtless did; but there were other and far weightier reasons than that why Mary Stuart should not be allowed to reign an independent queen in Scotland.

8. Mary was presumptive heir to the English



throne. Elizabeth dying without issue, the Queen of Scots would have succeeded her, and restored, at least in her own person, the Catholic faith, of which, though tolerant to the religious belief of others, she was from first to last the uncompromising defender. It was feared that with the return of Catholic royalty the old faith would return to the kingdom, from which as yet it was far from being utterly banished, however harsh and cruel might be the laws that proscribed it.

9. In numbers the English Catholics at this time were probably superior to the Protestants. But all the high places and offices at court and throughout the country were held by Protestants. Elizabeth's counsellors were fierce and unrelenting fanatics, to whom Catholicity was idolatry, and the Pope, the Vicar of Jesus Christ on earth, an abomination. In their hearts they hated the thought of a Catholic sovereign coming to rule over them, at the same time that they feared for their heads as well as their places, so cruel had been and continued to be the persecution of their Catholic fellow-subjects.

10. A religious war was at this time raging throughout Europe, and England was the mainstay of the Protestant cause. A Catholic sovereign in Scotland was a danger; a Catholic sovereign in England, death to the cause; and safety to it lay only in Mary's destruction. Her son, who was to succeed Elizabeth, was already secured, and a Protestant.

11. But both Elizabeth and Burleigh soon found that instead of warding off they had rather invited danger by detaining Mary in England. Wherever



she went she won men's hearts. The eyes of her future subjects could not fail to turn with yearning from the harsh tyranny under which both she and they groaned to the hoped-for relief in the person of the gentle captive in their midst. Mary, sometimes consciously—for, being imprisoned unlawfully, an independent sovereign, such as she was, was perfectly justified in making use of all lawful means within her power to regain her freedom—more often unconsciously, was made the centre of every plot that could arise among disaffected spirits. Each new plot only increased her hardships. She was moved from prison to prison, and changed from keeper to keeper, until at last her health broke down under the infliction, though nothing could break her royal courage. All open communication with her friends was cut off, and she was shut out as completely as possible from the world.

12. So frequent were the plots, however, and so constant a burden and care was their captive to them, that more than once Elizabeth and her counsellors entered into negotiations with the Scotch rebels to rid them of the Queen by death. On each occasion the plot fell through by the sudden death of the successive regents, Murray and Mar. Meanwhile some of the proudest heads in England rolled on the block for being implicated in foolish and ill-advised schemes for the deliverance of Mary.

13. There being no law in England which could decide upon the case of an independent sovereign, a measure was drawn up in 1584 and passed through Parliament, called the Act of Association. It provided that any person at all, of whatsoever state,



could be pursued to the death, by any means, who should in any way attempt, or favor an attempt against the life of the Queen of England. It only needed, then, Mary's consent to some plot against the life of Elizabeth to bring her within the provision of the Act of Association, and within the power of those who sought her life.

14. In 1585 Mary's keeper, Sir Ralph Sadler, was changed for Sir Amias Poulet. The former, by Elizabeth's order, had been severe enough, but the latter was a harsh and rigid Puritan, to whose cold heart pity was a vice, and severity against the enemies of his creed a virtue. The rigors of Mary's captivity were redoubled. For seventeen years she had been a captive, waiting vainly on Elizabeth's broken promises of release. She determined to trust in her no more; she often feared secret death; and the presence of her new keeper, with his unheard-of harshness and brutality, warned her that it was vain to hope for mercy from a woman who could send to guard her such a man as this. Though guarded so closely at Chartley, whither she had been removed, that no news or message could come or go save through the hands of her keeper, she resolved to do what she could to effect her escape.

15. While Mary was in this frame of mind Walsingham allowed the news of what is known as the Babington conspiracy to reach her. The Babington conspirators were most of them a few hot-headed English youths of good family, with Anthony Babington for their vain and foolish young leader, whose scheme was to effect an invasion of England, the escape of the Queen of Scots, and the assassina-



tion of Elizabeth. Mingled with the conspirators were the creatures and spies of Walsingham, renegade Catholics most of them, who conveyed the letters, to and from Mary, apprising her of the progress of the plot for her deliverance; Poulet, her keeper, being a party to it all the while.

16. As all the letters to and from Mary at this time were in cipher, the key of which Phelippes, Walsingham's secretary, a notorious forger, held, it was no difficult matter to interpolate passages in the letter of Mary to Babington approving of his plan for her release, and approving of his design on Elizabeth's life. This design Mary strenuously denied that she had ever in any way favored, and the evidence that such incriminating passages were interpolated is overwhelmingly strong. Such a letter was produced in Phelippes's deciphering. On the strength of it Mary was brought to trial at Fotheringay, and, after a long delay, to the block.

17. On her trial she was allowed no counsel; no witnesses were produced against her, not even Phelippes's copy of the letter it was alleged she wrote, though she repeatedly asked that it and her accusers be produced. Alone she faced them all, and alone, with nothing but her own clearness and strength of mind, aided by her consciousness of innocence, to defend her, she broke down the evidence, and shattered the case of the crown. The court adjourned, and met again at Westminster, where sentence of death was pronounced against her on the 25th of October, 1586.

18. Elizabeth, however, did not sign the warrant for Mary's execution until the 1st of February of the



following year. She dallied thus in the hope that some one would rid her of her victim, and take from her shoulders the burden of this judicial murder. Sure sign of a guilty conscience ; for if Mary was the wicked being Elizabeth and her creatures declared her to be, and the taking of her life just, there was no reason to hesitate at executing judgment on so vile a criminal. She even wrote to Poulet, asking him to assassinate his prisoner ; but he, fearing for his own life afterwards, refused. To the end Poulet treated Mary with the greatest barbarity. A confessor was refused her at the last moment. Brave, calm, cheerful, forgiving to the last, with prayer on her lips and peace in her heart, Mary Stuart, the last of the Scottish Queens, met a death she had long ceased to fear, on the 8th of February, 1587.

LESSON X.

SCENE FROM THE VESPERS OF PALERMO.

Constance. Will you not hear me ? Oh, that they
who need

Hourly forgiveness—they who do but live
While mercy's voice, beyond the eternal stars,
Wins the great Judge to listen—should be thus,
In their vain exercise of pageant power,
Hard and relentless ! Gentle brother ! yet
'Tis in your choice to imitate that heaven
Whose noblest joy is pardon.

Erbert. 'Tis too late.

You have a soft and moving voice, which pleads
With eloquent melody ; but they must die.



Constance. What! die! for words! for breath
which leaves no trace
To sully the pure air wherewith it blends,
And is, being uttered, gone? Why, 'twere enough
For such a venial fault to be deprived
One little day of man's free heritage,
Heaven's warm and sunny light! Oh, if you deem
That evil harbors in their souls, at least
Delay the stroke, till guilt, made manifest,
Shall bid stern justice wake.

Eribert. I am not one
Of those weak spirits that timorously keep watch
For fair occasions, thence to borrow hues
Of virtue for their deeds. My school hath been
Where power sits crowned and armed. And, mark
me, sister!
To a distrustful nature it might seem
Strange that your lips thus earnestly should plead
For these Sicilian rebels. O'er *my* being
Suspicion holds no power. And yet, take note
I have said, and they must die.

Constance. Have you no fear?

Eribert. Of what?—that heaven should fall?

Constance. No. But that earth
Should arm in madness. Brother! I have seen
Dark eyes bent on you, e'en 'mid festal throngs,
With such deep hatred settled in their glance
My heart hath died within me.

Eribert. Am I, then,
To pause, and doubt, and shrink, because a girl,
A dreaming girl, hath trembled at a look?

Constance. Oh, looks are no illusions, when the
soul,
Which may not speak in words, can find no way



But theirs to liberty ! Have not these men
Brave sons or noble brothers ?

Eribert. Yes ; whose name
It rests with me to make a word of fear—
A sound forbidden 'midst the haunts of men.

Constance. But not forgotten ? Ah ! beware, beware.

Nay, look not sternly on me. There is one
Of that devoted band who yet will need
Years to be ripe for death. He is a youth,
A very boy, on whose unshaded cheek
The spring-time glow is lingering. 'Twas but now
His mother left me, with a timid hope
Just dawning in her breast ; and I—I dared
To foster its faint spark. You smile ! Oh, then
He will be saved !

Eribert. Nay, I but smiled to think
What a fond fool is Hope ! She may be taught
To deem that the great sun will change his course
To work her pleasure, or the tomb give back
Its inmates to her arms. In sooth, 'tis strange !
Yet, with your pitying heart, you should not thus
Have mocked the boy's sad mother : I have said—
You should not thus have *mocked* her ! Now, farewell !

[*Exit Eribert.*]

Constance. Oh brother, hard of heart !—for deeds
like these

There must be fearful chastening, if on high
Justice doth hold her state. And I must tell
Yon desolate mother that her fair young son
Is thus to perish ! Haply the dread tale
May slay *her* too ; for Heaven is merciful.
'Twill be a bitter task.

MRS. HEMANS.



LESSON XI.

THE LITTLE BROOK AND THE STAR.

PART I.

1. ONCE upon a time, in the leafy covert of a wild, woody dingle, there lived (for it was, indeed, a thing of life) a certain little brook that might have been the happiest creature in the world, if it had but known when it was well off, and been content with the station assigned to it by an unerring Providence. But in that knowledge and that content consists the true secret of happiness ; and the silly little brook never found out the mystery until it was too late to profit by it.

2. I cannot say positively from what source the little brook came ; but it appeared to well out from beneath the hollow root of an old thorn, and, collecting together its pellucid waters, so as to form a small pool within that knotty reservoir, it swelled imperceptibly over its irregular margin, and slipped away, unheard, almost unseen, among mossy stones and entangling branches. No emerald was ever so green ; never was velvet so soft as the beautiful moss which encircled that tiny lake ; and it was gemmed and embroidered, too, by all flowers that love the shade—pale primroses and nodding violets ; anemones, with their fair, down-cast heads ; and starry clusters of forget-me-not, looking lovingly, with their pale, tender eyes, in the bosom of their native rill.

3. The hawthorn's branches were interwoven above with those of a holly ; and a woodbine, climbing up the stem of one tree, flung across to the other its flexible arms, knotting together the



mingled foliage, with its rich clusters and elegant festoons, like a fair sister growing up under the guardianship of two beloved brothers, and, by her endearing witchery, drawing together, in closer union, their already united hearts. Never was little brook so delightfully situated ; for its existence, though secluded, was neither monotonous nor solitary. A thousand trifling incidents (trifling, but not uninteresting) were perpetually varying the scene ; and innumerable living creatures, the gentlest and loveliest of the sylvan tribes, familiarly haunted its retreat.

4. Beautiful there was every season with its changes. In the year's fresh morning, delicious May or ripening June, if a light breeze but stirred in the hawthorn tops, down on the dimpling water came a shower of milky blossoms, loading the air with fragrance as they fell. Then came the squirrel with his mirthful antics. Then, rustling through fern and brushwood, stole the timid hare, half-startled, as she slaked her thirst at the still fountain, by the liquid reflection of her own large, lustrous eyes. There was no lack of music round about. A song-thrush had his domicil hard by ; and, even at night, his mellow voice was heard, contending with a nightingale, in scarce unequal rivalry. And other vocalists, innumerable, awoke those woodland echoes. Sweetest of all, the low, tremulous call of the ring-dove floated at intervals through the shivering foliage—the very soul of sound and tenderness.

5. In winter the glossy-green and coral clusters of the holly flung down their rich reflections on the little pool, then visited through the leafless boughs



with a gleam of more perfect daylight ; and a red-breast, which had built its nest and reared its young among the twisted roots of that old tree, still hovered about his summer bower, still quenched his thirst at the little brook, still sought his food on its mossy banks ; and, tuning his small pipe when every other feathered throat but his own was mute, took up the eternal hymn of gratitude, which began with the birth-day of Nature, and shall only cease with her expiring breath. So every season brought but changes of pleasantness to that happy little brook : and happier still it was, or might have been, in one sweet and tender companionship to which passing time and revolving seasons brought no change.

6. True it was no unintercepted sunshine ever glittered on its shaded waters ; but, just above the spot where they were gathered into that fairy fount, a small opening in the overarching foliage admitted, by day, a glimpse of the blue sky ; and, by night, the mild, pale ray of a bright fixed star, which looked down into the stilly water with such tender radiance as beams from the eyes we love best when they rest upon us with an earnest gaze of serious tenderness. Forever and forever, when night came, the beautiful star still gazed upon its earth-born love, which seemed, if a wandering air but skimmed its surface, to stir, as if with life, in responsive intercourse with its bright visitant.

7. Some malicious whispers went abroad, indeed, that the enamored gaze of that radiant eye was not always exclusively fixed on the little brook ; that it had its oblique glances for other favorites. But, I take it, those rumors were altogether libellous,



mere rural gossip, scandalous tittle-tattle, got up between two old, gray, mousing owls, who went prowling about and prying into their neighbors' concerns when they ought to have been in their beds at home. However that may be—though I warrant the kind creatures were too conscientious to leave the little brook in ignorance of their candid conjectures—it did not care one fig about the matter, utterly disregarding every syllable they said. This would have been highly creditable to the little brook, if its light mode of dismissing the subject had not been partly owing to the engrossing influence of certain new-fangled notions and desires which, in an unhappy hour, had insinuated themselves into its hitherto untroubled bosom.

8. Alas! that elementary as well as human natures should be liable to moral infirmity! But that they are was strongly exemplified in the instance of our luckless little brook. You must know that, notwithstanding the leafy recess, in which it was so snugly located, was, to all *inward* appearance, sequestered as in the heart of a vast forest, in point of fact it only skirted the edge of an extensive plain, in one part of which lay a large pond, to which herds of kine and oxen came down to drink morning and evening, and wherein they might be seen standing motionless for hours together during the sultry summer noon; when the waveless water, glowing like a fiery mirror under the meridian blaze, reflected, with magical effect, the huge forms and varied coloring of the congregated cattle, as well as those of a flock of stately, milk-white geese accustomed to swim upon its bosom.



9. Now, it so chanced that from the nook of which we have spoken, encircled as it was by leafy walls, there opened, precisely in the direction of the plain and the pond, a cunning little peep-hole, which must have been perforated by the demon of mischief, and which no eye would ever have spied out, save that of a lynx or an idle person. Alas! our little brook *was* an idle person. She had nothing in the world to do from morning to night, and that is the root of all evil. So, though she might have found useful occupation (everybody can, if they seek it in right earnest), she spent her whole time in peering and prying about, till, one unlucky day, what should she hit upon but that identical peep-hole, through which, as through a telescope, she discovered with unspeakable amazement the great pond, all glowing in the noon-day sun; the herds of cattle and the flocks of geese so brilliantly redoubled on its broad mirror.

10. "My stars!" ejaculated the little brook (little thought she at that moment of the *one* faithful star)—"my stars! what can all this be? It looks something like me, only a thousand times as big. What can be shining so upon it? And what can those great creatures be? Not hares, surely, though they have legs and tails; but such tails! And those other white things, that float about, they cannot be birds, for they have no legs, and yet they seem to have feathers and wings. What a life of ignorance have I led, huddled up in this poor, little, dull place, visited only by a few, mean, humdrum creatures, and never suspecting that the world contained finer things and grander company!"

11. Till this unfortunate discovery, the little brook



had been well enough satisfied with her condition, contented with the society of the beautiful and gentle creatures which frequented her retreat, and with the tender admiration of her own "bright, unchanging star." But now there was an end to all content, and *no* end to garrulous discontent and endless curiosity. The latter she soon found means to satisfy, for the skylark brought her flaming accounts of the sun, at whose court he pretended to be a frequent visitor ; and the water-wagtail was despatched to ascertain the precise nature of those other mysterious objects, so bewildering to the limited faculties of the curious little brook.

12. Back came the messenger, mopping, and mowing, and wagging his tail with the most fantastic airs of conceited importance. "Well, what is it?" quoth my lady brook. "Water, upon my veracity," quoth Master Wagtail, "monstrous piece of water, five hundred thousand million times as big as your ladyship." "And what makes it so bright and glowing, instead of my dull color?" quoth my lady. "The sun, that shines full upon it," rejoins the envoy. "Oh! that glorious globe the skylark talks of. How delightful it must be to enjoy his notice! But what are those fine creatures with legs, and those others with wings and no legs?"

13. "Oh! those are cows, and oxen, and geese; but you cannot possibly comprehend their natures, never having seen anything larger than a hare or wood-pigeon." "How now, Master Malapert!" quoth my lady, nettled to the quick at his impertinence. But her curiosity was not half satiated; so she was fain to gulp down her own insulted dignity, and went on questioning and cross-ques-



tioning, till she was ready to bubble over with spite and envy at Master Wagtail's marvellous relations. Poor thing! she did not know what allowance to make for travellers' stories.

LESSON XII.

THE LITTLE BROOK AND THE STAR.

PART II.

1. THENCEFORWARD the little brook perfectly loathed her own peaceful, unobtrusive lot. She would have shrunk away, had it been possible, from the poor, innocent creatures who had so long enlivened her pleasant solitude. And, worst of all, most unpardonable of all, she sickened at the sight of her benignant star, which continued to look down upon her as fondly and kindly as ever, still happily unconscious of her heartless estrangement.

2. Well, she went on fretting and repining from day to day, till dame Nature, fairly tired out with her wayward humor, resolved to punish her, as she deserved, by granting her heart's desire. One summer morning came two sturdy woodmen, armed with saws and axes. To work they went, lopping, hewing, and clearing, and before nightfall there lay the little brook, exposed to the broad canopy of heaven, revealed in all its littleness, and effectually relieved from the intrusion of those insignificant creatures, which had been scared from their old familiar haunt by that day's ruthless execution.



3. "Well!" quoth the little brook, "this is something like life! What a fine world this is! A little 'chilly, though, and I feel, I don't know how, quite dazzled and confounded. But to-morrow, when that great, red orb comes overhead again, I shall be warm and comfortable enough, no doubt; and then, I dare say, some of those fine, great creatures will come and visit me; and who knows but I may grow as big as that great pond in time, now that I enjoy the same advantages?" Down went the sun; up rose the moon; out shone innumerable hosts of sparkling orbs, and among them that "bright, particular star" looked out, pre-eminent in lustre.

4. Doubtless its pure and radiant eye dwelt, with tender sorrow, on the altered condition of its beloved little brook. But that volatile and inconstant creature, quite intoxicated with her change of fortune, and with the fancied admiration of the twinkling myriads she beheld, danced and dimpled, in the true spirit of flirtation, with every glittering spark, till she was quite bewildered among the multitude of her adorers, and welcomed the gray hour of dawn, without having vouchsafed so much as one glance of recognition at her old, unalienated friend.

5. Down went the moon and stars; up rose the sun, and higher and higher he mounted in the cloudless heaven, and keener waxed the impatience of the ambitious little brook. Never did court beauty so eagerly anticipate her first presentation to the eye of majesty. And at last arrived the hour of fruition. Bright overhead careered the radiant orb; down darted his fervid, fiery beams



vertically upon the centre of the little brook, penetrating its shallow waters to the very pebbles beneath.

6. At first it was so awed and agitated, and overpowered by the condescending notice of majesty, fancying (as small folks are apt to fancy) that it had attracted peculiar observation, that it was hardly sensible of the unusual degree of warmth which began to pervade its elementary system ; but presently, when the fermentation of its wits had a little subsided, it began to wonder how much hotter it should grow, still assuring itself that the sensation, though very novel, was exceedingly delightful.

7. But at length such an accession of fever came on that the self-delusion was no longer practicable, and it began to hiss, as if set over a great furnace. Oh, what would the little brook have given now for only one bough of the holly or the hawthorn to intercept those intolerable rays, or for the gentle winnowing of the black-bird's wing, or even the poor robin's, to fan its glowing bosom ! But those protecting boughs lay scattered around ; those small, shy creatures had sought out a distant refuge ; and my lady brook had nothing left but to endure what she could not alter. "And after all," quoth she, "'tis only for a little while ; by and by, when his majesty only looks sidewise at me, I shall be less overcome with his royal favor, and in time, no doubt, be able to sustain his full gaze without any of these unbecoming flutters, all owing to my rustic education and the confined life I have hitherto led."

8. Well, "his majesty" withdrew westward as



usual, and my lady brook began to subside into a comfortable degree of temperature, and to gaze about her again with restored complacency. What was her exultation when she beheld the whole train of geese waddling toward her from the great pond, taking that way homeward out of sheer curiosity, as I suppose. As the goodly company drew nearer and nearer, our brook admired the stateliness of their carriage, and persuaded herself it was eminently graceful, "for, undoubtedly, they are persons of distinguished rank," quoth she; "and how much finer voices they must have than those little, vulgar fowls, whose twittering used to make me so nervous!"

9. Just then the whole flock set up such a cackling and screeching, as they passed close by, that the little brook well-nigh leaped out of her reservoir with horror and amazement; and, to complete her consternation, one fat old dowager goose, straggling awkwardly out of the line of march, plumped right down into the middle of the pool, flouncing and floundering about at a terrible rate, filling its whole circumference with her ungainly person, and scrambling out again with an unfeeling precipitation which cruelly disordered the unhappy victim of her barbarous outrage.

10. Hardly were they out of sight, those awkward and unmannerly creatures, hardly had the poor little brook begun to breathe after that terrible visitation, when all her powers of self-possession were called for by the abrupt approach of another and more prodigious personage. A huge ox, goaded by the intolerable stinging of a gad-fly, broke away from his fellows of the herd and from his cool sta-



tion in the great pond, and came galloping down, in his blind agony, lashing the air with his tail, and making the vale echo with his furious bel-
lowing.

11. To the woods just beyond the newly cleared spot he took his frantic course, and, the little brook lying in his way, he splashed into it and out of it without ceremony, or probably so much as heeding the hapless object subjected to his ruffian treatment. That one splash pretty nearly annihilated the miserable little brook. The huge fore-hoofs forced themselves into its mossy bank; the hind ones, with a single extricating plunge, pounded bank and brook together into a muddy hole; and the tail, with one insolent whisk, spattered half the black mass over the surrounding herbage.

12. And now what was wanting to complete the ruin and degradation of the unhappy little brook? A thick, black puddle was all that remained of the once pellucid pool. Poor little brook! if it had erred greatly, was it not greatly humbled? Night came again; but darkness was on the face of the unhappy brook, and well for it that it was total darkness; for in that state of conscious degradation how could it have sustained the searching gaze of its pure, forsaken star?

13. Long, dark, and companionless was the first night of misery, and when morning dawned, though the turbid water had regained a degree of transparency, it had shrunk away to a tenth part of its former "fair proportions," so much had it lost by evaporation in that fierce solar alembic; so much from absorption in the loosened and choking soil of its once firm and beautiful margin; and so



much by dispersion from the wasteful havoc of its destructive invaders.

14. Again the great sun looked down upon it; again the vertical beams drank fiercely of its shrunken water; and when evening came, no more remained of the poor little brook than just so many drops as filled the hollow of one of those large pebbles which had paved its unsullied basin in the day of its brightness and beauty. But never, in the season of its brightest plenitude, was the water of the little brook so clear, so perfectly clear and pure, as that last portion which lay, like a liquid gem, in the small concave of that polished stone.

15. It had been filtered from every grosser particle, refined by rough discipline, purified by adversity, even from those lees of vanity and light-mindedness which had adulterated its sparkling waters in their prosperous state. Just as the last sunbeam was withdrawing its amber light from that small pool, the old, familiar robin hopped on the edge of the hollow pebble, and, dipping his beak once and again in the diminished fount, which had slaked his thirst so often and so long, drooped his russet wings with a slight, quivering motion, and broke forth into a short, sweet gush of parting song before he winged his way forever from his expiring benefactress.

16. Twilight had melted into night—dark night; for neither moon nor stars were visible through the dark clouds that canopied the earth. In darkness and silence lay the little brook, forgotten, it seemed, even by its benignant star, as though its last drops were exhaled into nothingness; its languishing existence already struck out of the list of



created things. Time *had* been when such apparent neglect would have excited its highest indignation ; but *now* it submitted humbly and resignedly to the deserved infliction. And, after a little while, looking fixedly upward, it almost fancied that the form, if not the radiance, of the beloved star, was faintly perceptible through the intervening darkness.

17. The little brook was not deceived ; cloud after cloud rolled away from the central heaven, till at last the unchanging star was plainly discernible through the fleecy vapor which yet obscured its perfect lustre. But through that silvery veil the beautiful star looked intently on its repentant love ; and there was more of tenderness, of pity, and reconciliation in that dim, trembling gaze than if the pure, heavenly dweller had shone out in perfect brightness on the frail, humbled creature below. Just then a few large drops fell heavily from the departing cloud ; and one, trembling for a moment with starry light, fell, like a forgiving tear, into the bosom of the little pool.

18. Long, long, and undisturbed (for no other eye looked out from heaven that night) was the last mysterious communion of the reconciled friends. No doubt that voiceless intercourse was yet eloquent of hope and futurity ; for, though all that remained of the pure little brook was sure to be exhausted by the next day's fiery trial, it would but change its visible form, to become an imperishable essence ; and who can tell whether the elementary nature, so purged from earthly impurities, may not have been received up into the sphere of its heavenly friend, and indissolubly united with the celestial substance ?



LESSON XIII.

MOTHER OF GOD.

1. How many a lonely hermit maid
Hath brightened like a dawn-touched isle
When, on her breast in vision laid,
That Babe hath lit her with his smile !
2. How many an aged Saint hath felt,
So graced, a second spring renew
Her wintry breast ; with Anna knelt,
And trembled like the matin dew !
3. How oft th' unbending monk, no thrall
In youth of mortal smiles or tears,
Hath felt that Infant's touch through all
The armor of his hundred years !
4. But Mary's was no transient bliss ;
Nor hers a vision's phantom gleam :
The hourly need, the voice, the kiss—
That Child was hers ! 'Twas not a dream !
5. At morning hers, and when the sheen
Of moonrise crept the cliffs along ;
In silence hers, and hers between
The pulses of the night-bird's song.
6. And as the Child, the love. Its growth
Was, hour by hour, a growth in grace :
That Child was God ; and love for both
Advanced perforce with equal pace.

AUBREY DE VERE.



LESSON XIV.

ESCAPE FROM A PANTHER.

1. ELIZABETH TEMPLE and Louisa Grant had gained the summit of the mountain, where they left the highway, and pursued their course under the shade of the stately trees that crowned the eminence. The day was becoming warm, and the girls plunged more deeply into the forest, as they found its invigorating coolness agreeably contrasted to the excessive heat they had experienced in their ascent. The conversation, as if by mutual consent, was entirely changed to the little incidents and scenes of their walk ; and every tall pine, and every shrub or flower, called forth some simple expression of admiration.

2. In this manner they proceeded along the margin of the precipice, catching occasional glimpses of the placid Otsego, or pausing to listen to the rattling of wheels or the sounds of hammers that rose from the valley, to mingle the signs of men with the scenes of nature, when Elizabeth suddenly started, and exclaimed : "Listen ! there are the cries of a child on this mountain ! Is there a clearing near us ? Or can some little one have strayed from its parents ?" "Such things frequently happen," returned Louisa. "Let us follow the sounds ; it may be a wanderer starving on the hill." Urged by this consideration, the females pursued the low, mournful sounds that proceeded from the forest, with quick and impatient steps. More than once the ardent Elizabeth was on the point of announcing that she saw the sufferer, when Louisa caught



her by the arm, and, pointing behind them, cried, "Look at the dog!"

3. The advanced age of Brave had long before deprived him of his activity ; and when his companions stopped to view the scenery or to add to their bouquets, the mastiff would lay his huge frame on the ground, and await their movements, with his eyes closed and a listlessness in his air that ill accorded with the character of a protector. But when, aroused by this cry from Louisa, Miss Temple turned, she saw the dog with his eyes keenly set on some distant object, his head bent near the ground, and his hair actually rising on his body, either through fright or anger. It was most probably the latter ; for he was growling in a low key, and occasionally showing his teeth in a manner that would have terrified his mistress had she not so well known his good qualities.

4. "Brave!" she said, "be quiet, Brave! What do you see, fellow?" At the sound of her voice the rage of the mastiff, instead of being at all diminished, was very sensibly increased. He stalked in front of the ladies, and seated himself at the feet of his mistress, growling louder than before, and occasionally giving vent to his ire by a short, surly barking. "What does he see?" said Elizabeth. "There must be some animal in sight." Hearing no answer from her companion, Miss Temple turned her head and beheld Louisa, standing with her face whitened to the color of death, and her finger pointing upward with a sort of flickering, convulsed motion. The quick eye of Elizabeth glanced in the direction indicated by her friend, where she saw the fierce front and glaring eyes of a female panther,



fixed on them in horrid malignity, and threatening instant destruction.

5. "Let us fly!" exclaimed Elizabeth, grasping the arm of Louisa, whose form yielded like melting snow, and sank lifeless to the earth. There was not a single feeling in the temperament of Elizabeth Temple that could prompt her to desert a companion in such an extremity; and she fell on her knees by the side of the inanimate Louisa, tearing from the person of her friend, with an instinctive readiness, such parts of her dress as might obstruct her respiration, and encouraging their only safeguard, the dog, at the same time by the sound of her voice. "Courage, Brave!" she cried, her own tones beginning to tremble—"courage, courage, good Brave!"

6. A quarter-grown cub, that had hitherto been unseen, now appeared, dropping from the branches of a sapling that grew under the shade of the beech which held its dam. This ignorant but vicious creature approached near to the dog, imitating the actions and sounds of its parent, but exhibiting a strange mixture of the playfulness of a kitten with the ferocity of its race. Standing on its hind-legs, it would rend the bark of a tree with its fore-paws, and play all the antics of a cat for a moment; and then, by lashing itself with its tail, growling, and scratching the earth, it would attempt the manifestations of anger that rendered its parent so terrific.

7. All this time Brave stood firm and undaunted, his short tail erect, his body drawn backward on its haunches, and his eyes following the movements of both dam and cub. At every gambol played by the



latter it approached nigher to the dog, the growling of the three becoming more horrid at each moment, until the younger beast, overleaping its intended bound, fell directly before the mastiff. There was a moment of fearful cries and struggles, but they ended almost as soon as commenced by the cub appearing in the air, hurled from the jaws of Brave with a violence that sent it against a tree so forcibly as to render it completely senseless.

8. Elizabeth witnessed the short struggle, and her blood was warming with the triumph of the dog, when she saw the form of the old panther in the air, springing twenty feet from the branch of the beech to the back of the mastiff. No words of ours can describe the fury of the conflict that followed. It was a confused struggle on the dried leaves, accompanied by loud and terrible cries, barks, and growls. Miss Temple continued on her knees, bending over the form of Louisa, her eyes fixed on the animals with an interest so horrid, and yet so intense, that she almost forgot her own stake in the result.

9. So rapid and vigorous were the bounds of the inhabitant of the forest that its active frame seemed constantly in the air, while the dog nobly faced his foe at each successive leap. When the panther lighted on the shoulders of the mastiff, which was its constant aim, old Brave, though torn with its talons and stained with his own blood, that already flowed from a dozen wounds, would shake off his furious foe like a feather, and, rearing on his hind-legs, rush to the fray again, with his jaws distended and a dauntless eye.

10. But age and his pampered life greatly dis-



qualified the noble mastiff for such a struggle. In everything but courage he was only the vestige of what he had once been. A higher bound than ever raised the wary and furious beast far beyond the reach of the dog, who was making a desperate but fruitless dash at it, and it alighted in a favorable position on the back of its aged foe. For a single moment only could the panther remain there, the great strength of the dog returning with a convulsive effort. Elizabeth saw, as Brave fastened his teeth in the side of his enemy, that the collar of brass around his neck, which had been glittering throughout the fray, was of the color of blood, and, directly, that his frame was sinking to the earth, where it soon lay prostrate and helpless. Several mighty efforts of the panther to extricate itself from the jaws of the dog followed, but they were fruitless until the mastiff turned on his back, his lips collapsed, and his teeth loosened, when the short convulsions and stillness that succeeded announced the death of poor Brave.

11. Elizabeth now lay wholly at the mercy of the beast. There is said to be something in the front of the image of the Maker that daunts the hearts of the inferior beings of his creation; and it would seem that some such power, in the present instance, suspended the threatened blow. The eyes of the monster and the kneeling maiden met for an instant, when the former stooped to examine its fallen foe, next to scent its luckless cub. From the latter examination it turned, however, with its eyes apparently emitting flashes of fire, its tail lashing its sides furiously, and its claws projecting for inches from its broad feet.



12. Miss Temple did not, or could not, move. Her hands were clasped in the attitude of prayer, but her eyes were still drawn to her terrible enemy ; her cheeks were blanched to the whiteness of marble, and her lips were slightly separated with horror. The moment seemed now to have arrived for the fatal termination, and the beautiful figure of Elizabeth was bowing meekly to the stroke, when a rustling of leaves from behind seemed rather to mock the organs than to meet her ears. "Hist ! hist !" said a low voice. "Stoop lower, gal ; your bunnet hides the creater's head."

13. It was rather the yielding of nature than a compliance with this unexpected order that caused the head of our heroine to sink on her bosom ; when she heard the report of the rifle, the whizzing of the bullet, and the enraged cries of the beast, who was rolling over on the earth, biting its own flesh, and tearing the twigs and branches within its reach. At the next instant the form of Leatherstocking rushed by her, and he called aloud : "Come in, Hector, come in, you old fool ; 'tis a hard-lived animal, and may jump ag'in." The old man maintained his position in front of the maidens most fearlessly, notwithstanding the violent bounds and threatening aspect of the wounded panther, which gave several indications of returning strength and ferocity, until his rifle was again loaded, when he stepped up to the enraged animal, and, placing the muzzle close to its head, every spark of life was extinguished by the discharge.

COOPER.



LESSON XV.

EVENING PRAYER AT A GIRL'S SCHOOL.

1. HUSH ! 'tis a holy hour ; the quiet room
 Seems like a temple, while yon soft lamp sheds
 A faint and starry radiance, through the gloom
 And the sweet stillness, down on bright young
 heads,
 With all their clustering locks, untouched by care,
 And bowed, as flowers are bowed with night, in
 prayer.

2. Gaze on ! 'tis lovely ! Childhood's lip and cheek
 Mantling beneath its earnest brow of thought ;
 Gaze ! yet what seest thou in those fair, and meek,
 And fragile things, as but for sunshine wrought ?
 Thou seest what grief must nurture for the sky,
 What death must fashion for eternity.

3. Oh, joyous creatures ! that will sink to rest,
 Lightly, when those pure orisons are done,
 As birds, with slumber's honey-dew oppressed,
 'Mid the dim folded leaves at set of sun,
 Lift up your hearts ! Though yet no sorrow lies
 Dark in the summer-heaven of those clear eyes ;

4. Though fresh within your breasts the untroubled
 springs
 Of hope make melody where'er ye tread ;
 And o'er your sleep bright shadows, from the wings
 Of spirits visiting but youth, be spread,
 Yet in those flute-like voices, mingling low,
 Is woman's tenderness ; how soon her woe !



5. Her lot is on you : silent tears to weep,
And patient smiles to wear through suffering's
hour,
And sunless riches, from Affection's deep,
To pour on broken reeds—a wasted shower !
And to make idols, and to find them clay,
And to bewail that worship ; therefore pray !
6. Her lot is on you : to be found, untired,
Watching the stars out by the bed of pain,
With a pale cheek, and yet a brow inspired,
And a true heart of hope, though hope be vain ;
Meekly to bear with wrong, to cheer decay,
And, oh, to love through all things ; therefore pray !
7. And take the thought of this calm vesper time,
With its low murmuring sounds and silvery light,
On through the dark days, fading from their prime,
As a sweet dew to keep your souls from blight.
Earth will forsake ; oh, happy to have given
The unbroken heart's first fragrance unto Heaven !
MRS. HEMANS.

LESSON XVI.

TEA-PARTIES IN NEW YORK.

1. THE company commonly assembled at three o'clock, and went away about six ; unless it was in winter-time, when the fashionable hours were a little earlier, that the ladies might get home before dark. The tea-table was crowned with a huge earthen dish, well stored with slices of fat pork, fried brown, cut up into morsels, and swimming in



gravy. The company, being seated around the genial board, and each furnished with a fork, evinced their dexterity in launching at the fattest pieces in this mighty dish, in much the same manner as sailors harpoon porpoises at sea, or our Indians spear salmon in the lakes. Sometimes the table was graced with immense apple-pies or saucers full of preserved peaches and pears; but it was always sure to boast an enormous dish of balls of sweetened dough, fried in hog's fat, and called dough-nuts, a delicious kind of cake, at present scarce known in the city, excepting in genuine Dutch families.

2. The tea was served out of a majestic, delft tea-pot, ornamented with paintings of fat little Dutch shepherds and shepherdesses tending pigs, with boats sailing in the air, and houses built in the clouds, and sundry other ingenious Dutch fantasies. The beaux distinguished themselves by their adroitness in replenishing this pot from a huge copper tea-kettle, which would have made the pigmy macaronies of these degenerate days sweat merely to look at it. To sweeten the beverage a lump of sugar was laid beside each cup; and the company alternately nibbled and sipped with great decorum, until an improvement was introduced by a shrewd and economic old lady, which was to suspend a large lump directly over the tea-table by a string from the ceiling, so that it could be swung from mouth to mouth.

3. At these primitive tea-parties the utmost propriety and dignity of deportment prevailed. No flirting nor coquetting; no gambling of old ladies, nor hoyden chattering and romping of young ones;



no self-satisfied struttings of wealthy gentlemen, with their brains in their pockets, nor amusing conceits and monkey divertisements of smart young gentlemen with no brains at all. On the contrary, the young ladies seated themselves demurely in their rush-bottomed chairs, and knit their own woollen stockings, nor ever opened their lips, excepting to say, "Yes, sir," or "Yes, madam," to any question that was asked them; behaving, in all things, like decent, well-educated damsels. As to the gentlemen, each of them tranquilly smoked his pipe, and seemed lost in contemplation of the blue and white tiles with which the fire-places were decorated.

4. The parties broke up without noise and without confusion. They were carried home by their own carriages—that is to say, by the vehicles nature had provided for them, excepting such of the wealthy as could afford to keep a wagon. The gentlemen gallantly attended their fair ones to their respective abodes, and took leave of them at the door.

IRVING.

LESSON XVII.

MONK FELIX.

1. ONE morning all alone,
Out of his convent of gray stone,
Into the forest older, darker, grayer,
His lips moving as if in prayer,



His head sunken upon his breast
As in a dream of rest,
Walked the Monk Felix. All about
The broad, sweet sunshine lay without,
Filling the summer air;
And within the woodlands, as he trod,
The twilight was like the truce of God
With worldly woe and care.

2. Under him lay the golden moss;
And above him the boughs of the hemlock
trees
Waved, and made the sign of the cross,
And whispered their Benedicites;
And from the ground
Rose an odor, sweet and fragrant,
Of the wild-flowers and the vagrant
Vines that wandered,
Seeking the sunshine round and round;
These he heeded not, but pondered
On the volume in his hand,
A volume of St. Augustine,
Wherein he read of the unseen
Splendors of God's great town
In the unknown land;
And, with his eyes cast down,
In humility he said:
"I believe, oh God,
What herein I have read;
But, alas! I do not understand!"

3. And, lo! he heard
The sudden singing of a bird,



A snow-white bird, that from a cloud
Dropped down,
And among the branches brown
Sat singing
So sweet, and clear, and loud,
It seemed a thousand harp-strings ringing.
And the Monk Felix closed his book.
And long, long,
With rapturous look,
He listened to the song,
And hardly breathed or stirred,
Until he saw, as in a vision,
The land of Elysian,
And in the heavenly city heard
Angelic feet
Fall on the golden flagging of the street.
And he would fain have caught the wondrous
bird,
But strove in vain ;
For it flew away, away,
Far over hill and dell,
And instead of its sweet singing
He heard the convent bell
Suddenly in the silence ringing
For the service of noonday.
And he retraced
His pathway homeward, sadly and in haste.

4. In the convent there was a change !
He looked for each well-known face,
But the faces were new and strange ;
New figures sat in the oaken stalls,
New voices chanted in the choir ;
Yet the place was the same place,



The same dusty walls
Of cold gray stone ;
The same cloisters, and belfry, and spire.

5. A stranger and alone
Among that brotherhood
The Monk Felix stood.
“ Forty years,” said a friar,
“ Have I been prior
Of this convent in the wood ;
But for that space
Never have I beheld thy face !”

6. The heart of the Monk Felix fell ;
And he answered with submissive tone,
“ This morning after the hour of prime
I left my cell,
And wandered forth alone,
Listening all the time
To the melodious singing
Of a beautiful white bird,
Until I heard
The bells of the convent ringing
Noon from their noisy towers.
It was as if I dreamed ;
For what to me had seemed
Moments only had been hours !”

7. “ Years !” said a voice close by.
It was an aged monk who spoke,
From a bench of oak
Fastened against the wall.
He was the oldest monk of all ;
For a whole century



Had he been there,
Serving God in prayer,
The meekest and humblest of his creatures.
He remembered well the features
Of Felix, and he said,
Speaking distinct and slow :
“One hundred years ago,
When I was a novice in this place,
There was here a monk full of God's grace,
Who bore the name
Of Felix, and this man must be the same.”

8. And straightway

They brought forth to the light of day
A volume old and brown,
A huge tome, bound
In brass and wild boar's hide,
Wherein was written down
The names of all who had died
In the convent since it was edified.
And there they found,
Just as the old monk said,
That on a certain day and date,
One hundred years before,
Had gone forth from the convent gate
The Monk Felix, and never more
Had entered that sacred door.
He had been counted among the dead !
And they knew, at last,
That such had been the power
Of that celestial and immortal song,
A hundred years had passed,
And had not seemed so long as a single hour !

LONGFELLOW.

LESSON XVIII.



DEATH OF LITTLE NELL.

1. SHE was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life ; not one who had lived and suffered death. Her couch was dressed with here and there some winter-berries and green leaves, gathered in a spot she had been used to favor. " When I die, put near me something that has loved the light, and had the sky above it always." These were her words.

2. She was dead. Dear, gentle, patient, noble

—*—

Nell was dead. Her little bird—a poor, slight thing the pressure of a finger would have crushed—was stirring nimbly in its cage; and the strong heart of its child-mistress was mute and motionless forever! Where were the traces of her early cares, her sufferings and fatigues? All gone. Hers was the true death before their weeping eyes. Sorrow was dead, indeed, in her; but peace and perfect happiness were born—imaged in her tranquil beauty and profound repose.

3. And still her former self lay there, unaltered in this change. Yes. The old fireside had smiled upon that same sweet face; it had passed like a dream through haunts of misery and care; at the door of the poor schoolmaster on the summer evening, before the furnace fire upon the cold, wet night, at the still bedside of the dying boy, there had been the same mild and lovely look. So shall we know the angels in their majesty after death.

4. The old man held one languid arm in his, and the small, tight hand folded to his breast for warmth. It was the hand she had stretched out to him with her last smile—the hand that had led him on through all their wanderings. Ever and anon he pressed it to his lips, then hugged it to his breast again, murmuring that it was warmer now; and, as he said it, he looked in agony to those who stood around, as if imploring them to help her.

5. She was dead, and past all help or needing it. The ancient rooms she had seemed to fill with life, even while her own was waning fast, the garden she had tended, the eyes she had gladdened, the noiseless haunts of many a thoughtful hour, the paths she had trodden, as it were, but yester-



day, will know her no more. "It is not," said the schoolmaster, as he bent down to kiss her on the cheek, and gave his tears free vent—"it is not in this world that Heaven's justice ends. Think what it is, compared with the world to which her young spirit has winged its early flight, and say, if one deliberate wish, expressed in solemn tones above this bed, could call her back to life, which of us would utter it?"

6. She had been dead two days. They were all about her at the time, knowing that the end was drawing on. She died soon after daybreak. They had read and talked to her in the earlier portion of the night; but as the hours crept on she sank to sleep. They could tell, by what she faintly uttered in her dreams, that they were of her wanderings with the old man. They were of no painful scenes, but of those who had helped them and used them kindly; for she often said, "God bless you!" with great fervor. Waking, she never wandered in her mind but once, and that was at beautiful music which, she said, was in the air. God knows. It may have been.

7. Opening her eyes at last from a very quiet sleep, she begged that they would kiss her once again. That done, she turned to the old man, with a lovely smile upon her face—such, they said, as they had never seen, and never could forget—and clung with both her arms about his neck. She had never murmured or complained, but with a quiet mind and manner quite unaltered—save that she every day became more earnest and more grateful to them—faded like the light upon the summer's evening.



8. The child who had been her little friend came there almost as soon as it was day with an offering of dried flowers, which he begged them to lay upon her breast. He told them of his dream again, and that it was of her being restored to them, just as she used to be. He begged hard to see her, saying that he would be very quiet, and that they need not fear his being alarmed; for he had sat alone by his younger brother all day long when he was dead, and had felt glad to be so near him. They let him have his wish; and indeed he kept his word, and was in his childish way a lesson to them all.

9. Up to that time the old man had not spoken once, except to her, or stirred from the bedside. But when he saw her little favorite, he was moved as they had not seen him yet, and made as though he would have him come nearer. Then, pointing to the bed, he burst into tears for the first time; and they who stood by, knowing that the sight of this child had done him good, left them alone together.

10. Soothing him with his artless talk of her, the child persuaded him to take some rest, to walk abroad—to do almost as he desired him. And when the day came on which they must remove her in her earthly shape from earthly eyes forever, he led him away, that he might not know when she was taken from him. They were to gather fresh leaves and berries for her bed.

11. And now the bell—the bell she had so often heard by night and day, and listened to with solemn pleasure, almost as a living voice—rang its remorseless toll for her, so young, so beautiful, so



good. Decrepit age, and vigorous life, and blooming youth, and helpless infancy poured forth—on crutches, in the pride of health and strength, in the full blush of promise, in the mere dawn of life—to gather round her tomb. Old men were there whose eyes were dim and senses failing; grandmothers who might have died ten years ago and still been old; the deaf, the blind, the lame, the palsied—the living dead, in many shapes and forms, to see the closing of that early grave.

12. Along the crowded path they bore her now—pure as the newly-fallen snow that covered it, whose day on earth had been as fleeting. Under that porch where she had sat when Heaven, in its mercy, brought her to that peaceful spot, she passed again, and the old church received her in its quiet shade. They carried her to one old nook where she had many and many a time sat musing, and laid their burden softly on the pavement. The light streamed on it through the colored window—a window where the boughs of trees were ever rustling in the summer, and where the birds sang sweetly all day long. With every breath of air that stirred among those branches in the sunshine, some trembling, changing light would fall upon her grave.

13. Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust. Many a young hand dropped in its little wreath, many a stifled sob was heard. Some, and they were not a few, knelt down. All were sincere and truthful in their sorrow. The service done, the mourners stood apart, and the villagers closed round to look into the grave before the stone should be replaced.



14. One called to mind how he had seen her sitting on that very spot, and how her book had fallen on her lap, and she was gazing with a pensive face upon the sky. Another told how he had wondered much that one so delicate as she should be so bold; how she had never feared to enter the church alone at night, but had loved to linger there when all was quiet, and even to climb the tower-stair, with no more light than that of the moon-rays stealing through the loop-holes in the thick old walls. A whisper went about among the oldest there that she had seen and talked with angels; and when they called to mind how she had looked and spoken, and her early death, some thought it might be so indeed.

15. Thus, coming to the grave in little knots, and glancing down, and giving place to others, and falling off in whispering groups of three or four, the church was cleared in time of all but the sexton and the mourning friends. Then, when the dusk of evening had come on, and not a sound disturbed the sacred stillness of the place—when the bright moon poured in her light on tomb and monument, on pillar, wall, and arch, and most of all, it seemed to them, upon her quiet grave—in that calm time, when all outward things and inward thoughts teem with assurances of immortality, and worldly hopes and fears are humbled in the dust before them, then, with tranquil and submissive hearts, they turned away, and left the child with God.

CHARLES DICKENS.



LESSON XIX.

ST. PETER'S THRONE.

MEETING old Time the other day, I said,
"Where's Argos? Thebes? or Sidon? and where
lie

The many noble piles of days gone by,
Built by the mighty ones?" He shook his head,
And nothing spoke, but showed me in his cell
Ashes of robes, yet tinged with purple dye,
And bits of crowns, and armor piled up high,
And splints of shattered sceptres mixed pell-mell.

I asked him then the fate of present things.
His all-destroying scythe around he plied,
And answered, "On my ever-moving wings
I bear the present where the past abide;
The empires of to-day, like those of old,
In dim oblivion their proud heads must hide!"
I asked again, "And does this stern decree
Apply to *Peter's Throne*?" Time gasped for
breath,
And in his stead Eternity replied,
"The Throne of Peter knows nor time nor
death!"

B. J. DORWARD.



LESSON XX.

LINA; OR, LOVE AND CHARITY.

Scene, a Swiss cottage. Present, DAME SCHEFFENER and her adopted daughter, LINA.

Dame. Is that you, Lina?

Lina. Yes, dear mother, 'tis I. I've strange news for you.

Dame. What is it, Lina? What hast thou learned that is to astonish me?



Lina. You shall hear directly; but first tell me of poor Gertrude. You have heard, of course, that she leaves us to-morrow?



Dame. Ah! poor child, 'tis a hard trial, to go forth friendless into the world; but such partings come to us all, and must be endured. The day will arrive, Lina, if 'tis not already near at hand, when you, too, will leave your childhood's home to seek another—and more fitting one, it may be—beyond the mountains yonder.

Lina. No, no, dearest mother, there will be no need for us to part. Listen! You know that, from time to time, good Master Groschen, in the town below, has sold for me the little wood carvings you have so often seen me working at during the long winter evenings.

Dame. He is a good, worthy man.

Lina. Yes; and, when I'm rich, I mean to carve him a full-length figure of William Tell, to stand in the summer-house at the bottom of his garden.

Dame. It will take many years before he gets it, I'm thinking, if thou and he must wait till wood-carving has made thee rich, child.

Lina. But perhaps fortune is not so distant as you think, dear mother. Wait till I have told you all, and then judge if I am wrong in speaking so hopefully. Last week, among the usual trifles that I carried down for sale, I left in Master Groschen's hands a small carved figure, a work of greater merit than any I had yet produced, and one I almost doubted if I had skill to venture upon. Guess what it represented.

Dame. Nay, how should I, girl? A *figure*, say you? May be 'twas a likeness of our good priest's dog, which it is said he brought from St. Gothard. Or was it one of neighbor Kreutzer's goats, or a



chamois, perhaps? Though this last would be hard for you to take alive!

Lina. 'Twas a likeness of—*yourself*!

Dame. Of *myself*?

Lina. Yes; at your spinning-wheel. And, oh, dear mother mine, when it was finished I could scarcely bring myself to part with it. It almost looked alive! And Master Groschen said—what do you think he said?

Dame. That an old woman's picture wasn't worth having.

Lina. That 'twas a masterpiece; that all who looked upon it would say the same. The figure is sold, dear mother. A rich traveller bought it yesterday, and this morning I received the price. See! Fifty francs, and an order for a companion carving.

Dame. Fifty francs!

Lina. Ay, think of that! And the good landlord says all in the valley are talking about it, and that my works will be asked for by all comers. And only fancy! he tells me I shall be forced to leave our dear old cottage and go to live in Interlachen, or Berne itself, where the great people will find it easier to get at me than amid the glaciers.

Dame. Did I not say the time was at hand when thou wouldst go from me? Master Groschen is right: thy place is not here.

Lina. Master Groschen is wrong. I will not leave our loved mountain home. No; the great people must come *hither*, if they want to see the Swiss maid at her work.

Dame. And if they come *hither*, Lina, it will not lessen the chance of our parting.



Lina. Dear mother, and wherefore?

Dame. If among those travellers you speak of there should be one who offered to procure for my daughter that culture and training she would adorn, and which would fit her for a better position than that of an obscure peasant maiden, should it not be my duty to yield her up to the hand that would protect and cherish her?

Lina. No, mother, no! You would not consent to such a proposal; you would refuse it, of course, if 'twere to separate us from each other.

Dame. What right should I have to refuse it, Lina?

Lina. What right?

Dame. Ay; what right have I to hinder those who would take you hence, the better to befriend and help you?

Lina. Do you love me so little that you care not how soon I may leave you?

Dame. If I did not love thee dearly, I should not think of thy future welfare; I should listen only to the selfish hope lurking in my heart that none—that none will ever claim thee from me.

Lina. 'Tis a wish my own heart echoes, dearest mother.

Dame. Ah, Lina, if I had been the wife of some rich burgher in the canton, then I might have said, "I do no wrong in keeping by my side my adopted daughter; for perchance the station she fills now is equal to that she would have held in the land of her birth." But as a poor peasant woman I have no right to, and I dare not, act thus. Help me, then, Lina, to do my duty.

Lina. Mother! have you not done it? From



the hour that your loving kiss upon my frozen lips brought back the life fast chilling in my heart, tell me, have you not done your duty by your child ?

Dame. Listen to me, Lina. I am aged. The time is not far off when I must join those gone before me to a better land. Let me feel, as I turn my footsteps thither, that I have indeed done a parent's duty by the orphan child of those who lie at rest beneath yonder avalanche.

Lina. Your will shall be mine, dear mother. Your hand shall point me out the path to take, and I will follow it.

Dame. Let us trust to that mighty hand which is outstretched forever above all the earth, and it will guide our steps aright.

Lina. Yes ; and it may be we shall not be obliged to part. It may be that my own endeavors will gain for me, without the aid of strangers, that happy future you so fondly desire for me. There is no harm, is there, in hoping thus ?

Dame. Ah, child, only too gladly should I welcome such a chance to keep thee by my side. But come, let us go in now, and see how we can best comfort poor Gertrude.

Lina. One moment, mother. I've a little secret to impart to you, and also a little boon to ask of you. The secret is that the girls of the village intend to present a farewell gift to Gertrude when she leaves to-morrow.

Dame. A kindly act ; and one, I fancy, that my daughter was the first to think of and propose.

Lina. Do you know the sum that Gertrude is to save by a whole year's service away there in Geneva ?



Dame. How should I know?

Lina. Fifty francs, dear mother; she has told me so.

Dame. Ah, 'tis a good sum enough to begin with. She will earn more by and by.

Lina. Fifty francs! Fancy how long it will take poor Gertrude to make up again the little dowry that she had.

Dame. You forget that Fritz will also be working on *his* side.

Lina. Yes; but the *first* year will be the hardest for them? If Gertrude had but five-and-twenty francs *now* in hand, she could put by in advance a whole year's income, and how sweet it would be to lessen thus the period of her absence from all she loves!

Dame. Ah, and how gladly would the maiden at my side help to do this! How she wishes I would guess, without her speaking it, what *boon* it is that she would have me grant! Am I not right?

Lina. Dear mother, I confess that if—that if—Ah, you know already what I would ask.

Dame. And *also* what thou wouldst have me *answer*. Well, then, child, if thou hadst but spoken plainly at first, thou wouldst the sooner have heard me say, "Give to thy young companion twenty-five of the fifty francs within this little purse."

Lina. Oh, thanks, thanks, my dear, kind mother!

Dame. The hand that giveth to assist another's need, a blessing shall rest upon it, and the labor it doeth shall prosper. God ever blesses the cheerful giver.



LESSON XXI.

BLESSING THE BELLS.

1. CATHOLICS, in general, learn far too little of the ceremonial; and we hesitate not to say that he who knows it not cannot have any idea of half the grandeur of his religion. Why, there is not a place or a thing used in the worship which he attends, upon which there has not been lavished, so to speak, more rich poetry and more solemn prayers than all our modern books put together can furnish.

2. When he hears the bell which, swinging in its tower, summons him to Mass, he perhaps scarcely knows that a consecration has blessed it, couched in diction which is literally splendid, and expressed by symbolical rites full of the deepest meaning and the finest feeling. What an idea would he not conceive of the consciousness of power which the Church Catholic possesses, if he had heard her commit to that brazen herald of her offices power to dispel, by its deep-toned voice, "the enemy's fiery shafts, the thunderbolt's stroke, the hail-stone's crash, the tempest's destruction"! How lofty would her estimate appear of the holy influence which everything connected with the services should exercise, when even this their iron-tongued harbinger has a blessing on it, prayed for in such terms as these :

3. "Oh God, who didst order that by the blessed lawgiver Moses, thy servant, there should be made silver trumpets, which when the priest during the



time of sacrifice should sound, the people, warned by their sweet notes, should prepare to adore Thee and assemble for the sacrifices ; by the clang whereof, encouraged to battle, they should overthrow their enemies' designs ; grant, we beseech Thee, that this vessel, prepared for Thy holy Church, may be sanctified by the Holy Ghost, so that by its stroke the faithful may be invited to their reward. And when its melody shall sound in the ears of the people, may the devotion of faith increase within them ; may all the snares of the enemy, the clattering hail, the furious whirlwind, the impetuous tempest, be driven afar ; may hostile thunders die away, and windy blasts subside into gentle and wholesome breezes. The strength of Thy right hand cast down all spirits of evil ; that, hearing this bell, they may tremble, and may fly from the banner of the holy Cross of Thy Son, which hath been painted upon it—that banner to which every knee bendeth of things heavenly, things earthly, and things infernal, and every tongue confesseth that our Lord Jesus Christ himself, having swallowed up death in the ignominious Cross, reigneth in the glory of God the Father, with the same Father and Holy Ghost, world without end. Amen."

CARDINAL WISEMAN.



LESSON XXII.

THE DEDICATION OF IRELAND TO THE SACRED
HEART.

(PASSION SUNDAY, 1873.)

1. WHERE'ER beneath the saving rood
The nation kneels to pray,
A holy band of brotherhood
Unites us all to-day :
From north to south, from east to west,
From circling sea to sea,
Ierne bares her bleeding breast,
Oh Sacred Heart, to Thee !

2. She bares her breast, which many a wound,
Which many a blow, made sore,
What time the martyred mother swooned
Insensate in her gore.
But, ah, she could not die. No ! no !
One germ of life had she—
The love that turned, through weal, through
woe,
Oh Sacred Heart, to Thee !

3. She gave her sighs, she gave her tears,
To Thee, oh Heart divine !
She gave her blood for countless years,
Like water or like wine ;
And now that in her horoscope
A happier fate we see,
She consecrates her future hope,
Oh Sacred Heart, to Thee !



4. She consecrates her glorious past—
 For glorious 'tis, though sad ;
 Bright, though with many a cloud o'ercast ;
 Though gloomy, yet how glad !
 For through the wilds that round her spread,
 How darksome they might be,
 One light along the desert led,
 Oh Sacred Heart, to Thee !

5. She consecrates her dark despair,
 Though brightened from above ;
 She consecrates her Patrick's prayer,
 Her Brigid's burning love—
 Her Brendan, sailing over seas
 That none had dared but he—
 These, and a thousand such as these,
 Oh Sacred Heart, to Thee !

6. And even the present, though it be,
 Alas ! unwisely sage—
 Its icy-cold philosophy,
 Its stained historic page,
 Its worship of brute force and strength
 That leaves no impulse free—
 She hopes to consecrate at length,
 Oh Sacred Heart, to Thee !

7. But, oh, forgive what I have said—
 Forgive, oh Heart divine !
 'Tis Thou hast suffered, Thou hast bled,
 And not this land of mine !
 'Tis Thou hast bled for sins untold
 That God alone doth see—
 The insults done, so manifold,
 Oh Sacred Heart, to Thee !



8. But still Thy feet I dare embrace
With mingled hope and fear,
For Joseph looks into Thy face,
And Mary kneeleth near :
Thou canst not that sweet look withstand,
Nor that all-powerful plea,
And so we consecrate our land,
Oh Sacred Heart, to Thee !
9. For us, but not for us alone,
We consecrate our land.
The holy Pontiff's plundered throne
Doth still our prayers demand :
That soon may end the robber reign,
And soon the Cross be free,
And Rome, repentant, turn again,
Oh Sacred Heart, to Thee !
10. One valiant band, oh Lord, from us
A special prayer should claim—
The soldiers of Ignatius,
Who bear Thy holy Name.
Still guard them on their glorious track,
Still victors let them be
In leading the lost nations back,
Oh Sacred Heart, to Thee !
11. Like some tired bird whose homeward flight
Reseeks its distant nest,
Ah, let my song once more alight
Upon my country's breast ;
There let it rest, to roam no more,
Awaiting the decree
That lifts my soul, its wanderings o'er,
Oh Sacred Heart, to Thee !



12. Then break, ye circling seas, in smiles,
And sound, ye streams, in song ;
Ye thousand ocean-girdled isles,
The joyous strain prolong—
In one grand chorus, Lord, we pray,
With heaven and earth and sea,
To consecrate our land to-day,
Oh Sacred Heart, to Thee !

DENIS FLORENCE M'CARTHY.

LESSON XXIII.

QUEEN ISABELLA.

1. HER person was of the middle height and well proportioned. She had a clear, fresh complexion, with light-blue eyes and auburn hair—a style of beauty exceedingly rare in Spain. Her features were regular, and universally allowed to be uncommonly handsome. The illusion which attaches to rank, more especially when united with engaging manners, might lead us to suspect some exaggeration in the encomiums so liberally lavished on her. But they would seem to be in a great measure justified by the portraits that remain of her, which combine a faultless symmetry of features with singular sweetness and intelligence of expression.

2. Her manners were most gracious and pleasing. They were marked by natural dignity and modest reserve, tempered by an affability which flowed from the kindness of her disposition. She was the last person to be approached with undue familiarity, yet the respect which she imposed was



mingled with the strongest feelings of devotion and love. She showed great tact in accommodating herself to the peculiar situation and character of those around her.

3. She appeared in arms at the head of her troops, and shrank from none of the hardships of war. During the reforms introduced into the religious houses, she visited the nunneries in person, taking her needlework with her, and passing the day in the society of the inmates. When travelling in Galicia, she attired herself in the costume of the country, borrowing for that purpose the jewels and other ornaments of the ladies there, and returning them with liberal additions. By this condescending and captivating deportment, as well as by her higher qualities, she gained an ascendancy over her turbulent subjects which no king of Spain could ever boast.



4. She spoke the Castilian with much elegance and correctness. She had an easy fluency of discourse, which, though generally of a serious complexion, was occasionally seasoned with agreeable sallies, some of which have passed into proverbs. She was temperate even to abstemiousness in her diet, seldom or never tasting wine, and so frugal in



her table that the daily expenses for herself and family did not exceed the moderate sum of forty ducats. She was equally simple and economical in her apparel. On all public occasions, indeed, she displayed a royal magnificence ; but she had no relish for it in private, and she freely gave away her clothes and jewels as presents to her friends.

5. Naturally of a sedate though cheerful temper, she had little taste for the frivolous amusements which make up so much of a court life ; and if she encouraged the presence of minstrels and musicians in her palace, it was to wean her young nobility from the coarser and less intellectual pleasures to which they were addicted. Among her moral qualities the most conspicuous, perhaps, was her magnanimity. She betrayed nothing little or selfish in thought or action. Her schemes were vast, and executed in the same noble spirit in which they were conceived.

6. She never employed doubtful agents or sinister measures, but the most direct and open policy. She scorned to avail herself of advantages offered by the perfidy of others. Where she had once given her confidence, she gave her hearty and steady support, and she was scrupulous to redeem any pledge she had made to those who ventured in her cause, however unpopular. She sustained Ximenes in all his obnoxious but salutary reforms. She seconded Columbus in the prosecution of his arduous enterprise, and shielded him from the calumnies of his enemies.

7. She did the same good service to her favorite, Gonsalvo de Cordova, and the day of her death was felt—and, as it proved, truly felt—by both

—+—
as the last of their good fortune. Artifice and duplicity were so abhorrent to her character and so averse from her domestic policy that, when they appear in the foreign relations of Spain, it is certainly not imputable to her. She was incapable of harboring any petty distrust or latent malice; and although stern in the execution and exaction of public justice, she made the most generous allowance, and even sometimes advances, to those who had personally injured her.

8. But the principle which gave a peculiar coloring to every feature of Isabella's mind was piety. It shone forth from the very depths of her soul with a heavenly radiance which illuminated her whole character. Fortunately, her earliest years had been passed in the rugged school of adversity, under the eye of a mother who implanted in her serious mind such strong principles of religion as nothing in after-life had power to shake. At an early age, in the flower of youth and beauty, she was introduced to her brother's court, but its blandishments, so dazzling to a young imagination, had no power over hers, for she was surrounded by a moral atmosphere of purity, driving far off each thing of sin and guilt. Such was the decorum of her manners that, though encompassed by false friends and open enemies, not the slightest reproach was breathed on her fair name in this corrupt and calumnious court.

PRESCOTT.



LESSON XXIV.

A FAMILY SCENE.

1. THE first appearance of the Holm was highly prepossessing. It was a large, handsome-looking house, situated in a well-wooded park, by the side of a broad, placid river; and an air of seclusion and stillness reigned all around, which impressed the mind with images of peace and repose. The interior of the house was no less promising. There was a spacious hall and a handsome staircase, with all appliances to boot; but, as the party approached the drawing-room, all the luxurious indolence of thought inspired by the tranquillity of the scenery was quickly dispelled by the discordant sounds which issued thence; and, when the door was thrown open, the footman in vain attempted to announce the visitors.

2. In the middle of the room all the chairs were collected to form a coach and horses for the Masters and Misses Fairbairn. One unruly-looking urchin sat in front, cracking a long whip with all his might; another acted as guard behind, and blew a shrill trumpet with all his strength; while a third, who had somewhat the air of having quarrelled with the rest of the party, paraded up and down, in a nightcap and flannel lappet, beating a drum, in solitary majesty. On a sofa sat Mrs. Fairbairn, a soft, fair, genteel-looking woman, with a crying child about three years old at her side, tearing paper into shreds, seemingly for the delight of littering the carpet, which was already strewed with



headless dolls, tailless horses, and wheelless carts. As she rose to receive her visitors it began to scream.

3. "I'm not going away, Charlotte, love ; don't be frightened," said the fond mother, with a look of ineffable pleasure.

"You sha'n't get up," screamed Charlotte, seizing her mother's gown fiercely to detain her.

"My darling, you'll surely let me go to speak to uncle—good uncle, who brings you pretty things, you know." But, during this colloquy, uncle and the ladies had made their way to the enthralled mother, and the bustle of a meeting and introduction was got over. The footman obtained chairs with some difficulty, and placed them as close to the mistress of the house as possible, aware that, otherwise, it would not be easy to carry on even question and answer amid the tumult that reigned.

4. "You find us rather noisy, I am afraid," said Mrs. Fairbairn with a smile, and in a manner which evidently meant the reverse ; "but this is Saturday, and the children are all in such spirits, and they won't stay away from me. Henry, my dear, don't crack your whip *quite* so loud—there's a good boy ; that's a new whip his papa brought him from London, and he's so proud of it ! William, my darling, don't you think your drum must be tired now ? If I were you, I would give it a rest. Alexander, your trumpet makes *rather* too much noise ; one of these ladies has a headache. Wait till you go out—there's my good boy—and then you'll blow it at the cows and sheep, you know, and frighten them. Oh, how you will frighten them with it !"



5. "No, I'll not blow it at the cows ; I'll blow it at the horses, because then they'll think 'tis the mail-coach." And he was running off, when Henry jumped down from the coach-box.

"No, but you sha'n't frighten them with your trumpet, for I shall frighten them with my whip. Mamma, are not horses best frightened with a whip?" And a struggle ensued.

"Well, don't fight, my dears, and you shall both frighten them," cried their mamma.

"No, I'm determined he sha'n't frighten them ; I shall do it," cried both together, as they rushed out of the room, and the drummer was preparing to follow.

6. "William, my darling, don't you go after those naughty boys ; you know they're always very bad to you. You know they wouldn't let you into their coach with your drum." Here William began to cry. "Well, never mind, you shall have a coach of your own—a much finer coach than theirs ; I wouldn't go into their ugly, dirty coach ; and you shall have—" Here something of a consolatory nature was whispered ; William was comforted, and even prevailed upon to relinquish his drum for his mamma's ivory work-box, the contents of which were soon scattered on the floor.

7. "Those boys are gone without their hats," cried Mrs. Fairbairn in a tone of distress. "Eliza, my dear, pull the bell for Sally to get the boys' hats." Sally being despatched with the hats, something like a calm ensued in the absence of they of the whip and the trumpet ; but as it will be of short duration, it is necessary to take advantage



of it in improving the introduction into an acquaintance with the Fairbairn family.

8. Mrs. Fairbairn was one of those ladies who, from the time she became a mother, ceased to be anything else. All the duties, pleasures, charities, and decencies of life were henceforth concentrated in that one grand characteristic; every object in life was henceforth viewed through that single medium. Her own mother was no longer her mother,—she was the grandmamma of her dear infants; her brothers and sisters were mere uncles and aunts; and even her husband ceased to be thought of as her husband from the time he became a father.

9. He was no longer the being who had claims on her time, her thoughts, her talents, her affections; he was simply Mr. Fairbairn, the noun masculine of Mrs. Fairbairn, and the father of her children. Happily for Mr. Fairbairn, he was not a person of very nice feelings or refined taste; and although at first he did feel a little unpleasantly when he saw how much his children were preferred to himself, yet in time he became accustomed to it, then came to look upon Mrs. Fairbairn as the most exemplary of mothers, and, finally, resolved himself into the father of a very fine family, of which Mrs. Fairbairn was the mother.

10. In all this there was more of selfish egotism and animal instinct than of rational affection or Christian principle; but both parents piqued themselves upon their fondness for their offspring, as if it were a feeling peculiar to themselves, and not one they shared in common with the lowest and weakest of their species. Like them, too, it was



upon the bodies of their children that they lavished their chief care and tenderness ; for, as to the immortal interests of their souls, or the cultivation of their minds, or the improvement of their tempers, these were but little attended to, at least in comparison with their health and personal appearance.

11. Alas, if there "be not a gem so precious as the human soul," how often do these gems seem as pearls cast before swine ! For how seldom is it that a parent's greatest care is for the immortal happiness of that being whose precarious and, at best, transient existence engrosses her every thought and desire ! But perhaps Mrs. Fairbairn, like many a foolish, ignorant mother, did her best ; and had she been satisfied with spoiling her children herself, for her own private amusement, and not have drawn in her visitors and acquaintances to share in it, the evil might have passed uncensured. But instead of shutting herself up in her nursery, she chose to bring her nursery down to the drawing-room ; and, instead of modestly denying her friends an entrance into her purgatory, she had a foolish pride in showing herself in the midst of her angels. In short, as the best things when corrupted always become the worst, so the purest and tenderest of human affections, when thus debased by selfishness and egotism, turn to the most tiresome and ridiculous of human weaknesses.

MISS FERRIER.



LESSON XXV.

OUR TITLES.

1. ARE we not nobles—we who trace
Our pedigree so high
That God for us and for our race
Created earth and sky,
And light, and air, and time, and space,
To serve us, and then die ?
2. Are we not princes—we who stand
As heirs beside the throne ;
We who can call the promised land
Our heritage, our own ;
And answer to no less command
Than God's, and His alone ?
3. Are we not kings ? Both night and day,
From early until late,
About our bed, about our way,
A guard of angels wait ;
And so we watch, and work, and pray
In more than royal state.
4. Are we not holy ? Do not start :
It is God's sacred will
To call us temples set apart
His Holy Ghost may fill :
Our very food— Oh, hush, my heart ;
Adore It, and be still !
5. Are we not more ? Our life shall be
Immortal and divine ;



The nature Mary gave to Thee,
 Dear Jesus, still is Thine ;
 Adoring in Thy heart I see
 Such blood as beats in mine.

6. Oh God, that we can dare to fail,
 And dare to say we must !
 Oh God, that we can ever trail
 Such banners in the dust,
 Can let such starry honors pale,
 And such a blazon rust !

7. Shall we upon such titles bring
 The taint of sin and shame ?
 Shall we, the children of the King
 Who hold so grand a claim,
 Tarnish by any meaner thing
 The glory of our name ?

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

LESSON XXVI.

SINS OF THE TONGUE.

1. "SINS of the tongue," says St. Basil, "are the most familiar to our human nature, and are of many different kinds." We will examine some of the principal ones, and you must permit me to speak to you with my accustomed frankness. At the bottom of your hearts is hidden a secret pride which urges you to speak continually of yourselves and of your own merits, real, supposed, or exaggerated ; for, finding that others do not talk enough



about you, you have taken the resolution of avenging yourselves by becoming your own advocates and pleading your own cause with an ingenuity which, if not very remarkable in itself, excites, at all events, much remark from others. Thence flow utterances as opposed to truth as to humility, boastful narratives, clumsy, half-veiled insinuations; a tendency to lower and defame others; words wounding to those around you, and at the same time injurious to truth, modesty, and the precepts of religion.

2. When you cannot openly praise yourselves, lest your self-love should display itself in too bold relief, and be too plainly visible even to the least clear-sighted observers, you contrive by some skillful manœuvre to succeed in extorting praise from others, sometimes even from those actually present. Your wiles are plainly seen through, but, from civility and a wish to avoid giving offence, some silly and flattering compliments are improvised without a thought whether they be true or not; and after you have left, there will be a hearty laugh at the air of profound conviction with which you received the incense. Such is the way of the world; and therefore some philosopher, I do not remember who, said that one-half the world was occupied in ridiculing the other half.

3. Now, listen to the counsels of religion. True piety will lead you to meditate often on your own misery and weakness, and, without causing sadness or discouragement, it will teach you to have a thorough distrust of yourselves; to know your own defects; to take every means of correcting them; to consult serious and experienced men; and to



consult them in such a manner as to show them that you are sincere in your desire to be told the truth. After some months, perhaps some years, of this constant watchfulness over yourself, you will have humbled your pride; and, though you may not have entirely rooted it out, it will be no longer visible, and each day will lessen the number of its numerous offshoots.

4. Then your tongue will lose the habit of talking perpetually about your own concerns. You will neither talk of them yourselves, nor draw others into talking about them. You will cease making yourselves the centre of conversation; you will not go about throwing ridicule, disdain, and discredit on every person who does not happen to suit you, because, without knowing it, they cast you into the shade, and are an obstacle to your pretensions. Both grave and trivial attacks on our neighbor have very often no other source than wounded vanity, and that self-love which is ever seeking to raise itself on the ruins of everything which excites its envy.

5. If you follow these counsels you will avoid numerous sins against charity, and, at the same time, your conduct will be in accordance with the dictates of prudence and practical wisdom. You will not render yourselves unbearable, like certain persons I have known, who had become, without perceiving it, the scourge of all conversation, by so constantly interspersing it with oft-told tales of their own experiences that people at last came to the conclusion that such a "flow of reason" was, to say the least, very insipid and monotonous. Therefore does the Holy Ghost, after

having said that "in much speaking sin shall not be wanting," add, "but he that refraineth his lips is most wise"; as if to show us that the gifts of prudence and knowledge of the world are the accompaniments of virtue.

6. Does this mean that we are never to speak of ourselves? No, for it is quite permissible to do so if done with tact, sound sense, prudence, and due regard to good manners, time, and place. For example, it is allowable to do so when we require to ask advice and have light thrown on some question or other; or when the heart, having met with a discreet and faithful friend, pours itself forth like the overflowing rivulet, finding in this effusion all the support, and light, and consolation which are so necessary for us in this life. Except in these and other analogous circumstances, it is better to avoid conversations where egotism is the principal seasoning, and all those personal allusions which, even when true, are wounding to the delicate, susceptible ears of others whose self-love, with its jealous pretensions, is ever on the alert, watching us and listening to us.

ARCHBISHOP LANDRIOT.

LESSON XXVII.

EVANGELINE.

1. IN the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin
of Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-
Pré



Lay, in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched
to the eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks
without number.
Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised
with labor incessant,
Shut out the turbulent tides ; but at stated seasons
the flood-gates
Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will
o'er the meadows.
West and south there were fields of flax, and
orchards and corn-fields
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain ; and
away to the northward
Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the
mountains
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the
mighty Atlantic
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their
station descended.

2. There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the
Acadian village.
Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak
and chestnut,
Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the
reign of the Henries.
Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows ;
and gables projecting
Over the basement below, protected and shaded the
doorway.
There, in the tranquil evenings of summer, when
brightly the sunset



Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on
the chimneys,
Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps, and
in kirtles
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning
the golden
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles
within doors
Mingled their sound with the whir of the wheels
and the songs of the maidens.

3. Solemnly down the street came the parish
priest, and the children
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended
to bless them.
Reverend walked he among them; and up rose
matrons and maidens,
Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate
welcome.
Then came the laborers home from the field, and
serenely the sun sank
Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon
from the belfry
Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of
the village
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense
ascending,
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace
and contentment.

4. Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian
farmers—
Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were
they free from



Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the
vice of republics.

Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to
their windows ;

But their dwellings were open as day and the
hearts of the owners ;

There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived
in abundance.

5. Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the
Basin of Minas,

Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of
Grand-Pré,

Dwelt on his goodly acres ; and with him, directing
his household,

Gentle Evangeline lives, his child, and the pride of
the village.

Stalworth and stately in form was the man of
seventy winters ;

Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered
with snow-flakes ;

White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks
as brown as the oak-leaves.

Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen
summers.

Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the
thorn by the wayside,

Black, yet how softly they gleamed, beneath the
brown shade of her tresses !

Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that
feed in the meadows.

When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at
noontide

Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah, fair, in sooth, was
the maiden.



6. Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while
the bell from its turret
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest
with his hyssop
Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings
upon them,
Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet
of beads and her missal,
Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue,
and the ear-rings
Brought in the olden time from France, and since,
as an heirloom,
Handed down from mother to child, through long
generations.
But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when,
after confession,
Homeward serenely she walked with God's bene-
diction upon her.
When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing
of exquisite music.

7. Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of
the farmer
Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea ;
and a shady
Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine
wreathing around it.
Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath ;
and a foot-path
Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in
the meadow.
Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by a
penthouse,



Such as the traveller sees in regions remote by the
roadside,
Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image
of Mary.

8. Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the
well with its moss-grown
Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough
for the horses.

Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were
the barns and the farm-yard ;

There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the an-
tique ploughs and the harrows ;

There were the folds for the sheep ; and there, in
his feathered seraglio,

Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock,
with the self-same

Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent
Peter.

Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a
village. In each one

Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch ; and
a staircase,

Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous
corn-loft.

There, too, the dove-cot stood, with its meek and
innocent inmates

Murmuring ever of love ; while above in the variant
breezes

Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang
of mutation.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer
of Grand-Pré

Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed
his household.

LONGFELLOW.



LESSON XXVIII.

THOUGHTS FOR THE END OF THE YEAR.

1. THEY pass away, then, these temporal years. Their months reduce themselves to weeks, the weeks to days, and the days to hours, the hours to moments, which are all that we possess, but which we only possess in proportion as they perish and render our duration perishable. And yet that duration ought to be more pleasing to us for that very reason; because, this life being full of miseries, we could not have in it any more solid consolation than that of being assured that it is vanishing away, to make room for that holy eternity which is prepared for us in the abundance of the mercy of God, and to which our soul incessantly aspires by the continual thoughts its own nature suggests to it, although it cannot hope for it except by other more elevated thoughts which the Author of its nature diffuses over it.

2. Certainly, I never turn my thoughts to eternity without much sweetness. For, say I, how is it that my soul could extend its thoughts to this infinity, if it had not some sort of proportion with it? But when I feel that my desire runs after my thoughts on this same eternity, my joy takes a new and incomparable increase; for I know that we never entertain a real desire for anything except possibilities. My desire, then, assures me that I can have eternity: what more remains for me than to hope that I shall have it? And this hope is given me by the knowledge of the infinite goodness of Him who would not have created a soul capable



of thinking and aiming at eternity, if He had not willed to give it all the means of attaining thereto.

3. Let us, then, often say, everything passes away ; and after the few days of this mortal life which remain for us will come the infinite eternity. Little matters it, then, to us, that we have here comforts or discomforts, provided that for all eternity we are blessed. Let this holy eternity which awaits us be our consolation, and to be Christians, members of Jesus Christ, regenerated in His blood ; for in this alone consists all our glory : that this divine Saviour has died for us.

4. A great soul reaches all its best thoughts, affections, and aims onward into the infinity of eternity ; and, since it is eternal, it reckons as too short whatever is not eternal, as too little whatever is not infinite ; and, raising itself above all the delights, or rather, those poor amusements which this life can present to us, it keeps its eyes fixed on the immensity of the goods and of the years of eternity.

5. Oh God, wherefore shall we live next year, if it be not to love better this sovereign goodness ? Oh, how it takes us from this world, or takes this world from us ! How it makes us die, or makes us better love its death than our life !

ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.



LESSON XXIX.

HAZEL BLOSSOMS.

1. THE summer warmth has left the sky,
The summer songs have died away ;
And, withered, in the foot-paths lie
The fallen leaves, but yesterday
With ruby and with topaz gay.
2. The grass is browning on the hills ;
No pale, belated flowers recall
The astral fringes of the rills,
And drearily the dead vines fall,
Frost-blackened, from the roadside wall.
3. Yet, through the gray and sombre wood,
Against the dusk of fir and pine,
Last of their floral sisterhood,
The hazel's yellow blossoms shine,
The tawny gold of Afric's mine.
4. Small beauty hath my unsung flower
For spring to own or summer hail ;
But, in the season's saddest hour,
To skies that weep and winds that wail,
Its glad surprisals never fail.
5. Oh days grown cold ! Oh life grown old !
No rose of June may bloom again ;
But, like the hazel's twisted gold,
Through early frost and latter rain
Shall hints of summer-time remain.



6. And as within the hazel's bough
A gift of mystic virtue dwells,
That points to golden ores below,
And in dry desert places tells
Where flow unseen the cool, sweet wells ;
7. So, in the wise Diviner's hand,
Be mine the hazel's grateful part
To feel, beneath a thirsty land,
The living waters thrill and start,
The beating of the rivulet's heart !
8. Sufficeth me the gift to light
With latest bloom the dark, cold days ;
To call some hidden spring to sight
That, in these dry and dusty ways,
Shall sing its pleasant song of praise.
9. Oh love ! the hazel-wand may fail,
But thou canst lend the surer spell,
That, passing over Baca's vale,
Repeats the old-time miracle,
And makes the desert-land a well.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.





LESSON XXX.

MOTHER JULIA.

1. MARIE ROSE JULIA BILLIART, the foundress and first Superior-General of the Sisters of Notre Dame, was born at Cuvilly, a village in Picardy, France, in the year 1751. From her earliest childhood she showed a religious fervor unusual in one so young, and, when only seven or eight years



old, had profited so well by the instructions given her that she was, in turn, capable of teaching others. Her favorite recreation already foreshadowed the future work of her life ; for it was that of assembling children still younger than herself, and teaching them the catechism.

2. At the time of her birth, her father, who was a shopkeeper, was in moderately comfortable circumstances, and for some years he gave her such educational advantages as her native village



afforded. But, as she approached womanhood, his business affairs became more and more embarrassed, until his family was reduced almost to the verge of poverty. From her sixteenth to her twenty-second year Julia Billiard's life was one of hard and unremitting toil as a laborer in the fields, and to this drudgery many household cares were added. Nothing could then have seemed more improbable than that this young girl, whose days were given to incessant labor, and who found her only consolation in her weekly reception of the sacraments, was God's chosen instrument for founding a great religious family which, in less than a century from her birth, should branch into both hemispheres.

3. But if a future like this had seemed impossible at this period of her life, new obstacles to such a career were soon laid in her path, which, to human foresight, must have appeared even more insurmountable. In the year 1774 a violent shock, caused by what she supposed to be an attack on her father's life, threw her into a succession of spells of illness which finally resulted in paralysis. For twenty-two years she was bedridden. Bound hand and foot to a couch of suffering, her charity and her zeal for souls did not, even in this condition, allow her to remain inactive, and it was still her delight to gather children and young women about her, and instruct them in the doctrines of the faith.

4. Her piety and her resignation in the midst of her afflictions induced the curé of the village, who had always been her confessor, to give her daily the happiness of receiving the Blessed Sacrament,



bringing it himself to her bedside. This, however, was a happiness destined to be interrupted by the French Revolution, whose leaders, fit precursors of the persecutors of our own days, banished the clergy who would not submit to their remodelling of the Catholic Church, and interrupted all the public functions of religion. Julia herself, through her courage in refusing the ministrations of the schismatical priest who had been intruded into the place of her legitimate pastor, and her success in inducing many others who were wavering in their allegiance to imitate her own fidelity, became an object of suspicion, and at one time a mob gathered around the house where she lay, and, under the pretence that she had hidden some priests, threatened to tear her from her bed and toss her in a blanket.

5. In 1794 Julia went with Madame Baudoin, who had long been her chief protectress, to Amiens, in order to escape the political troubles, which in that city raged less violently than elsewhere. Here she met for the first time Mademoiselle Blin de Bourdon, a lady of wealth and noble birth, who was her first associate in founding the Sisters of Notre Dame, and became, under the name of Mother St. Joseph, the second Superior-General of the order. A strong sympathy, born of the divine charity which filled both these hearts, soon established itself between them. The order of which they were the co-foundresses was first inaugurated in 1804, on the Feast of the Purification, when Catherine Duchâtel, a young lady of Rheims, made with them the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, and the three consecrated them-



selves to the work of educating the children of the poor. Before the month was out the new community was increased by two new members, and in March still another joined it.

6. Later in the same year, on the Feast of the Sacred Heart, which fell on the eighth of June, it pleased God to remove miraculously the bodily afflictions with which he had tried His servant for so many years. Her director, Father Enfantin, had requested her to join in a novena which he felt inspired to offer for her recovery, but without informing her of his intention. After twenty-two years of complete paralysis Mother Julia arose and walked, and from that moment until her final illness retained her physical strength.

7. She survived the foundation of her order only twelve years, dying on the eighth of April, 1816. Her communities had already become numerous, and her spiritual children many. Sixty years afterward the Sisters of Notre Dame were educating nearly one hundred thousand children, and had multiplied into eighty-eight communities. More than twenty of these are established in the United States, whither the order was invited in 1840 by Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, Ohio. Their mother-house is in his episcopal city, but they have establishments in several of the other States, in which are educated thousands of girls.

LESSON XXXI.

QUEEN KATHARINE OF ARAGON BEFORE HER
JUDGES.

Personages: KING HENRY VIII., QUEEN KATHARINE, CARDINALS
WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS, SCRIBE, and CRIER.

Wolsey. Whilst our commission from Rome is
read,

Let silence be commanded.

K. Henry. What's the need?

It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides the authority allowed;
You may, then, spare that time.



Wol.

Be't so. Proceed.

Scribe. Say, Henry, King of England, come into
the court.



Crier. Henry, King of England, come into the court.

K. Henry. Here.

Scribe. Say, Katharine, Queen of England, come into the court.

Crier. Katharine, Queen of England, come into the court.

[*The QUEEN makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the KING, and kneels at his feet ; then speaks.*]

Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you do me right and justice ;
And to bestow your pity on me ! for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions ; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you ? what cause
Hath my behavior given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me ? Heaven
witness,

I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable ;
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance, glad or sorry,
As I saw it inclined : when was the hour
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too ? Or which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy ? what friend of mine
That had to him derived your anger, did I
Continue in my liking ? nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharged ? Sir, call to mind
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,



Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you : if, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honor aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person, in God's name,
Turn me away ; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharp'st kind of justice. Please you, sir,
The king, your father, was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatched wit and judgment : Ferdinand,
My father, King of Spain, was reckoned one
The wisest prince that there had reigned by many
A year before : it is not to be questioned
That they had gathered a wise council to them
Of every realm, that did debate this business,
Who deemed our marriage lawful : wherefore I
humbly

Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advised ; whose counsel
I will implore : if not, i' the name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfilled !

Wol. You have here, lady,
And of your choice, these reverend fathers ; men
Of singular integrity and learning,
Yea, the elect o' the land, who are assembled
To plead your cause : it shall be therefore bootless
That longer you defer the court ; as well
For your own quiet, as to rectify
What is unsettled in the king.

C. Campeius. His grace
Hath spoken well and justly : therefore, madam,
It's fit this royal session do proceed ;



And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produced and heard.

Q. Kath. Lord cardinal,
To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, madam ?

Q. Kath. Sir,
I am about to weep ; but, thinking that
We are a queen, or long have dreamed so, certain
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet.

Q. Kath. I will, when you are humble ; nay, before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induced by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy, and make my challenge.
You shall not be my judge : for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me ;
Which God's dew quench ! Therefore I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
Refuse you for my judge ; whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

Wol. I do profess
You speak not like yourself ; who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and displayed th' effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me
wrong :

I have no spleen against you ; nor injustice
For you or any : how far I have proceeded,
Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a commission from the consistory,
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me
That I have blown this coal : I do deny it :



The king is present : if it be known to him
 That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
 And worthily, my falsehood ! yea, as much
 As you have done my truth. If he know
 That I am free of your report, he knows
 I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
 It lies to cure me : and the cure is, to
 Remove these thoughts from you : the which before
 His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
 You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking
 And to say so no more.

Q. Kath. My lord, my lord,
 I am a simple woman, much too weak
 To oppose your cunning. You're meek and
 humble-mouthed ;
 You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
 With meekness and humility ; but your heart
 Is crammed with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
 You have, by fortune and his highness' favors,
 Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are mounted
 Where powers are your retainers, and your words,
 Domestics to you, serve your will as 't please
 Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
 You tender more your person's honor than
 Your high profession spiritual : that again
 I do refuse you for my judge ; and here,
 Before you all, appeal unto the Pope,
 To bring my whole cause 'fore his Holiness,
 And to be judged by him.

[She courtesies to the KING, and offers to depart.]

C. Campeius. The queen is obstinate,
 Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
 Disdainful to be tried by't : 'tis not well.
 She's going away.



K. Henry. Call her again.

Crier. Katharine, Queen of England, come into the court.

Usher. Madam, you are called back.

Q. Kath. What need you note it? pray you, keep your way:

When you are called, return. Now, the Lord help,
They vex me past my patience! Pray you, pass on:
I will not tarry; no, nor ever more
Upon this business my appearance make
In any of their courts.

[*Exeunt QUEEN and her attendants.*]

K. Henry. Go thy ways, Kate:
That man i' the world who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in naught be trusted,
For speaking false in that: thou art, alone,
If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out,
The queen of earthly queens: she's noble born;
And, like her true nobility, she has
Carried herself towards me.

Wol. Most gracious sir,
In humblest manner I require your highness,
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears—for where I am robbed and bound,
There must I be unloosed, although not there
At once and fully satisfied—whether ever I
Did broach this business to your highness; or
Laid any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on 't; or ever
Have to you, but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady, spake one the least word that might



Be to the prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person.

K. Henry.

My lord cardinal,

I do excuse you ; yea, upon mine honor,
I free you from 't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do : by some of these
The queen is put in anger. You're excused :
But will you be more justified ? you ever
Have wished the sleeping of this business ; never
desired

It to be stirred ; but oft have hindered, oft,
The passages made toward it : on my honor,
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,
And thus far clear him.

SHAKSPEARE.

LESSON XXXII.

THE WIFE.

PART I.

1. I HAVE often had occasion to remark the fortitude with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters which break down the spirit of a man and prostrate him in the dust seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to its character that, at times, it approaches to sublimity. Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness and dependence and alive to every trivial roughness while treading the



prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising in mental force to be the comforter and supporter of her husband under misfortune, and abiding, with unshrinking firmness, the bitterest blast of adversity.

2. As the vine which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is riven by the thunderbolt, cling round it with its caressing tendrils and bind up its shattered boughs, so is it beautifully ordered by Providence that woman, who is the mere dependent and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity ; winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart.

3. I was once congratulating a friend who had around him a blooming family, knit together in the strongest affection. "I can wish you no better lot," said he with enthusiasm, "than to have a wife and children. If you are prosperous, there they are to share your prosperity ; if otherwise, there they are to comfort you." And, indeed, I have observed that a married man, falling into misfortune, is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world than a single one ; partly because he is more stimulated to exertion by the necessities of the helpless and beloved beings who depend upon him for subsistence, but chiefly because his spirits are soothed and relieved by domestic endearments, and his self-respect is kept alive by finding that though all abroad is darkness and humiliation, yet there is still a little world of love at home, of which he is the monarch. Whereas a single man is apt to run



to waste and self-neglect ; to fancy himself lonely and abandoned ; and his heart to fall to ruin, like some deserted mansion, for want of an inhabitant.

4. These observations call to mind a little domestic story of which I was once a witness. My intimate friend Leslie had married a beautiful and accomplished girl, who had been brought up in the midst of fashionable life. She had, it is true, no fortune ; but that of my friend was ample, and he delighted in the anticipation of indulging her in every elegant pursuit, and administering to those delicate tastes and fancies that spread a kind of witchery about the sex. "Her life," said he, "shall be like a fairy tale."

5. The very difference in their characters produced a harmonious combination : he was of a romantic and somewhat serious cast ; she was all life and gladness. I have often noticed the mute rapture with which he would gaze upon her in company, of which her sprightly powers made her the delight ; and how, in the midst of applause, her eye would still turn to him, as if there alone she sought favor and acceptance. When leaning on his arm, her slender form contrasted finely with his tall, manly person. The fond, confiding air with which she looked up to him seemed to call forth a flush of triumphant pride and cherishing tenderness, as if he doted on his lovely burden for its very helplessness. Never did a couple set forward on the flowery path of early and well-suited marriage with a fairer prospect of felicity.

6. It was the misfortune of my friend, however, to have embarked his property in large speculations ; and he had not been married many months



when, by a succession of sudden disasters, it was swept from him, and he found himself reduced almost to penury. For a time he kept his situation to himself, and went about with a haggard countenance and a breaking heart. His life was but a protracted agony; and what rendered it more insupportable was the necessity of keeping up a smile in the presence of his wife; for he could not bring himself to overwhelm her with the news.

7. She saw, however, with the quick eyes of affection, that all was not well with him. She marked his altered looks and stifled sighs, and was not to be deceived by his sickly and vapid attempts at cheerfulness. She tasked all her sprightly powers and tender blandishments to win him back to happiness; but she only drove the arrow deeper into his soul. The more he saw cause to love her, the more torturing was the thought that he was soon to make her wretched. A little while, thought he, and the smile will vanish from that cheek; the song will die away from those lips; the lustre of those eyes will be quenched with sorrow; and the happy heart which now beats lightly in that bosom will be weighed down, like mine, by the cares and miseries of the world.

8. At length he came to me one day, and related his whole situation in a tone of the deepest despair. When I had heard him through, I enquired, "Does your wife know all this?" At the question he burst into an agony of tears. "If you have any pity on me," cried he, "don't mention my wife; it is the thought of her that drives me almost to madness!"

9. "And why not?" said I. "She must know



it sooner or later. You cannot keep it long from her, and the intelligence may break upon her in a more startling manner than if imparted by yourself; for the accents of those we love soften the harshest tidings. Besides, you are depriving yourself of the comforts of her sympathy; and not merely that, but also endangering the only bond that can keep hearts together—an unreserved community of thought and feeling. She will soon perceive that something is secretly preying upon your mind, and true love will not brook reserve; it feels undervalued and outraged when even the sorrows of those it loves are concealed from it."

10. "Oh, but, my friend, to think what a blow I am to give to all her future prospects! How I am to strike her very soul to the earth by telling her that her husband is a beggar; that she is to forego all the elegances of life, all the pleasures of society; to shrink with me into indigence and obscurity! To tell her that I have dragged her down from the sphere in which she might have continued to move in constant brightness, the light of every eye, the admiration of every heart! How can she bear poverty? She has been brought up in all the refinements of opulence. How can she bear neglect? She has been the idol of society. Oh, it will break her heart! it will break her heart!" I saw his grief was eloquent, and I let it have its flow; for sorrow relieves itself by words. When his paroxysm had subsided, and he had relapsed into moody silence, I resumed the subject gently, and urged him to break his situation at once to his wife. He shook his head mournfully but positively.



11. "But how are you to keep it from her? It is necessary she should know it, that you may take the steps proper to the alteration of your circumstances. You must change your style of living Nay," observing a pang to pass across his countenance, "don't let that afflict you. I am sure you have never placed your happiness in outward show. You have yet friends—warm friends—who will not think the worse of you for being less splendidly lodged; and surely it does not require a palace to be happy with Mary—" "I could be happy with her," cried he convulsively, "in a hovel! I could go down with her into poverty and the dust!—I could—I could—God bless her!—God bless her!" cried he, bursting into a transport of grief and tenderness.

12. "And believe me, my friend," said I, stepping up and grasping him warmly by the hand—"believe me, she can be the same with you. Ay, more: it will be a source of pride and triumph to her; it will call forth all the latent energies and fervent sympathies of her nature; for she will rejoice to prove that she loves you for yourself. There is in every true woman's heart a spark of heavenly fire, which lies dormant in the broad daylight of prosperity, but which kindles up and beams and blazes in the dark hour of adversity. No man knows what the wife of his bosom is, no man knows what a ministering angel she is, until he has gone with her through the fiery trials of this world."

13. There was something in the earnestness of my manner and the figurative style of my language that caught the excited imagination of



Leslie. I knew the auditor I had to deal with; and, following up the impression I had made, I finished by persuading him to go home and unburden his sad heart to his wife.

LESSON XXXIII.

THE WIFE

PART II.

1. I **MUST** confess, notwithstanding all I had said, I felt some little solicitude for the result. Who can calculate on the fortitude of one whose whole life has been a round of pleasures? Her gay spirits might revolt at the dark, downward path of low humility suddenly pointed out before her, and might cling to the sunny regions in which they had hitherto revelled. Besides, ruin, in fashionable life, is accompanied by so many galling mortifications, to which, in other ranks, it is a stranger. In short, I could not meet Leslie the next morning without trepidation. He had made the disclosure.

2. "And how did she bear it?" "Like an angel! It seemed rather to be a relief to her mind; for she threw her arms round my neck, and asked if this was all that had lately made me unhappy. But, poor girl," added he, "she cannot realize the change we must undergo. She has no idea of poverty but in the abstract: she has only read of it in poetry, where it is allied to love. She feels, as yet, no privation: she suffers no loss of accustomed conveniences or elegances. When we come



practically to experience its sordid cares, its paltry wants, its petty humiliations, then will be the real trial."

3. "But," said I, "now that you have got over the severest task—that of breaking it to her—the sooner you let the world into the secret, the better. The disclosure may be mortifying; but then it is a single misery, and soon over; whereas you otherwise suffer it, in anticipation, every hour in the day. It is not poverty so much as pretence that harasses a ruined man—the struggle between a proud mind and an empty purse; the keeping up a hollow show that must soon come to an end. Have the courage to appear poor, and you disarm poverty of its sharpest sting." On this point I found Leslie perfectly prepared. He had no false pride himself; and as to his wife, she was only anxious to conform to their altered fortunes.

4. Some days afterward he called upon me in the evening. He had disposed of his dwelling-house, and taken a small cottage in the country a few miles from town. He had been busied all day in sending out furniture. The new establishment required few articles, and those of the simplest kind. All the splendid furniture of his late residence had been sold excepting his wife's harp. That, he said, was too closely associated with the idea of herself. It belonged to the little story of their love; for some of the sweetest moments of their courtship were those when he had leaned over that instrument, and listened to the melting tones of her voice. I could not but smile at this instance of romantic gallantry in a dotting husband.

5. He was now going out to the cottage, where his



wife had been all day superintending its arrangement. My feelings had become strongly interested in the progress of this family story, and, as it was a fine evening, I offered to accompany him. He was wearied with the fatigues of the day, and, as we walked out, fell into a fit of gloomy musing. "Poor Mary!" at length broke, with a heavy sigh, from his lips. "And what of her?" asked I. "Has anything happened to her?" "What!" said he, darting an impatient glance, "is it nothing to be reduced to this paltry situation, to be caged in a miserable cottage, to be obliged to toil almost in the menial concerns of her wretched habitation?"

6. "Has she, then, repined at the change?" "Repined! she has been nothing but sweetness and good-humor. Indeed, she seems in better spirits than I have ever known her; she has been to me all love, and tenderness, and comfort!" "Admirable girl!" exclaimed I. "You call yourself poor, my friend; you never were so rich; you never knew the boundless treasure of excellence you possessed in that woman."

7. "Oh, but, my friend, if this first meeting at the cottage were over, I think I could then be comfortable. But this is her first day of real experience. She has been introduced into an humble dwelling; she has been employed all day in arranging its miserable equipments; she has, for the first time, known the fatigues of domestic employment; she has, for the first time, looked around her on a home destitute of everything elegant, almost of everything convenient; and may now be sitting down, exhausted and spiritless, brooding over a prospect of future poverty." There was a degree



of probability in this picture that I could not gainsay ; so we walked on in silence.

8. After turning from the main road up a narrow lane, so thickly shaded by forest trees as to give it a complete air of seclusion, we came in sight of the cottage. It was humble enough in its appearance for the most pastoral poet, and yet it had a pleasing, rural look. A wild vine had overrun one end with a profusion of foliage, a few trees threw their branches gracefully over it, and I observed several pots of flowers tastefully disposed about the door and on the grass-plot in front. A small wicket-gate opened upon a foot-path that wound through some shrubbery to the door. Just as we approached we heard the sound of music. Leslie grasped my arm ; we paused and listened. It was Mary's voice, singing, in a style of the most touching simplicity, a little air of which her husband was peculiarly fond.

9. I felt Leslie's hand tremble on my arm. He stepped forward to hear more distinctly. His step made a noise on the gravel-walk. A bright, beautiful face glanced out at the window and vanished ; a light footstep was heard, and Mary came tripping forth to meet us. She was in a pretty, rural dress of white ; a few wild flowers were twisted in her fine hair ; a fresh bloom was on her cheek ; her whole countenance beamed with smiles. I had never seen her look so lovely.

10. "My dear George," cried she, "I am so glad you are come ! I have been watching and watching for you, and running down the lane and looking out for you. I've set out a table under a beautiful tree behind the cottage ; and I've been



gathering some of the most delicious strawberries, for I know you are fond of them; and we have such excellent cream, and everything is so sweet and still here. Oh," said she, putting her arm within his, and looking up brightly in his face—"oh, we shall be so happy!"

11. Poor Leslie was overcome. He caught her to his bosom; he folded his arms round her; he kissed her again and again. He could not speak, but the tears gushed into his eyes; and he has often assured me that, though the world has since gone prosperously with him, and his life has indeed been a happy one, yet never has he experienced a moment of more exquisite felicity.

W. IRVING.

LESSON XXXIV.

THE HUMBLEBEE.

1. BURLY, dozing humblebee,
Where thou art is clime for me.
Let them sail for Porto Rique,
Far-off heats through seas to seek;
I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated torrid zone!
Zigzag steerer, desert-cheerer,
Let me chase thy waving lines;
Keep me nearer, me, thy hearer,
Singing over shrubs and vines.
2. When the south wind, in May days,
With a net of shining haze

Silvers the horizon wall,
 And, with softness touching all,
 Tints the human countenance
 With a color of romance,
 And, infusing subtle heats,
 Turns the sod to violets,
 Thou, in sunny solitudes,
 Rover of the underwoods,
 The green silence dost displace
 With thy mellow, breezy bass.

3. Hot midsummer's petted crone,
 Sweet to me thy drowsy tone
 Tells of countless sunny hours,
 Long days, and solid banks of flowers;
 Of gulfs of sweetness without bound
 In Indian wildernesses found;
 Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
 Firmest cheer, and birdlike pleasure.

4. Aught unsavory or unclean
 Hath my insect never seen;
 But violets and bilberry bells,
 Maple-sap and daffodels,
 Grass with green flag half-mast high,
 Succory to match the sky,
 Columbine with horn of honey,
 Scented fern and agrimony,
 Clover, catchfly, adder's-tongue,
 And brier-roses, dwelt among;
 All beside was unknown waste,
 All was picture as he passed.



5. Wiser far than human seer,
Yellow-breeched philosopher !
Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet,
Thou dost mock at fate and care,
Leave the chaff, and take the wheat.
When the fierce northwestern blast
Cools sea and land so far and fast,
Thou already slumberest deep ;
Woe and want thou canst outsleep ;
Want and woe, which torture us
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

EMERSON.

LESSON XXXV.

CONCERNING SIMPLICITY.

1. TRUE simplicity is that straightforwardness of soul which refuses all self-contemplation. It is quite different from sincerity, and is a quality of higher value ; for many people are sincere who are far from having attained simplicity. They are constantly studying themselves, reconsidering the words they have spoken, or examining their own thoughts, fearing lest they have said too much or done too much. God does not desire that our souls should be occupied with themselves—that we should be constantly considering ourselves as in a looking-glass, in order to arrange ourselves more to our taste.

2. Simplicity consists in the right medium, which is neither too eager nor too indifferent. The soul



is by no means hindered thereby from necessary reflection; but neither does simplicity suffer any indulgence in those thoughts of self which a restless desire for our own excellence multiplies exceedingly. It is that liberty of soul which causes us to look straight before us on the path we are treading, but without pausing to argue about our steps or to study those we have already taken. Such is true simplicity.

3. The more docile and obedient our souls become, and the more we suffer ourselves to be led onwards without resistance or hesitation, the more advance we make in simplicity. Far from being simple, the greater number of Christians are not even sincere. They deceive their neighbors; they deceive themselves; they would even deceive God; they have recourse to a thousand little expedients for concealing the truth. They secretly nourish pride, and pride necessarily interferes with that simplicity which consists in the sincere renunciation and constant forgetfulness of self.

4. But you will say, How am I to avoid being occupied with self? It is the constant recurrence to self that troubles me; it tyrannizes over me; it causes me the keenest distress. I only desire that you should overcome all that is voluntary in the matter. Never allow yourself consciously to dwell on these restless thoughts of self—that will be sufficient. Provided that you are faithful in at once dropping all such self-contemplation whenever you perceive it, you will, little by little, be delivered from it.

5. The principal thing is to have sincerely given up into God's hands all our own interests, whether



they concern our pleasure, our wealth, or our honor. He who boldly ventures all, unreservedly accepting whatever God may please of humiliation or of suffering, of trials from within or from without, has begun dying to himself. This condition of full acceptance and continual acquiescence will bring true liberty, and liberty produces perfect simplicity.

6. But it may be asked, Are we never to think at all of ourselves or of anything that interests us? By no means; such constraint would be undesirable. Instead of becoming simple, we should wander far from simplicity by the scrupulous determination never to speak of ourselves, lest we should be occupied with self.

7. What, then, are we to do? Let us make no rule about it, and be contented with affecting nothing. When we are tempted to speak of self for our own sakes, we have only to despise our own vanity, and simply occupy our thoughts again with God, or with that which He has given us to do. Simplicity forbids false shame or affected modesty as much as it forbids ostentation or self-complacency. When some thought of vanity prompts us to speak, we have only to drop that thought at once.

8. On the other hand, if our thoughts prompt us to speak of ourselves for some good reason, we should not wait to argue about it, but go straightforward to the end we have in view. We may not pause to ask, What will people think of me? Will they think I am boasting foolishly—will they suspect me of speaking thus in my own interest?

9. Such considerations do not deserve a mo-



ment's attention. Let us speak of ourselves openly and quietly, just as we would of any other person, when need arises for doing so. But when we have any real need to speak of ourselves, let us do so simply, neither giving way to affected modesty nor to the shame which arises from false pride. Vain-glory often hides itself under an appearance of modesty and reserve.

10. We will not, perhaps, show what there is good in us ; but we are very glad to let others discover it, that so we may have at the same time both the honor we think due to our virtue and the honor of concealing it. But, in general, the safest way is not to speak of oneself at all unnecessarily, either for good or evil. Self-love fears silence and contempt far more than it fears injuries. And often we feel ready enough to speak evil of ourselves, and yet are quite disposed to forgive and love ourselves as before.

FÉNELON.

LESSON XXXVI.

ART AND NATURE.

1. STILL to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast ;
Still to be powdered, still perfumed :
Lady, it is to be presumed,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.



2. Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace ;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free :
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all the adulteries of art ;
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.
BEN JONSON.

LESSON XXXVII.

THE DAUGHTER OF ST. JANE FRANCES DE CHANTAL.

1. WHEN the news of her husband's death was brought to Annecy, St. Francis de Sales would not let Marie Aymée know it that night, but in the morning he bade her come to confession, and, after she had finished, he said to her: "Well, now, my dear child, have you put yourself entirely in God's hands?" She replied, "Yes, my lord, absolutely."

2. "And are you not, then, eager to receive from His holy and blessed hands anything it pleases Him to send?" "Yes, my lord and father." Then, stopping short, she added: "Ah, you are going to tell me that my dear husband is dead." The bishop tenderly replied that it was so, and he heard this sweet wife reply, "Ah, my Lord and my God, hast Thou taken away my dear husband? What wilt Thou that I should do?"

3. The admirable and tender-hearted bishop knew well that our Lord Himself would be her best comforter, and only saying a few sweet and gentle



words, he told her that he was about to celebrate Mass for the departed, and to give her communion, which was the only balm for that wounded soul, and which comforted and soothed her very much.

4. She remained during Mass in the sacristy, and the kind and sympathizing nuns, who were weeping and praying for her in the chapel, have recorded some of her words, as she spoke as if face to face with our Lord, and, with her usual child-like transparent openness, made all her complaints to Him who alone could wound and heal her. When we read these loving complaints, we are reminded of the fragrance of rich gums or spices, which, when distilled or bruised, fill the whole air about them with odor.

5. "Oh, my Lord and my only Good, what is this that Thou hast done unto me? Thou hast cruelly pierced my poor, faint heart with a deep wound; pour into it the healing oil of Thy grace. I submit myself wholly to Thy divine will, and would rather die a thousand deaths than say or think anything displeasing to Thee. Thou art my Comfort and my true Good; therefore, in spite of my great grief, I declare to Thee that I am Thine wholly, Thine only, and that Thou mayest cut, bruise, and do with me as Thou wilt; only give me strength to bear it, for it is as the agony of death."

6. Sometimes she would fold her arms, look up to heaven, and say, "Ah, my dear Lord, my heart is beside itself with anguish. In Thy fatherly goodness shield me in this storm of grief." And once she uttered these most touching words: "Oh, my Lord and my only Good, grant me, Thy most un-

—*—

worthy servant, not to complain of Thee, but of myself ; for it is my sins that have brought this flood of grief upon my poor, desolate soul."

7. She was taken into the nuns' choir to receive communion, where she also made secretly a vow of perpetual chastity, and after her thanksgiving, was gently led away to her bed, where she remained the whole day, making acts of love, thanksgiving, and submission, and being in all things the gentlest, sweetest, and most docile mourner that can ever be imagined. Nothing kept her alive in her great sorrow but the life she was to bring forth, and the thought of her child also prevented her from receiving the Visitation habit, which seemed now her only remaining wish. This also was granted her, but not as she had thought.

8. After about three months had glided by a beautiful little boy was born, who, like his sister, had time to be baptized, and was then carried away to eternal rest. His mother, rejoicing to hear that a son was born to her, seemed to return to life ; but when they said to her, "You have brought an angel into the world," she quickly understood, and said she was glad, for he would have forced her to remain in the world, but that now she could be a nun without hindrance.

9. But the time of her brief and beautiful life was to end with another sacrifice, and, as sudden and sharp illness soon set in, Marie Aymée knew that she must put her house in order, and go forth, with her lamp well trimmed, to meet the Bridegroom. She sent for Madame de Chantal, and arranged her affairs in such a way as that her husband's family should not be burdened at her death.



Some time after this she became worse, and St. Francis de Sales was sent for.

10. The news of all that had occurred grieved the tender-hearted bishop very much, for he dearly loved this dear little sister, so early widowed. He brought with him several priests, who were deeply moved at the courage and devotion of the dying girl. The bishop asked her, in his usual way, if she was ready to say, "Live, Jesus!" She replied, "Yes, my lord;" and also added, "Whose death showed the strength of His love." He asked her again if she would make her confession. "Ah, yes," she eagerly replied, "I shall be glad. I wish it." And joining her hands, she immediately began to make her examen of conscience.

11. After the Holy Viaticum, Marie Aymée asked her mother to grant her one favor, which was to receive the habit of a novice; and, very humbly turning to the bishop, she begged of him not to think of her sins and misery, but rather of the charity and mercy of God. The bishop replied that the nuns would be exceedingly glad to give her the habit; and when everything was hastily made ready, he invested her with the novice's habit, and then gave her Extreme Unction. Marie Aymée had by that time become perfectly calm and joyful, and asked if she might beg one more grace—that of making her three vows and her profession as a Visitation Nun; and as all the community joined with Madame de Chantal in giving consent, the bishop clothed her with the black veil and received her vows, which she pronounced in a sweet, clear voice, with great fervor.

12. And now, having nothing further to desire,



she only made ready to depart in peace with extraordinary joy, saying : " Oh, my Jesus, my King, my Spouse, Thou art all mine, and I am all Thine forever and ever ! " Very sharp and cruel pains seized and racked her feeble and failing frame, and, in spite of her resolution and courage, she could not help crying out aloud. St. Francis, wishing to give her the merit of one more final sacrifice, asked her if she were ready to bear those pains till the last day, if such were the will of God. Marie Aymée instantly replied that she was ready to bear, not only those, but any other pains that God might send ; for she was His alone and altogether. Those who were looking on about her bed, while weeping and sobbing gently at the thought that their beloved little sister was leaving them while still a child, saw with delight that her fair face was lit up with a heavenly radiance, and that the divine peace seemed already stamping its own seal upon that spotless, child-like brow.

13. Toward the early dawn Marie Aymée spoke once more, saying gently : " Here is death ; now I must make ready to go. " Then, pronouncing in a clear, sweet voice, " Jesus, Jesus, Jesus ! " she looked up once toward heaven, and went to her rest. This beautiful life, let it never be forgotten, had lasted but a little more than nineteen years. During that time Marie Aymée de Chantal had become a wife, a mother, a widow, and a nun, and also, as we may truly believe, a person of ripe sanctity and much beloved of God. The flower, cultivated and tended with such extreme care, was early gathered and removed out of sight ; but it was transplanted to that " garden enclosed "



in which the Lord of pure souls and little children
takes eternal delight.

EMILY BOWLES.

LESSON XXXVIII.

BRUSHWOOD.

1. On a weary slope of Apennine,
At sober dusk of day's decline,
Out of the solemn solitude
Of Vallombrosa's antique wood,
A withered woman, tanned and bent,
Bearing her bundled brushwood went,
Poising it on her palsied head,
As if in penance for prayers unsaid.

2. Her dull cheeks channelled were with tears,
Shed in the storms of eighty years ;
Her wild hair fell in gusty flow,
White as the foamy brook below ;
Still toiled she with her load alone,
With feeble feet, but steadfast will,
To gain her little home, that shone
Like a dreary lantern on the hill.

3. The mountain child, no toil could tame,
With lighter load beside her came,
Spake kindly, but its accents fond
Were lost, soon lost on the heights beyond.
There came the maid in her glowing dress,
The wild-eyed witch of the wilderness,



Her brush-load shadowing her face,
Her upright figure full of grace,
Like those tall pines whose only boughs
Are gathered round their dusky brows ;
Singing, she waved her hand, " Good-night,"
And round the mountain passed from sight.

4. There climbed the laborers from their toil,
Brown as their own Italian soil ;
Like satyrs, some in goatskin suits,
Some bearing home the scanty fruits
Of harvest work—the swinging flasks
Of oil, or wine, or little casks,
Under which the dull mule went,
Cheered with its bell, and the echoes sent
From others on the higher height,
Saying to the vale, " Good-night,"
" Good-night ;"—and still the withered dame
Slowly staggered on the same.
5. Here, astride of his braying beast,
A brown monk came, and then a priest ;
Each telling to the shadowy air,
Perchance, their " Ave Maria " prayer ;
For the sky was full of vesper showers,
Shook from the many convent towers,
Which fell into the woman's brain
Like dew upon an arid plain.
These pious men beside her rode ;
She crossed herself beneath her load,
As best she could, and so " Good-night,"
And they rode upward out of sight.



6. How far, how very far it seemed,
To where that starry taper gleamed,
Placed by her grandchild on the sill
Of the cottage window on the hill !
Many a parent heart before,
Laden till it could bear no more,
Has seen a heavenward light that smiled,
And knew it placed there by a child,—
A long-gone child, whose anxious face
Gazed toward them down the deeps of space,
Longing for the loved to come
To the quiet of that home.

7. Steeper and rougher grew the road,
Harder and heavier grew the load ;
Her heart beat like a weight of stone
Against her breast. A sigh and moan,
Mingled with prayer, escaped her lips,
Of sorrow o'er sorrowing night's eclipse :
“Of all who pass me by,” she said,
“There is never one to lend me aid ;
Could I but gain yon wayside shrine,
There would I rest this load of mine,
And tell my sacred rosary through,
And try what patient prayer would do.”

8. Again she heard the toiling tread
Of one who climbed that way, and said,
“I will be bold, though I should see
A monk or priest, or it should be
The awful abbot, at whose nod
The frightened people toil and plod ;
I'll ask his aid to yonder place,
Where I may breathe a little space,



And so regain my home." He came,
And, halting by the ancient dame,
Heard her brief story and request,
Which moved the pity in his breast ;
And so he straightway took her load,
Toiling beside her up the road,
Until, with heart that overflowed,
She begged him lay her bundled sticks
Close at the feet of the crucifix.

9. So down he set her brushwood freight
Against the wayside cross, and straight
She bowed her palsied head to greet
And kiss the sculptured Saviour's feet ;
And then and there she told her grief
In broken sentences and brief.
And now the memory o'er her came
Of days blown out like a taper flame.
Never to be relighted, when,
From many a summer hill and glen,
She culled the loveliest blooms to shine
About the feet of this same shrine ;
But now, where once her flowers were gay,
Naught but the barren brushwood lay !
She wept a little at the thought,
And prayers and tears a quiet brought,
Until anon, relieved of pain,
She rose to take her load again.
But lo ! the bundle of dead wood
Had burst to blossom, and now stood
Dawning upon her marvelling sight,
Filling the air with odorous light !



10. Then spake her traveller friend : " Dear soul,
Thy perfect faith hath made thee whole ;
I am the Burden-bearer,—I
Will never pass the o'erladen by.
My feet are on the mountain steep ;
They wind through valleys dark and deep ;
They print the hot dust of the plain,
And walk the billows of the main.
Wherever is a load to bear,
My willing shoulder still is there :
Thy toil is done ! " He took her hand,
And led her through a May-time land ;
Where round her pathway seemed to wave
Each votive flower she ever gave
To make her favorite altar bright,
As if the angels, at their blight,
Had borne them to the fields of blue,
Where, planted 'mid eternal dew,
They bloom, as witnesses arrayed
Of one on earth who toiled and prayed.

T. BUCHANAN READ.



LESSON XXXIX.



NANO NAGLE, THE FOUNDESS OF THE PRESENTATION ORDER.

1. HONORA, or, as her friends and beneficiaries loved to call her, Nano Nagle, was the daughter of a gentleman named Garret Nagle, of Ballygriffin, near Mallow, in the county of Cork, where she was born A.D. 1728. Through both parents she was related, not only to many of the old Catholic



houses, but to several of the most influential Protestant families in the South ; which is only worthy of remark as furnishing a clew to the fact of her parents' wealth and social standing in times when those of the proscribed religion were not only disqualified from accumulating or holding property in their own right, but were personally objects of contempt and contumely to the dominant class. It may also, perhaps, account for the impunity with which Mr. Nagle, despite the numerous statutory enactments, was enabled to send his favorite child to the Continent to complete an education the rudiments only of which could be obtained in the privacy of her family.

2. Accordingly, at an early age, Nano quitted her pleasant and cheerful home by the Blackwater for the retirement and austerity of a convent on the banks of the Seine, in which institution she acquired all the accomplishments and graces then considered befitting a young lady of position. Having entered school a mere girl, untutored, undeveloped, and, it is even said, a little petulant and self-willed, she now, in her twenty-first year, emerged from the shadow of the convent walls into the sunshine of Parisian life, an educated, beautiful, and self-possessed woman.

3. Her family had many friends in the French capital, particularly in the households of the Irish Brigade officers and other Catholic exiles, and her entrance into the best society was unimpeded, and was even signalized by rare scenes of festivity and mutual gratification. Her native wit and buoyancy of spirits, tempered with all the well-bred courtesy and dignity of a French education under



the old *régime*, made her a general favorite; and though it does not appear that she was in the least spoiled by the admiration and adulation that everywhere awaited her, there is little doubt that she participated in the fashionable dissipations of the gay capital with all the ardor and impetuosity latent in her disposition.

4. Admitted to such scenes, it is little wonder that for a time she forgot the land of her birth, its persecutions and tribulations, its downtrodden peasantry and timid aristocracy. One so young and so capable of appreciating the refinements and elegancies of the most cultured city in Europe, might well be excused if she found it difficult to exchange them for the obscurity and monotony of a remote provincial town.

5. But the spell which at this time bound her was soon to be broken. The still, small voice of conscience was soon to find a tongue and speak to her soul with the force almost of inspiration. The circumstances of this radical change are thus graphically described in a sketch of her life: "In the early hours of a spring morning of the year 1750, a heavy, lumbering carriage rolled over the uneven pavement of the quartier Saint Germain of the French capital, awakening the echoes of the still sleeping city. The beams of the rising sun had not yet struggled over the horizon to light up the spires and towers and lofty housetops, but the cold, gray dawn was far advanced.

6. "The occupants of the carriage were a young Irish lady of two-and-twenty, and her chaperon, a French woman, both fatigued and listlessly reclining in their respective corners. They had lately



formed part of a gay and glittering crowd in one of the most fashionable Parisian *salons*. As they moved onward, each communing with her own thoughts, in all probability reverting to the brilliant scene they had just left, and anticipating the recurrence of many more such, the young lady's attention was suddenly attracted by a crowd of poor people standing before the yet unopened door of a parish church. They were working-people, waiting for admission by the porter, in order to hear Mass before they entered on their day's labor.

7. "The young lady was forcibly struck. She reflected on the hard lot of those children of toil, their meagre fare, their wretched dwellings, their scanty clothing, their constant struggle to preserve themselves and their families from ruin even in this humble position—a struggle in many a case unavailing; for sickness, or interruption of employment, or one of the many other casualties incidental to their state, might any day sink them still deeper in penury. She reflected seriously on all this; and then she dwelt on their simple faith, their humble piety, their thus 'preventing the day to worship God.'

8. "She contrasted their lives with those of the gay votaries of fashion and pleasure, of whom she was one. She felt dissatisfied with herself, and asked her own heart, Might she not be more profitably employed? Her thoughts next naturally reverted to her native land, then groaning under the weight of persecution for conscience' sake—its religion proscribed, its altars overturned, its sanctuaries desolate, its children denied, under grievous penalties, the blessings of free education.



she felt at once that there was a great mis-
be fulfilled, and that, with God's blessing,
ought do something towards its fulfilment.

For a long time she dwelt earnestly on what we
now regard as an inspiration from heaven.
She frequently commended the matter to God, and
took the advice of pious and learned ecclesiastics;
and the result was that great work which has ever
been since, and is in our day, a source of bene-
diction and happiness to countless thousands of
poor families in her native land, and even in our
own country, and has made the name of Nano
Nagle worthy of a high place on the roll of the
heroines of charity."

10. At first she established schools for poor girls
in Cork, and finally opened a convent of Ursulines
in September, 1771, and this is the date of the
establishment of the Ursuline Order in Ireland.
Miss Nagle also founded the Order of Presenta-
tion Nuns for the special object of educating poor
children. This Society commenced its work on
Christmas Day, 1777. She also established an
asylum for aged females; and the splendid build-
ing in the neighborhood of the South Presentation
Convent, Cork, is the result of her work. She
died on the 26th of April, 1784, surrounded by
her little community, to whom, on being urged to
say something, she addressed, as her last exhor-
tation, the words: "Love one another as you have
hitherto done." She calmly died in the fifty-sixth
year of her age, and the thirtieth of her heroic
career of charity.



LESSON XL.

A BRETON PILGRIMAGE.

1. THE procession, which is swelled by devout worshippers from all parts of Brittany, takes place at nine o'clock in the evening of the Saturday before the first Sunday in July. Towards sunset the groups of pilgrims begin to assemble in the picturesque streets of the Breton town. They come from the east, the west, and the south; those from Vannes and from Cornouailles are the last to appear: the road is long, and the wooden sabots are heavy. When the dwellers by the sea of Morbihan perceive from the hills south of Guingamp the massive spire, which is visible far and wide, the women make the sign of the cross, and the men uncover their grave, sunburnt brows.

2. All day long the church has been full of people, tapers have been burning before the famous image of the Virgin, the bells have been ringing, the organ has been playing. In the great Place near the fountain the tents of the fair have been thronged by eager purchasers, and the Bas-Breton buys a mirror for his wife, a rosary for his old mother, and little knives for his children. Seldom does he pay much attention to the noisy antics of the jugglers; but he listens piously to the legend chanted in monotonous minor tones by the blind beggar.

3. In the faubourgs are erected long tables covered with awnings, where several hundred people can sit and eat at ease, partaking of little fishes, fried in the open air, and of cider drunk from casks



that seem to have no bottom. And while the twilight deepens, the characteristic dances of each part of Brittany are vigorously pursued by young peasants, who forget that their legs have traversed so many leagues of Breton soil ere they reached the goal of their ambition.

4. But the great clock of the cathedral, which booms so solemnly over the quaint roofs, the winding river, and the green hillsides, strikes nine, and the procession is about to leave the church; and never within the memory of man has it been hindered by the weather! If it rained on the morning of that eventful Saturday, evening was sure to display her unclouded roof of stars.

5. Out they come, into the illuminated streets! First walk young girls clothed in white; then the pilgrims in an interminable double file, each bearing in his hand a lighted taper, some enormous, some tiny—for the rich a torch, for the poor a halfpenny candle; then come the banners, the relics, the ancient and venerated statue. Tall young men, with long hair flowing down their backs, are clothed with the white robes of the Levite, and bear the statue on their robust shoulders. In the centre of the town three immense bonfires are prepared. These are lit by the clergy; “and then,” says M. Ropartz, “the scene is a fairy one indeed.”

6. The illumined houses glow, the tapers borne by the pilgrims wave, and light up the strong, manly figures of the Armorican peasants with strange effects and magnified proportions; the three bonfires throw out their sparks, the smoke clears away, and a great jet of flame rises and clings to the pole which bears aloft the device of the Virgin;



the fountain, surmounted by her image, crowned with flowers, throws up to heaven its threads of water changed into diamonds. There is not a spare foot of ground on which to stand ; ten thousand voices repeat the pious *Ora pro nobis* ; the lights of the earth deepen the blue of the sky, up to which rise at one moment the thousand accents of a universal prayer.

7. The faith of the people of Brittany is shown in all its ardor, with all its poetry ; and as the hours wear on many of the pilgrims, unable to find beds in so small a town, sit upon the steps of the portal, or in circles round the ashes of the bonfires, and sing hymns together. The cathedral is kept open for worshippers, and the warm summer night allows them to seek their rest in the open air unharmed. When dawn is about to break upon the brightening east, the first Mass is said, and the pilgrims begin to disperse. The long-haired peasants, with wide, round hats and full breeches to the knee ; the women, with richly-embroidered spencers and caps of elaborate lace, made up in shapes that vary for every district ; the quaint, curious Old-World figures of the antique Armorican race, have filed away across the hills, leaving pretty Guingamp to the wonted tranquillity and little activities of a small provincial town.

BESSIE RAYNOR PARKES.



LESSON XLI.

ST. SCHOLASTICA.



1. Who could be the sister of St. Benedict, and not desire to be consecrated to God? There is a blessed contagion in the life of self-sacrifice led by the saints; it attracts others to do likewise. As the lodestone and the electric amber can lift and draw lighter substances after them, so it is with souls in union with the great Centre of all. They acquire a force of attraction which tells on those within their influence. Saints elevate and bear along their fellow-men, overcoming their inertness, their indifference, their downward tendency to self.

2. Our Lord gives to His saints a portion of His own power to draw souls, till those souls follow willingly along the narrow way. The saints have it, for they are His friends, high in His grace and favor. It is His, forasmuch as He is the Author of grace and the infinitely



Lovely. And so to Him the Church sings, in words dictated by the Holy Ghost: "Draw us; we will run after Thee in the odor of thy ointments." The Cross of His Passion is the exhibition of that loveliness of love; the magnet of all hearts that can know what true love means. So he declared it should be: "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all things to myself."

3. Scholastica, then, gazing into the character and example of her saintly brother, as into a mirror of perfection, could not rest content to lead the ordinary life of the world. She dedicated herself, accordingly, to her Creator from an early age. And when people have the grace to do that, He opens to them, sooner or later, some special path on which they may walk to perfection. To Scholastica this path led into the cloister. Entering as a humble novice, she tracked the way of religious observance, step by step. At length the community, without listening to the pleadings of her humility, her reluctance or fears, insisted on choosing her for their abbess.

4. When St. Benedict, some fourteen years before his death, established his monks on the heights of Monte Casino, his sister came and settled her community of nuns at a place about five miles from the gate of his monastery. It was not simply because they were brother and sister, for each had accepted the meaning of our Lord's call to leave all and follow Him. Neither of them would have tolerated the claims of natural relationship, had it stood in the way of that higher claim. For, indeed, brothers and sisters, parents and children, friends and old acquaintances, are sometimes great mutual hin-



drances. They stand very much in each other's way, and the one will not let the other walk nearer to God.

5. A girl would dedicate herself to religion, a son would listen to the grace calling him to be a priest or monk, were it not for those at home. This is forgetting the word, "He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me." It is not like young Samuel, who, when he heard the voice of the Lord calling him by name, was instructed by the high-priest to answer at once: "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth."

6. Not, then, for the mere love of each other's society, however laudable that love would be in a family circle of good people in the world, would Benedict and Scholastica dwell near each other. It was with a view simply to the greater glory of God, and the ripening of His grace and love in their souls. The sister desired to be guided, supported, and, in that best sense, consoled, by her brother's counsels. And the brother's staid austerity and recollection, which has given him "a place and a name, better than sons and daughters," and made him the spiritual father of the great Benedictine family, could not refuse the help.

7. "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so you shall fulfil the law of Christ." Pilgrims, groaning and laboring along the way to Heaven through ordinary life, are helped and cheered when some fellow traveller, like Simon the Cyrenian, comes and holds up even one limb of their cross. And souls who are treading the higher paths to perfection may well seek, and give, such mutual cheer as results in more ardent aspiration after their



eternal glory, and the self-crucifixion that must lead to it.

8. St. Benedict, therefore, from time to time, would take with him one or two monks of his community, and descend the rocky heights where he had perched his monastery, till they came to a place called Plombariola; and there was his holy sister ready to meet him. Such times were special high festivals to the soul of Scholastica; she used, during the brief period of her brother's visit, to gather abundantly the manna of heavenly instruction, and store it up for after-thought and after-prayer.

9. For Benedict never would stay long—not half long enough for his sister and disciple. The duties of his monastery always called him back too soon; he had to be in his place in the choir, or in chapter, or at the manual work, or in the scriptorium, writing out manuscripts for the benefit of his monks and others of his fellow-men. Nothing could induce him to postpone his return one moment when the time came. Scholastica might entreat and plead, as far as so mortified a soul could do so. Benedict's firm foot had crossed the threshold, and his blessing and the remembrance of his cheering, holy words alone remained to her.


10. How beautiful a sight was this tender affection between brother and sister, never interfering with the primary love they owed to their Lord! Truly, they were allied not merely in family name and the associations of childhood, but far more in religious observance, sanctity of heart, growth towards perfection—that unity where “Christ is all, and in all.”



11. The history of the last of these holy interviews and conferences is given to us in the words of St. Gregory the Great, himself a Benedictine monk before his elevation to the throne of St. Peter. He tells us of his spiritual father St. Benedict, and of the holy abbess Scholastica ; how the brother and sister met for the last time, and how they spoke together of the heaven to which her pure soul was soon to take its flight. His words are so touching in their affectionate simplicity that it would mar their beauty to tamper with them. And thus they run :

12. "On a day she came, as was her wont ; and her venerable brother with his disciples descended to meet her. Having then spent the whole day in the praises of God, and in discoursing of sacred things, they took their repast together. And while they still sat at table, and amid such speech concerning sacred things the hour drew on to be late, this holy religious, his sister, besought him, saying : I pray thee that thou go not hence this night, but that we may discourse till morning of the joys of the heavenly life. To whom he answered : What is this thou sayest, my sister ? I can in nowise remain out of my cell.

13. "Now, so calm were the heavens that no cloud was to be seen in the sky. But the holy religious, hearing her brother thus refuse her, placed her hands on the table, with fingers clasped, and bowed her head in her hands, in supplication to the Lord Almighty. And when she raised her head from the table, so mighty were the lightnings and thunder that broke forth, and such was the deluge of rain, that neither venerable Benedict nor





the brethren who were with him could stir a foot over the threshold of the place where they sat.

14. "For that holy religious, when she bowed her head in her hands, had poured forth a flood of tears upon the table, and thereby had changed to rain the serenity of the sky. Nor did that rain follow upon her prayer with an interval, howsoever small ; but there was so exact a concurrence of prayer and of flood that she raised her head from the table even together with the thunder ; in-somuch that in one and the same moment was the raising of her head and the descent of the rain.

15. Then the man of God, amid lightnings and thunderings and a great inundation, seeing himself unable to return to his monastery, began to complain, as one aggrieved, saying : Almighty God forgive thee, sister ; what is this thou hast done ? To whom she answered : See, I asked of thee, and thou wouldst not hear me ; I have asked my God, and He hath heard me. Now, therefore, if thou canst, go forth ; leave me and return to thy monastery. But finding himself unable to leave the house, he, who had refused to remain there of his own accord, now remained perforce. And so it was that the whole night they spent in wakeful, holy converse touching the spiritual life and mutual consolation in this interchange of soul.

16. "And when, the following day, the said venerable religious maiden had withdrawn to her own cloister, the man of God returned to his monastery. When, behold, after three days, as he stood in his cell, his eyes raised to heaven, he saw the disembodied soul of that his sister, in likeness of a dove, penetrating the inner heavens. And re-



joicing with her for that her great glory, he gave thanks to Almighty God in hymns and praises, and announced her decease to his brethren. Whom also he sent forthwith to bring her body to the monastery, and to lay it in the tomb which he had prepared for himself. So that they, whose souls had ever been one in God, were not divided even in their bodies' burial."

W. H. ANDERDON, S.J.

LESSON XLII.

UNSEEN, YET SEEN.

1. I HAVE read somewhere, in a thoughtful book,

Of an old cathedral over the sea

(A wonder of art, whose every nook

Is full of a charming mystery),

That up, high up, on the topmost point

Of roof and tower and belfry gray,

Which the gracious summer dews anoint,

And the birds frequent in their airy way,

There are marvels of sculpture, rare and fine,

Flower and fruit and trailing vine,

And lovely angels with folded wings,

Cut from the stone, like living things ;

And pure Madonnas, and saints at prayer,

With reverent heads and flowing hair—

Colossal figures, by height diminished,

With every lineament finely finished.

Yet all this delicate tracery

Was not for the eyes of mortal made :

For none but God and His angels see

The marvellous sculpture there displayed.



2. Who was the artist whose chisel wrought
 Into exquisite work such exquisite thought ?
 Why did he labor for years and years,
 Through days of travelling, nights of tears,
 Under the stars and under the moon,
 Dreaming, designing, at morn and noon,
 To work these wonders in wood and stone,
 Which God and His angels see alone ?

3. God and His angels ! Behold the key
 To this strange, unworldly mystery !
 That grand old artist, mounted on high,
 Like an eagle perched in his eyrie lonely,
 Working with hand and heart and eye,
 Was working for God and His angels only.
 No mean, self-conscious motive stirred
 The tranquil depths of his patient heart ;
 But praise or censure, alike unheard,
 In his chaste communings had no part.
 Far, far below him the world was spread,
 Like a painted picture, small and dim ;
 And the voice of creatures, the rush and tread
 Of the mighty millions, were lost on him.
 While the skies bent over him, blue and broad,
 So full of the awful, unseen God,
 Heaven seemed so near, and earth so far,
 No selfish thought could his labor mar.

4. Ah ! what a lovely moral lies
 Hid (like the delicate tracery
 On roof and tower and gray belfry
 Of the old cathedral over the sea)
 In its storied legend's dim disguise !



5. 'Tis worth an infinite treasure to know
 (Whatever beside should be unknown)
 How utterly false and mean we grow
 When we work for the eyes of men alone ;
 How blind and aching our sight becomes
 With the glare of glory such works may win us,
 While a selfish purpose narrows and numbs
 All that is noble and fresh within us.
 'Tis only when self is dead and gone,
 And our souls from the mists of passion free,
 That the angels of God come in and crown
 Our labors with immortality.

6. Oh ! artists who work with pencil or pen,
 With chisel or brush, for the praise of men,
 When you fold your hands at the twilight's close,
 And muse in your darkened studios,
 Do you never consider, once for all,
 How that other and deeper night must fall,
 When earth and the things thereof shall be
 Lost, like a dream, in eternity ?
 When, shrinking and startled, with soul laid bare,
 The creature shall meet the Creator there,
 And learn at the foot of the great white throne
 (A truth which should never have been unknown)
 That nothing avails us under the sun,
 In word or in work, save that which is done
 For the honor and glory of God alone ?

7. Oh, blessèd indeed are the pure of heart !
 For they shall see God in their glorious art,
 And joyous shall be (though the world wax dim),
 If none shall behold them save Him, save Him !



8. And they are the sculptors whose works shall last,

Whose names shall shine as the stars on high,
When deep in the dust of a ruined past
The labors of selfish souls shall lie.

9. Brothers! who work with pencil or pen,
With chisel or brush, for the praise of men,

Whate'er ye design, whatever ye do,
Seek first the kingdom of God, and then
All else shall be graciously added to you.
And the moral is yours, which was sent to me
From the old cathedral over the sea.

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

LESSON XLIII.

THE SIEGE OF TORQUILSTONE.

PART I.

1. THE noise within the castle, occasioned by the defensive preparations, which had been considerable for some time, now increased into tenfold bustle and clamor. The heavy yet hasty step of the men-at-arms traversed the battlements, or resounded on the narrow and winding passages and stairs which led to the various bastions and points of defence. The voices of the knights were heard animating their followers or directing means of defence, while their commands were often drowned in the clashing of armor, or the clamorous shouts of those whom they addressed.



2. Tremendous as these sounds were, and yet more terrible from the awful event which they presaged, there was a sublimity mixed with them which Rebecca's high-toned mind could feel, even in that moment of terror. Her eye kindled, although the blood fled from her cheeks, and there was a strong mixture of fear with a thrilling sense of the sublime, as she repeated, half whispering to herself, half speaking to her companion, the sacred text, "The quiver rattleth—the glittering spear and the shield—the noise of the captains and the shouting."

3. But Ivanhoe was, like the war-horse of that sublime passage, glowing with impatience at his own inactivity, and with an ardent desire to mingle in the affray of which these sounds were the introduction. "If I could but drag myself," he said, "to yonder window, that I might see how this brave game is like to go; if I had but bow to shoot a shaft, or battle-axe to strike, were it but a single blow, for our deliverance! It is in vain—it is in vain; I am alike nerveless and weaponless!"

4. "Fret not thyself, noble knight," answered Rebecca; "the sounds have ceased of a sudden. It may be they join not battle."

"Thou knowest naught of it," said Wilfred impatiently. "This dead pause only shows that the men are at their posts on the walls, and expecting an instant attack. What we have heard was but the distant muttering of the storm; it will burst anon in all its fury. Could I but reach yonder window!"

"Thou wilt but injure thyself by the attempt, noble knight," replied his attendant. Observing



his extreme solicitude, she firmly added, "I myself will stand at the lattice, and describe to thee as I can what passes without."

5. "You must not, you shall not!" exclaimed Ivanhoe. "Each lattice, each aperture, will be soon a mark for the archers; some random shaft—"

"It shall be welcome," murmured Rebecca, as with firm pace she ascended two or three steps which led to the window of which they spoke.

"Rebecca! dear Rebecca!" exclaimed Ivanhoe, "this is no maiden's pastime. Do not expose thyself to wounds and death, and render me forever miserable for having given occasion; at least cover thyself with yonder ancient buckler, and show as little of thy person at the lattice as may be."

6. Following with wonderful promptitude the directions of Ivanhoe, and availing herself of the protection of the large ancient shield, which she placed against the lower part of the window, Rebecca, with tolerable security to herself, could witness part of what was passing without the castle, and report to Ivanhoe the preparations which the assailants were making for the storm. Indeed, the situation which she thus obtained was peculiarly favorable for this purpose; because, being placed on an angle of the main building, Rebecca could not only see what passed beyond the precincts of the castle, but could also command a view of the outwork likely to be the first object of the meditated assault.

7. It was an exterior fortification of no great height or strength, intended to protect the postern gate, through which Cedric had been recently dis-

missed by Front de Bœuf. The castle moat divided this species of barbican from the rest of the fortress; so that, in case of its being taken, it was easy to cut off the communication with the main building by withdrawing the temporary bridge. In the outwork was a sally-port, corresponding to the postern of the castle, and the whole was surrounded by a strong palisade. Rebecca could observe, from the number of men placed for the defence at this post, that the besieged entertained apprehensions for its safety; and from the mustering of the assailants in a direction nearly opposite to the outwork, it seemed no less plain that it had been selected as a vulnerable point of attack.

8. These appearances she hastily communicated to Ivanhoe, and added, "The skirts of the wood seem lined with archers, although only a few are advanced from its dark shadow."

"Under what banner?" asked Ivanhoe.

"Under no ensign of war which I can observe," answered Rebecca.

9. "A singular novelty," muttered the knight, "to advance to storm such a castle without pennon or banner displayed! Seest thou who they be who act as leaders?"

"A knight clad in sable armor is the most conspicuous," said the Jewess. "He alone is armed from head to heel, and seems to assume the direction of all around him."

10. "What device does he bear on his shield?" replied Ivanhoe.

"Something resembling a bar of iron and a padlock, painted blue on the black shield."

"A fetterlock and shacklebolt azure," said Ivan-



hoe. "I know not who may bear the device, but well I ween it might now be mine own. Canst thou not see the motto?"

"Scarce the device itself at this distance," replied Rebecca; "but when the sun glances fair upon his shield, it shows as I tell you."

11. "Seem there no other leaders?" exclaimed the anxious enquirer.

"None of mark and distinction that I can behold from this station," said Rebecca; "but, doubtless, the other side of the castle is also assailed. They appear even now preparing to advance. What a dreadful sight! Those who advance first bear huge shields and defences made of plank; the others follow, bending their bows as they come on. They raise their bows!"

12. Her description was here suddenly interrupted by the signal for assault, which was given by the blast of a shrill bugle, and at once answered by a flourish of the Norman trumpets from the battlements, which, mingled with the deep and hollow clang of the nakers (a species of kettle-drum) retorted in notes of defiance the challenge of the enemy. The shouts of both parties augmented the fearful din, the assailants crying, "St. George for merry England!" and the Normans answering them with their battle-cries.

13. It was not, however, by clamor that the contest was to be decided, and the desperate efforts of the assailants were met by an equally vigorous defence on the part of the besieged. The archers, trained by their woodland pastimes to the most effective use of the long-bow, shot—to use the appropriate phrase of the time—so "wholly together"



that no point at which a defender could show the least part of his person escaped their cloth-yard shafts.

14. By this heavy discharge, which continued as thick and sharp as hail, while, notwithstanding, every arrow had its individual aim, and flew by scores together against each embrasure and opening in the parapet, as well as at every window where a defender either occasionally had post, or might be suspected to be stationed—by this sustained discharge two or three of the garrison were slain and several others wounded.

15. "And I must lie here like one bedridden," exclaimed Ivanhoe, "while the game that gives me freedom or death is played out by the hands of others! Look from the window once again, kind maiden; but beware that you are not marked by the archers beneath. Look out once more, and tell me if they yet advance to the storm."

16. With patient courage, strengthened by the interval which she had employed in mental devotion, Rebecca again took post at the lattice, sheltering herself, however, so as not to be visible from beneath.

"What dost thou see, Rebecca?" again demanded the wounded knight.

"Nothing but the cloud of arrows flying so thick as to dazzle mine eyes, and to hide the bowmen who shoot them."

17. "That cannot endure," said Ivanhoe. "If they press not right on to carry the castle by pure force of arms, the archery may avail but little against stone walls and bulwarks. Look for the Knight of the Fetterlock, fair Rebecca, and see



how he bears himself ; for as the leader is, so will his followers be."

"I see him not," said Rebecca.

"Foul craven !" exclaimed Ivanhoe ; "does he blench from the helm, when the wind blows highest ?"

18. "He blenches not ! he blenches not !" said Rebecca. "I see him now. He leads a body of men close under the outer barrier of the barbican. They pull down the piles and palisades ; they hew down the barriers with axes. His high black plume floats abroad over the throng like a raven over the field of the slain. They have made a breach in the barriers—they rush in—they are thrust back ! Front de Bœuf heads the defenders ; I see his gigantic form above the press. They throng again to the breach, and the pass is disputed hand to hand and man to man. It is like the meeting of two fierce tides—the conflict of two oceans moved by adverse winds !"

She turned her head from the lattice, as if unable longer to endure a sight so terrible.

LESSON XLIV.

THE SIEGE OF TORQUILSTONE.

PART II.

1. "Look forth again, Rebecca," said Ivanhoe, mistaking the cause of her retiring ; "the archery must in some degree have ceased, since they are now fighting hand to hand. Look again ; there is now less danger."

Rebecca again looked forth, and almost immediately exclaimed, "Ah! Front de Bœuf and the Black Knight fight hand to hand in the breach, amid the roar of their followers, who watch the progress of the strife. Heaven strike with the cause of the oppressed and of the captive!" She then uttered a loud shriek, and exclaimed, "He is down! he is down!"

2. "Who is down?" cried Ivanhoe; "tell me which has fallen."

"The Black Knight," answered Rebecca, faintly; then instantly shouted, with joyful eagerness, "But no! but no! he is on foot again, and fights as if there were twenty men's strength in his single arm. His sword is broken!—he snatches an axe from a yeoman—he presses Front de Bœuf with blow on blow. The giant stoops and totters like an oak under the steel of the woodman—he falls!—he falls!"

3. "Front de Bœuf?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"Front de Bœuf!" answered the Jewess. "His men rush to the rescue, headed by the haughty Templar—their united force compels the champion to pause—they drag Front de Bœuf within the walls."

"The assailants have won the barriers, have they not?" said Ivanhoe.

"They have! they have!" exclaimed Rebecca; "and they press the besieged hard upon the outer wall. Some plant ladders, some swarm like bees, and endeavor to ascend upon the shoulders of one another. Down go stones, beams, and trunks of trees upon their heads; and as fast as they bear the wounded to the rear, fresh men supply



their places in the assault. Great God! hast thou given men thine own image, that it should be thus cruelly defaced by the hands of their brethren?"

4. "Think not of that," said Ivanhoe; "this is no time for such thoughts. Who yield? Who push their way?"

"The ladders are thrown down," replied Rebecca, shuddering; "the soldiers lie grovelling under them like crushed reptiles—the besieged have the better."

"Ah!" exclaimed the knight; "do the false yoemen give way?"

"No!" exclaimed Rebecca; "they bear themselves right yeomanly. The Black Knight approaches the postern with his huge axe; the thundering blows which he deals—you may hear them above all the din and shouts of the battle. Stones and beams are hailed down on the bold champion—he regards them no more than if they were thistle-down or feathers!"

5. "Ha!" said Ivanhoe, raising himself joyfully on his couch, "methought there was but one man in England that might do such a deed!"

"The postern gate shakes," continued Rebecca; "it crashes—it is splintered by his blows—they rush in—the outwork is won! Oh God! they hurl the defenders from the battlements—they throw them into the moat. Oh men, if ye be indeed men, spare them that can resist no longer!"

6. "The bridge—the bridge which communicates with the castle—have they won that pass?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"No," replied Rebecca; "the Templar has destroyed the plank on which they crossed,



A few of the defenders have escaped with him into the castle—the shrieks and cries which you hear tell the fate of the others. Alas! I see it is even more difficult to look upon victory than upon battle.”

7. “What do they now, maiden?” said Ivanhoe; “look forth yet again—this is no time to faint at bloodshed.”

“It is over for the time,” answered Rebecca; “our friends strengthen themselves within the outwork which they have mastered, and it affords them so good a shelter from the foemen’s shot that the garrison only bestow a few bolts on it from time to time, as if rather to disquiet than effectually to injure them.”

8. “Our friends,” said Wilfred, “will surely not abandon an enterprise so gloriously begun and so happily attained. Oh, no! I will put my faith in the good knight whose axe hath rent heart-of-oak and bars of iron. Singular,” he again muttered to himself, “if there be two who can do a deed of such derring-do! A fetterlock and shacklebolt on a field-sable—what may that mean? Seest thou naught else, Rebecca, by which the Black Knight may be distinguished?”

9. “Nothing,” said the Jewess; “all about him is black as the wing of the night raven. Nothing can I spy that can mark him further; but having once seen him put forth his strength in battle, methinks I could know him again among a thousand warriors. He rushes to the fray as if he were summoned to a banquet. There is more than mere strength; there seems as if the whole soul and spirit of the champion were given to every blow which he



8. "And now depart! And when
Thy heart is heavy, and thine eyes are dim,
Lift up thy prayer beseechingly to Him
Who, from the tribes of men,
Selected thee to feel His chastening rod—
Depart, oh leper! and forget not God!"

9. And he went forth—alone! Not one of all
The many whom he loved, nor she whose name
Was woven in the fibres of the heart
Breaking within him now, to come and speak
Comfort unto him. Yea, he went his way,
Sick and heart-broken, and alone—to die!
For God had cursed the leper!

10. It was noon,
And Helon knelt beside a stagnant pool
In the lone wilderness, and bathed his brow,
Hot with the burning leprosy, and touched
The loathsome water to his fevered lips,
Praying that he might be so blessed—to die!
Footsteps approached, and, with no strength to flee,
He drew the covering closer on his lip,
Crying, "Unclean! unclean!" and in the folds
Of the coarse sackcloth shrouding up his face,
He fell upon the earth till they should pass.

11. Nearer the Stranger came, and, bending o'er
The leper's prostrate form, pronounced his name—
"Helon!" The voice was like the master-tone
Of a rich instrument—most strangely sweet;
And the dull pulses of disease awoke,
And for a moment beat beneath the hot
And leprous scales with a restoring thrill.



"Helon, arise!" And he forgot his curse,
And rose and stood before Him.

12. Love and awe
Mingled in the regard of Helon's eye,
As he beheld the Stranger. He was not
In costly raiment clad, nor on His brow
The symbol of a princely lineage wore ;
No followers at His back, nor in His hand
Buckler, or sword, or spear ; yet in His mien
Command sat throned serene, and, if He smiled,
A kingly condescension graced His lips,
The lion would have crouched to in His lair.

13. His garb was simple, and His sandals worn ;
His stature modelled with a perfect grace ;
His countenance, the impress of a God,
Touched with the open innocence of a child ;
His eye was blue and calm, 'as is the sky
In the serenest noon ; His hair, unshorn,
Fell to His shoulders ; and His curling beard
The fulness of perfected manhood bore.

14. He looked on Helon earnestly awhile,
As if His heart were moved ; and, stooping down,
He took a little water in His hand
And laid it on his brow, and said, "Be clean!"
And, lo! the scales fell from him, and his blood
Coursed with delicious coolness through his veins,
And his dry palms grew moist, and on his brow
The dewy softness of an infant's stole.
His leprosy was cleansed ; and he fell down
Prostrate at Jesus' feet, and worshipped Him.



LESSON XLVI.

A COMPANION FOR THE WINTER.

1. I HAVE engaged a companion for the winter. It would be simply a superfluous egotism to say this to the public, except that I have a philanthropic motive for doing so. There are many lonely people who are in need of a companion possessing just such qualities as his ; and he has brothers singularly like himself, whose services may be secured. I despair of doing justice to him by any description. In fact, thus far I discover new perfections in him daily, and believe that I am yet only on the threshold of our friendship.

2. In conversation he is more suggestive than any person I have ever known. After two or three hours alone with him, I am sometimes almost startled to look back and see through what a marvelous train of fancy and reflection he has led me. Yet he is never wordy, and often conveys his subtlest meaning by a look.

3. He is an artist, too, of the rarest sort. You watch the process under which his pictures grow with incredulous wonder. The Eastern magic, which drops the seed in the mould, and bids it shoot up before your eyes, blossom, and bear its fruit in an hour, is tardy and clumsy by the side of the creative genius of my companion. His touch is swift as air ; his coloring is vivid as light ; he has learned, I know not how, the secrets of hidden places in all lands ; and he paints, now a tufted clump of soft cocoa-palms ; now the spires and walls of an iceberg, glittering in yellow sunlight ; now a



desolate, sandy waste, where black rocks and a few crumbling ruins are lit up by a lurid glow ; then a cathedral front, with carvings like lace ; then the skeleton of a wrecked ship, with bare ribs and broken masts—and all so exact, so minute, so life-like, that you believe no man could paint thus anything which he had not seen.

4. He has a special love for mosaics, and a marvellous faculty for making drawings of curious old patterns. Nothing is too complicated for his memory, and he revels in the most fantastic and intricate shapes. I have known him in a single evening throw off a score of designs, all beautiful, and many of them rare : fiery scorpions on a black ground ; pale lavender filigrees over scarlet ; white and black squares blocked out as for tiles of a pavement, and crimson and yellow threads interlaced over them ; odd Chinese patterns in brilliant colors, all angles and surprises, with no likeness to anything in nature ; and exquisite little bits of landscape in soft grays and whites.

5. Last night was one of his nights of reminiscences of the mosaic-workers. A furious snow-storm was raging, and, as the flaky crystals piled up in drifts on the window-ledges, he seemed to catch the inspiration of their law of structure, and drew sheet after sheet of crystalline shapes ; some so delicate and filmy that it seemed as if a jar might obliterate them ; some massive and strong, like those in which the earth keeps her mineral treasures ; then, at last, on a round charcoal disk, he traced out a perfect rose, in a fragrant white powder, which piled up under his fingers, petal after petal, circle after circle, till the feathery sta-



mens were buried out of sight. Then, as we held our breath for fear of disturbing it, with a good-natured little chuckle he shook it off into the fire, and by a few quick strokes of red turned the black charcoal disk into a shield gay enough for a tournament.

6. He has talent for modelling, but this he exercises more rarely. Usually, his figures are grotesque rather than beautiful, and he never allows them to remain longer than for a few moments, often changing them so rapidly under your eye that it seems like jugglery. He is fond of doing this at twilight, and loves the darkest corner of the room. From the half-light he will suddenly thrust out before you a grinning gargoyle-head, to which he will give in an instant more a pair of spider-legs, and then, with one roll, stretch it out into a crocodile, whose jaws seem so near snapping that you involuntarily draw your chair further back.

7. Next, in a freak of ventriloquism; he startles you still more by bringing from the crocodile's mouth a sigh, so long drawn, so human, that you really shudder, and are ready to implore him to play no more tricks. He knows when he has reached this limit, and soothes you at once by a tender, far-off whisper, like the wind through pines, sometimes almost like an æolian harp; then he rouses you from your dreams by what you are sure is a tap at the door. You turn, speak, listen; no one enters; the tap again. Ah! it is only a little more of the ventriloquism of this wonderful creature. You are alone with him, and there was no tap at the door.

8. But when there is, and the friend comes in, then my companion's genius shines out. Almost



always in life the third person is a discord, or at least a burden ; but he is so genial, so diffusive, so sympathetic, that, like some tints by which painters know how to bring out all the other colors in a picture, he forces every one to do his best. I am indebted to him already for a better knowledge of some men and women with whom I had talked for years before to little purpose. It is most wonderful that he produces this effect, because he himself is so silent ; but there is some secret charm in his very smile which puts people at ease with each other and with him at once.

9. I am almost afraid to go on with the list of the things my companion can do. I have not yet told the half, nor the most wonderful ; and I believe I have already overtaxed credulity. I will mention only one more ; but that is to me far more inexplicable than all the rest. He has in rare hours the power of producing the portraits of persons whom you have loved, but whom he has never seen. For this it is necessary that you should concentrate your whole attention on him. It must also be late and still. In the day, or in a storm, I have never known him to succeed.

10. For these portraits he uses only shadowy gray tints. He begins with a hesitating outline. If you are not tenderly and closely in attention, he throws it aside ; he can do nothing. But if you are with him, heart and soul, and do not take your eyes from his, he will presently fill out the dear faces, full, lifelike, and wearing a smile, which makes you sure that they too must have been summoned from the other side, as you from this, to meet on the shadowy boundary between flesh and spirit. He



must see them as clearly as he sees you ; and it would be little more for his magic to do if he were at the same moment showing to their longing eyes your face and answering smile.

11. But I delay too long the telling of his name. A strange hesitancy seizes me. I shall never be believed by any one who has not sat as I have by his side. But if I can only give to one soul the good-cheer and strength of such a presence, I shall be rewarded.

12. His name is Maple-wood Fire, and his terms are from eight to twelve dollars a month, according to the amount of time he gives. This price is ridiculously low, but it is all that any member of the family asks ; in fact, in some parts of the country they can be hired for much less. They have connections by the name of Hickory, whose terms are higher ; but I cannot find out that they are any more satisfactory. There are also some distant relations, named Chestnut and Pine, who can be employed in the same way, at a much lower rate ; but they are all snappish and uncertain in temper.

13. To the whole world I commend the good brotherhood of Maple, and pass on the emphatic endorsement of a worthy old black woman who came to my room the other day, and, standing before the rollicking blaze on my hearth, said, " Bless yer, honey, yer's got a wood-fire. I'se allers said that if yer's got a wood-fire, yer's got meat, an' drink, an' clo'es."

HELEN HUNT.





LESSON XLVII.

THE ANGELUS.

1. THE bell, at the appointed hour, gives the signal ; and upon it every occupation, be it of study or recreation, is suspended. The solitary student in his cell puts down his pen, and turns to his little domestic memorials of piety, picture, or crucifix, and joins his absent brethren in prayer.

2. The professor pauses in his lecture, and, kneeling at the head of his class, leads the way to their responses. The little knot engaged in cheerful talk or learned disputation drop their mirth or their cunning instruments of fence, and contend more pleasantly in the verses of that angelic prayer. Nay, even the sport and play of youth and childhood are interrupted, to give a few moments to more serious thoughts.

3. Well might the Angelus bell have inscribed upon it, "At evening, morn, and noon I will call out, and give the angelic annunciation." For this is truly the order of the ecclesiastical day ; and in southern countries of more Catholic atmosphere, of the civil. With first vespers comes in the festival ; and the *Ave Maria*, with its clattering peal, rings in the new day. We own we like it. We love not the old day to slip away from us, and the new one to steal in, "like a thief in the night," upon our unconscious being, at the hour when ghosts walk, and when nature, abroad and within us, most awfully personates death.

4. We like the day to die even as a good Christian would wish, with a heaven of mild splendor



above, enriched in hues as its close approaches ; with golden visions and loved shapes, however fantastically, floating in clouds around ; with whispered prayer, and a cheering passing bell, and the comfort that, when gloom has overspread all, a new, though unseen, day has risen to the spirit ; that the vigil only has expired, that so the festival day may break. Then, when we awake once more to sense and consciousness, let the joyful peal arouse us, with the first dawn of day and reason, to commemorate that mystery which alone has made the day worth living ; and greet, with the natural, the spiritual Sun, the day-spring from on high, that rose on benighted man and chased away the darkness and the shadow of death wherein he sat.

5. Who does not see and feel the clear analogy ? And who will neglect, if it be brought thus to his memory, to shield himself behind the ample measure of this grace, against "the arrow flying in the day," in its sharp and well-aimed temptations ? At these eventful periods will the Angelus bell call out to us aloud, and make the joyful Annunciation, speaking in angel's words and angel's tones, to the gladsome, to the anxious, and to the weary heart—gladsome at morn, anxious at noon, weary at eve.

6. Truly, it was a heavenly thought that suggested the appointment of both time and thing. For what can chime so well with the first of those feelings and its season as the glorious news that "the Lord's angel" hath brought to earth such tidings as his ? What can suit the second better than to speak resignation in Mary's words : "Behold thy servant, or handmaid" ; "Be it done unto me according to thy word ?" What can refresh



the third, and cast forward bright rays into the gloom of approaching night, more than the thought that God's own Eternal Word dwelleth ever amongst us, our comforter and help?

CARDINAL WISEMAN.

LESSON XLVIII.

THE BRIDAL OF MALAHIDE.

1. THE joy-bells are ringing in gay Malahide,
The fresh wind is singing along the sea-side ;
The maids are assembling with garlands of flowers,
And the harp-strings are trembling in all the glad
bowers.
2. Swell, swell the gay measure ! Roll trumpet and
drum !
'Mid greetings of pleasure in splendor they come !
The chancel is ready, the portal stands wide,
For the lord and the lady, the bridegroom and
bride.
3. Before the high altar young Maud stands ar-
rayed ;
With accents that falter her promise is made-
From father and mother forever to part,
For him and no other to treasure her heart.
4. The words are repeated, the bridal is done,
The rite is completed—the two, they are one ;
The vow—it is spoken all pure from the heart—
That must not be broken till life shall depart.



5. Hark ! 'mid the gay clangor that compassed their
car

Loud accents in anger come mingling afar !
The foe's on the border ! His weapons resound
Where the lines in disorder unguarded are found !

6. As wakes the good shepherd, the watchful and
bold,

When the ounce or the leopard is seen in the fold,
So rises already the chief in his mail,
While the new-married lady looks fainting and pale.

7. " Son, husband, and brother, arise to the strife,
For sister and mother, for children and wife !
O'er hill and o'er hollow, o'er mountain and plain,
Up, true men, and follow ! Let dastards remain ! "

8. Farrah ! to the battle ! They form into line ;
The shields, how they rattle ! The spears, how they
shine !

Soon, soon shall the foeman his treachery rue ;
On, burgher and yeoman ! to die or to do ' .

9. The eve is declining in lone Malahide ;
The maidens are twining gay wreaths for the bride ;
She marks them unheeding—her heart is afar,
Where the clansmen are bleeding for her in the war.

10. Hark ! loud from the mountain—'tis victory's
cry !

O'er woodland and fountain it rings to the sky !
The foe has retreated ! He flees to the shore !
The spoiler's defeated—the combat is o'er !



11. With foreheads unruffled the conquerors come ;
But why have they muffled the lance and the drum ?
What form do they carry aloft on his shield ?
And where does he tarry, the lord of the field ?

12. Ye saw him at morning, how gallant and gay !
In bridal adorning, the star of the day :
Now weep for the lover—his triumph is sped ;
His hope, it is over ! The chieftain is dead !

13. But, oh, for the maiden who mourns for that
chief,
With heart overladen and broken with grief !
She sinks on the meadow—in one morning-tide
A wife and a widow, a maid and a bride !

14. Ye maidens attending, forbear to condole !
Your comfort is rending the depths of her soul.
True, true, 'twas a story for ages of pride ;
He died in his glory—but, oh, he *has* died !

15. The dead-bells are tolling in sad Malahide,
The death-wail is rolling along the sea-side ;
The crowds, heavy-hearted, withdraw from the
green,
For the sun has departed that brightened the scene !
GERALD GRIFFIN.



LESSON XLIX.

THE SEA AND THE ATMOSPHERE.

1. THE atmosphere forms a spherical shell, surrounding the earth to a depth which is unknown to us, by reason of its growing tenuity, as it is released from the pressure of its own superincumbent mass. Its upper surface cannot be nearer to us than fifty, and can scarcely be more remote than five hundred, miles. It surrounds us on all sides, yet we see it not; it presses on us with a load of fifteen pounds on every square inch of surface of our bodies, or from seventy to one hundred tons on us in all, yet we do not so much as feel its weight. Softer than the finest down, more impalpable than the finest gossamer, it leaves the cobweb undisturbed, and scarcely stirs the lightest flower that feeds on the dew it supplies; yet it bears the fleets of nations on its wings around the world, and crushes the most refractory substances with its weight. When in motion, its force is sufficient to level with the earth the most stately forests and stable buildings, to raise the waters of the ocean into ridges like mountains, and dash the strongest ships to pieces like toys.

2. It warms and cools by turns the earth and the living creatures that inhabit it. It draws up vapors from the sea and land, retains them dissolved in itself or suspended in cisterns of clouds, and throws them down again as rain or dew when they are required. It bends the rays of the sun from their path to give us the aurora of the morning and twilight of evening; it disperses and refracts their



various tints to beautify the approach and the retreat of the orb of day. But for the atmosphere, sunshine would burst on us in a moment, and fail us in the twinkling of an eye, removing us in an instant from midnight darkness to the blaze of noon. We should have no twilight to soften and beautify the landscape, no clouds to shade us from the scorching heat; but the bald earth, as it revolved on its axis, would turn its tanned and weakened front to the full, unmitigated rays of the lord of day.

3. The atmosphere affords the gas which vivifies and warms our frames; it receives into itself that which has been polluted by use, and is thrown off as noxious. It feeds the flame of life exactly as it does that of the fire. It is in both cases consumed, in both cases it affords the food for consumption, and in both cases it becomes combined with charcoal, which requires it for combustion, and which removes it when combustion is over. It is the girdling, encircling air that makes the whole world kin. The carbonic acid with which substance our breathing fills the air, to-morrow seeks its way round the world. The date-trees that grow round the falls of the Nile will drink it in by their leaves; the cedars of Lebanon will take of it to add to their stature; the cocoa-nuts of Tahiti will grow rapidly upon it; and the palms and bananas of Japan will change it into flowers. The oxygen we are breathing was distilled for us some short time ago by the magnolias of the Susquehanna and the great trees that skirt the Orinoco and the Amazon; the giant rhododendrons of the Himalayas contributed to it, and the roses and myrtles of Cashmere, the cinnamon-



tree of Ceylon, and the forest, older than the Flood, that lies buried deep in the heart of Africa, far behind the Mountains of the Moon, gave it out. The rain we see descending was thawed for us out of the icebergs which have watched the polar star for ages, or it came from snows that rested on the summits of the Alps, but which the lotus lilies have soaked up from the Nile, and exhaled as vapor again into the ever-present air.

4. There are processes no less interesting going on in other parts of this magnificent field of research. Water is nature's carrier; with its currents it conveys heat away from the torrid zone and ice from the frigid; or, bottling the caloric away in the vesicles of its vapor, it first makes it impalpable, and then conveys it, by unknown paths, to the most distant parts of the earth. The materials of which the coral builds the island and the sea-conch its shell are gathered by this restless leveller from mountains, rocks, and valleys in all latitudes. Some it washes down from the Mountains of the Moon, or out of the gold-fields of Australia, or from the mines of Potosi; others from the battle-fields of Europe, or from the marble-quarries of ancient Greece and Rome. These materials, thus collected and carried over falls or down rapids, are transported from river to sea, and delivered by the obedient waters to each insect and to every plant in the ocean at the right time and temperature, in proper form and in due quantity.

5. Treating the rocks less gently, it grinds them into dust, or pounds them into sand, or rolls and rubs them until they are fashioned into pebbles, rubble, or bowlders; the sand and shingle on the



sea-shore are monuments of the abrading, triturating power of water. By water the soil has been brought down from the hills and spread out into valleys, plains, and fields for man's use. Saving the rocks on which the everlasting hills are established, everything on the surface of our planet seems to have been removed from its original foundation and lodged in its present place by water. Protean in shape, benignant in office, water, whether fresh or salt, solid, fluid, or gaseous, is marvellous in its powers. It is one of the chief agents in the manifold workshops in which and by which the earth has been made a habitation fit for man.

MAURY.

SOUL AND BODY.

Poor Soul ! the centre of my sinful earth,

Fooled by those rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay ?

Why so large cost, having so short a lease,

Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend ?

Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,

Eat up thy charge ? Is this thy body's end ?

Then, Soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,

And let that pine to aggravate thy store ;

Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross ;

Within be fed, without be rich no more :

So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,

And, death once dead, there's no more dying then.

SHAKSPEARE.



LESSON L.

JOAN OF ARC IN RHEIMS.



1. THAT was a joyous day in Rheims of old,
When peal on peal of mighty music rolled
Forth from her thronged cathedral ; while around,
A multitude, whose billows made no sound,
Chained to a hush of wonder, though elate
With victory, listened at their temple's gate.
And what was done within ? Within, the light,
Through the rich gloom of pictured windows
flowing,



Tinged with soft awfulness a stately sight—

The chivalry of France, their proud heads bowing
In martial vassalage ; while, midst that ring,
And shadowed by ancestral tombs, a king
Received his birthright's crown. For this the hymn

Swelled out like rushing waters, and the day,
With the sweet censer's misty breath, grew dim,

As through long aisles it floated o'er the array
Of arms and sweeping stoles.

2. But who, alone
And unapproached, beside the altar-stone,
With the white banner, forth, like sunshine, stream-
ing,
And the gold helm, through clouds of fragrance
gleaming,

Silent and radiant stood ? The helm was raised,
And the fair face revealed, that upward gazed,

Intensely worshipping—a still, clear face,
Youthful, but brightly solemn ! Woman's cheek
And brow were there, in deep devotion meek,

Yet glorified with inspiration's trace
On its pure paleness ; while, enthroned above,
The pictured Virgin, with her smile of love,
Seemed bending o'er her votaress.

3. That slight form !
Was that the leader through the battle-storm ?
Had the soft light in that adoring eye
Guided the warrior where the swords flashed high ?
'Twas so, even so ! and thou, the shepherd's child,
Joan, the lowly dreamer of the wild !
Never before, and never since that hour,
Hath woman, mantled with victorious power,



In the calm beauty of his silver hair,
The stately shepherd ; and the youth, whose joy
From his dark eye flashed proudly ; and the boy,
The youngest born, that ever loved her best :
“ Father ! and ye, my brothers ! ” On the breast
Of that gray sire she sank, and swiftly back,
Even in an instant, to their native track
Her free thoughts flowed.

6. She saw the pomp no more—
The plumes, the banners : to her cabin-door,
And to the fairy's fountain in the glade,
Where her young sisters by her side had played,
And to her hamlet's chapel, where it rose
Hallowing the forest unto deep repose,
Her spirit turned. The very wood-note, sung
In early spring-time by the bird which dwelt
Where o'er her father's roof the beech-leaves hung,
Was in her heart—a music heard and felt,
Winning her back to nature. She unbound
The helm of many battles from her head,
And, with her bright locks bowed to sweep the
ground,
Lifting her voice up, wept for joy, and said :
“ Bless me, my father, bless me ! And with thee
To the still cabin and the beechen-tree
Let me return ! ”

7. Oh, never did thine eye
Through the green haunts of happy infancy
Wander again, Joan ! Too much of fame
Had shed its radiance on thy peasant-name ;
And, bought alone by gifts beyond all price—
The trusting heart's repose, the paradise



Of home, with all its loves—doth fate allow
The crown of glory unto woman's brow.

MRS. HEMANS.

LESSON LI.

THE CONTEST OF THE FLOWERS.

Enter CHRISTMAS.

Christmas (*addressing the audience*). Welcome,
good friends! I'm pleased to see
How merrily you welcome me!
But, hark! what is that noise about?
Some silly girls have fallen out.
If this goes on, I'll check their folly
With this good rod of verdant holly!

*Enter, quarrelling, ROSE, LILY, FUCHSIA, DAISY, VIOLET, SWEET-
PEA, COWSLIP, and SUNFLOWER.*

All (*with great confusion*). I will! You won't!
I do! You don't!
I shall! You sha'n't! I can! You can't!
I, I, I, I will be Queen of the Garden.

Christmas. You here! I fancied you were
dead,

Or every one asleep in bed.
It is but seldom Christmas sees
So many pretty flowers as these.
What! will you quarrel, shout, and fight,
Instead of merriment, to-night?

Violet. We make you judge!

Lily. Yes, you decide
Which is most worthy to preside
As Queen of Flowers.



Christmas. Some other day :
To-night I'd rather sport and play.

All. You must decide this quarrel now.

Christmas. Well, then, I sit upon my throne ;
And now let each in gentler tone
Plead her own cause, and make it clear
What claim she has to reign next year.
Begin, Sweet-Pea !

Sweet-Pea. I come to you
Clad in my robe of red, white, blue.
My family motto is "Aspire,"
"Excelsior," and even higher ;
I am ambitious, and I own
Right gladly would I mount this throne.
Nay, I would occupy a dozen !
Don't take me for a low-bred cousin,
The garden pea—mere vegetable,
Born to be boiled and served at table
(The thought's enough to make one sicken)
In company with duck and chicken,
Or mashed up in a soup-tureen.
My name is *Sweet*, and his is *Green*.
The "Sweets" can all lift up their head,
As landed owners, born and bred.
Green Pea ! I know the way to treat him :
Make him shell out, then cook and eat him.

All. Retire, Sweet-Pea ! 'Tis plainly seen
You're too *stuck-up* to be our Queen.

Christmas. Now, Daisy !

Daisy. Christmas, hear my tale,
And sure I am it cannot fail.
I heard a man, by no means crazy,
Sing thus : "I'd choose to be a daisy."
He must have thought the daisy best,



Or why place her before the rest ?
 My claim stands thus : I roam about,
 And so I spy abuses out.
 While these adorn the gay parterre,
 My *golden eye* looks everywhere,
 Like him who set the world to rights—
 The Monarch in the “ Arabian Nights.”
 She is the worthiest to be Queen
 Whom all men love, for all have seen ;
 Therefore I am just the Queen for you.
 Good sisters, pay me homage due.

All. No ; Daisy, you are poor and mean,
 And quite unfit to be a Queen !

Christmas. Now, Fuchsia, you !

Fuchsia. A pretty pass,

When daisy-buds and such vile grass
 Presume to claim this throne of ours,
 And queen it over greenhouse flowers !
 Christmas, admire my loveliness,
 The richness of my scarlet dress.
 My gay apparel crimson hued,
 My calm, imperial attitude,
 The music of my clustered bells,
 The grace that in my presence dwells,
 Proclaim me sprung from high descent,
 With no plebeian graftings blent.

All. No ; Fuchsia, arrogance and spleen
 Make you unworthy to be Queen !

Christmas. Rose, you speak next !

Rose. Dear Christmas, I

Must own I feel a little shy.
 You know my failing is to blush ;
 Yet say I will : I'd rather crush
 My pretty scented leaves, and cast



Them playthings to the wanton blast,
Or, worse, be scorned as "out of fashion."

Christmas. For shame, Rose, you are red
with passion.

Rose. I cannot help it! Many a day
I reigned with undisputed sway;
Dear Tennyson, the other day,
Called me *Queen Rose* in that sweet lay—
His "Come into the garden, Maud."
And ere another reign by fraud,
I'll shed my leaves before the time,
And wither in my summer prime—
I will!

All. We love you, Rose, but we have seen
You are too passionate to be Queen.

Christmas. Next, Lily, let me have your
claim.

Lily. Queen Lily, Christmas, is my name;
I rise to plead, calm and serene—
My very look proclaims me Queen.
So stately stand I on my stem,
Wearing a golden diadem,
And taller by at least a head
Than any floweret in the bed.
Behold my vesture pearly white;
Its spotless radiance charms the sight.
Christmas, you love it well, I know;
'Tis just the color of your snow.
But I'll not waste more words; I see,
Dear Christmas, you have chosen me.

All. Lily, we love your peerless sheen,
But one so proud must not be Queen.

Christmas. Now, Cowslip!



Cowslip. In the days of old
The sign of sovereignty was gold.
And still, as little birds do sing,
The *sovereign* is a *golden* thing;
And I am golden. How I shine!
Besides, I make a famous wine.
And I have known occasions when
My potent wine has conquered men.
You call me Cowslip—vulgar name!
Yet even that augments my fame,
Who furnish cows with wholesome food,
And make the butter sweet and good.

All. But, Cowslip, it was said of old,
“All things that glitter are not gold!”

Christmas. Come, Violet, your turn is next;
I can't guess what will be your text.

Violet. I am a lowly flower, and yet
'Twere well you chose the Violet;
For I beyond the rest inherit
The virtue rare of modest merit.
Unseen I sit, and yet no flower
Sheds so much fragrance round her bower;
Thus should a Queen, unseen to man,
Do all the quiet good she can.

All. If you're too little to be seen,
You're far too short to be a Queen.

Christmas. Sunflower, you're last.

Sunflower. Last, but not least, I must prevail
As soon as I have told my tale.
I grow as tall as many trees,
I scarcely bend before the breeze;
Some here can hardly reach my knees.
Poor little, foolish, stuck-up things,
Dwarfs, thumbkins, pygmies, underlings!



Nay, hear me out ! As all men know,
The sun is King of Flowers below ;
If he shone not, you could not shine,
Or waft abroad your odors fine.
It needs no further arguing
To prove that he is lawful king !
Then I, good dames, his ancient flame
His wedded wife, who bear his name,
And turn to him with instinct true—
I claim to be the Queen for you.

All. No ; Sunflower, it is plainly seen
You are too flaunting to be Queen.

Christmas. You've spoken well, as I expected.
And now you wonder who's elected.
Eight arguments have made it plain
That eight sweet flowers deserve to reign.
But even in a garden-bed
There must be foot, if there is head ;
Therefore I won't, however pressed,
Place any one above the rest.
But each a *golden* crown may win
By ruling well herself within.
Thus I decide, and here decree
A Flower Republic—Liberty—
Sisterhood, and united flowers,
With loving hearts and varying powers !
From this same hour the edict dates.
And now, like the United States,
Together live in love and peace,
Flourish, bud, blossom, and increase ,
But first a fadeless chaplet twine
To grace this festival of mine.
And let us all a carol sing,
And make the lofty roof-tree ring !



LESSON LII.



THE SAHARA.

1. THE Sahara is a country of immense extent which occupies the central parts of Northern Africa. It may be likened to a vast ocean separating the negro kingdoms of equatorial Africa from the more civilized states of the north, and the numerous oases with which it is studded are like so many islands or archipelagoes of islands in the midst of the desert waste. This waste, however, though destitute of everything helpful to human life and comfort, does not always consist of barren sands. There is a vast extent of dry, stunted herbage on which the camel can pasture, and thus a passage across the desert is rendered practicable by routes which could not be traversed were the Sahara what it is often represented as being—one wide, sandy plain.

2. In the desert a route through the sand is



always chosen in preference to any other, because in the sandy tracts the springs are most likely to be found, and because the sand presents a soft, dry bed on which the traveller can repose after the fatigues of the day. It is this preference of the natives which has led Europeans to suppose that the whole of the Sahara is a sandy waste. The character of the desert is very much the reverse of this, there being hundreds of miles of hard, firm soil, and hundreds more a mixture of stony fragments and pebbles.

3. Travelling on sand, there is of course no visible road, as the fierce winds that frequently recur soon obliterate all trace of footsteps. The guides, therefore, find their way by landmarks, which they carefully renew when necessary. These are often the most trifling objects, such as a tuft of herbage, a single plant, or the summit of a swell in the soil. In places where the plain is one void and arid flat even such objects are wanting, and their place is supplied by heaps of stones or cairns piled at great distances. Sometimes the route will extend for ten or twelve days over a plain affording not a single drop of moisture.

4. Along nearly the whole length of the northern shores of the continent there extends a fertile belt of land, called by the natives the Tell, the cultivation of which yields the means of life to the populations of the coast. In the neighborhood of this fertile belt there are numerous oases extending into the interior, while others, fortunately for the purposes of commerce and civilization, exist within practicable distances across the whole desert.

5. Farther eastward, near the limits of the Sahara,



a line of oases extends from its northern to its southern boundary. Of these, the Great Oasis of Thebes is a hundred and twenty miles in length. The oases invariably lie in the lowest levels of the soil, and doubtless owe their existence to the moisture which naturally gravitates toward such positions. Most of these isolated spots, even though hundreds of miles apart, enjoy a constant supply of water, and are favorable to the cultivation of the date-palm and other fruit-trees, as well as of various kinds of vegetables.

6. The date-palm supplies a large proportion of the food of the dwellers in the desert. The tree is thirty-three years in coming to maturity, after which it will bear fruit for seventy years more, the annual crop of each tree averaging from three to four hundred pounds weight. Not only man, but all the animals of the desert, can feed on the date. The fruit is easily preserved by packing it closely in wooden bags; and when thus compressed into solid masses, it will keep for several years. Sometimes a tree is tapped for the sake of its sap, which is much relished as a beverage, and when allowed to ferment forms a drink resembling cider. A single tree will yield fourteen or fifteen quarts a day for two years, but will die if the drain be continued longer. Every part of the date-palm is turned to profitable account. The wood is used for building and every species of carpenter-work, the fibre is twisted into ropes, baskets are made of the branches, and sheep are fattened with the pounded stones of the fruit.

7. The population of the desert is necessarily scanty in comparison with its enormous area. It



consists of various tribes of two distinct nations—the Berbers, made up of descendants of ancient Libyans, the Romans, and the Vandals; and the Arabs, originally invaders, and who yet retain, in no small degree, their original characteristics. The Berbers are the settled inhabitants of the oases, where the men cultivate the ground and the women manage the manufactures. They maintain amicable relations with their nomadic brethren, to whom they are in the habit of confiding the care of such cattle as they possess, and of whose property they undertake the custody during the wanderings of the owners. The oasis generally contains a village (ksar), built of stone, and, together with the gardens, walled in. Nothing is grown but what will produce food of some kind or other, and the utmost use is made of every foot of land and drop of water.



LESSON LIII.

ST. MARTIN'S SUMMER.

1. THE gentle sound of dropping leaves
 Is soothing as a psalm,
 As down I stray through pleasant fields
 Replete with autumn balm.
2. The fine perspective, blue with haze
 (As soft as silken fleece),
 Seen through the rainbow-tinted trees,
 Is full of golden peace.



3. And, like a picture in a frame
Of scarlet leaves, I see
Saint Martin at the Amiens gate
In ancient Picardy,
4. Bestowing (with that tender grace
Which knightly faith awoke)
Upon a shivering beggar-maid
His warm and costly cloak.
5. Oh love of God ! which doth outlast
All change and all decay,
Methinks the legend of the past
Repeats itself to-day.
6. For where the woodland, bare and sere,
Flames, like a dying fire,
The shivering beggar of the year
Hath found St. Martin's tire.
7. And, with a blush upon her cheek,
Lax-limbed, as one who dozes,
She basks beside the sunny creek,
And dreams of summer roses.
8. Father ! who shedd'st so ripe a glow
O'er nature's wasted presence,
Make the late autumn of our lives
Bloom with such mellow pleasance ;
9. That when the soul's October rains
Have washed all radiance from her,
One glorious gain may still remain—
Saint Martin's golden summer !

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.



LESSON LIV.

MOTHER MARGARET MARY HALLAHAN.



1. ONE of the most remarkable figures that has entered the group of holy women who have in our days become illustrious for their virtues and good works, is Mother Hallahan. She was the foundress, in England, of a Congregation of that ancient Dominican Or-

der which, for now six centuries, has given martyrs and confessors, preachers and teachers, to the Church of God. Measured by its external results, her work, though by no means small, has not, perhaps, been marked by that startling rapidity of growth which has attended that of some other modern foundresses.

2. But Mother Hallahan was one of those rare characters whose influence is exerted more by what



they are than by what they do, and in whom the grace of God seems not so much to have superseded nature as to have perfected and brought it to its full working capacity as an instrument in His hands. Since her death, in 1868, her life has been written by her religious children, who have given in their singularly charming biography not only an admirable presentation of its subject, but also a very striking proof of the thoroughness with which the spiritual likeness of their foundress has been stamped upon her work in other souls.

3. Born in London, in the year 1803, of Irish Catholic parents, whose fortunes were not of the brightest, and who died when she was a mere child, Margaret Hallahan soon acquired the bitter knowledge gained in orphanhood and dependence. On the death of her father she had been placed in an orphanage, from which she was dismissed just after the death of her mother had left her entirely friendless—an event which occurred when Margaret was in her ninth year. Her school-life closed here, after having extended over a period of only three years, during which she had learned to read, and had been fairly grounded in her catechism.

4. From this time until the establishment of her first community, when she was upwards of forty years old, her life, for the most part, was that of a domestic servant. How well she profited by the lessons to be learned in that lowly condition, which, to a royal soul like hers, must have had very peculiar trials, her own words in after-life may go to show. "The state of servitude," she once said, "is a very holy state. It is so hidden and ignored, so full of self-sacrifice that is never considered.



God has appointed it otherwise, or else I should have chosen it in preference to any other state."

5. Twenty years of that life which was afterwards to become so fertile of good results for England were spent by Margaret in Belgium, whither she went with a Catholic family, in whose service she remained during nearly the whole of that period. During these years she became a Tertiary of the Dominican Order, and her charities and her piety, although both were unobtrusive, made her so well known to the people of Bruges that years afterwards her name was a household word with them, and the spot where she used to kneel in church was pointed out to visitors as "Margarita's sweet corner." Another anecdote, which relates that she was known in Bruges as "the rich Deba" (devout woman), shows how impossible it was for even poverty and hard labor to conceal entirely the royal generosity of her soul.

6. In 1842 she returned to England, and accepted the charge of a school for girls, under the supervision of the present Bishop of Birmingham, then Dr. Ullathorne, who was intrusted with the care of the Benedictine mission at Coventry. Her influence among both the Protestant and Catholic population of Coventry soon became very marked, and a year had hardly elapsed before the idea of starting some religious work, devoted to active charity, had occurred both to Dr. Ullathorne and to herself.

7. The first steps in this direction were taken early in 1844, when Mother Margaret and four postulants, only one of whom possessed any fortune, and that a very slender one, took up their residence in a small house in Coventry, and began a commu-



nity life, governed, as far as circumstances would then permit, by the Dominican rule of the Third Order. The usual trials of poverty and humiliations were not wanting to them, but the number of aspirants to the religious life steadily increased, and their work was so encouraging that in after-life Mother Hallahan was accustomed to say of any very successful foundation that it was "a second Coventry."

8. Nevertheless, circumstances connected with Dr. Ullathorne's elevation to the episcopacy rendered it advisable that the community should leave their first quarters, and in 1845 they removed to Clifton, where their first convent was built. From this point began the filiations which, before Mother Hallahan's death, had resulted in five conventual establishments, in which all the works of charity undertaken by the active orders were blended with the peculiarities which mark the contemplative ones. The Divine Office was regularly chanted, and the fasts and abstinences commanded by Holy Church supplemented by the austerities which, in many modern orders, have been wholly or in part abandoned.

9. No brief sketch could give an adequate idea of the peculiar qualities of this soul, at once so great and so simple as to baffle any attempt at portraiture which should be less than full length. In his preface to her life, to which we have referred, Bishop Ullathorne, her spiritual guide for six-and-twenty years, describes her thus :

10. "Mother Margaret had the gift of infusing her spirit into her disciples ; she could impart to them not merely of her light, but of her life and



character. The amount and force of spiritual vitality in a soul is tested by this power of communicability to other souls. To any great degree this communicability is a rare gift. Minds illuminate one another far more easily than souls enkindle one another, and it is easier to transmit light than life.

11. "Rare as suns are those souls which seem to act on other souls like a sacramental power, shedding the rays of their own inward sense of God and vital warmth of spirit into the souls that come within the sphere of their action. Here, then, we come to understand the greatness of this soul, that was so ardent, vigorous, expansive, and diffusive. Not that she diffused her *self*, but the enlightening, warming, and invigorating grace that was within her, whereby she opened souls to her influence as the sun opens the blossoms into flowers; and not only did other souls open themselves, but they bowed themselves to the force of her superior spirit.

12. "Who can read the history of this orphan child, and not admire in it the way of God's goodness, who raises up the poor from the dust to sit with the princes of His people? Her Heavenly Father led her by the light of His presence through many tribulations, all of which contributed to the discipline of her heart. The sense of God's presence was her guiding-star from infancy. She is a lonely girl, not having the thoughts of other girls; and a lonely woman, not having the sentiments of other women.

13. "Writing a manifestation of her secular life, she says; 'I never had any companions but books;



these were enough for me.' As she is entering into womanhood, the ways of the world and the thoughts embodied in its literature attract her attention and awaken her interest, but God preserves her from its corruption; and, making a sacrifice forever of her intellectual curiosity, she enters upon the path of the saints, studies their science, and puts it into practice. In a long course of domestic service, which subdues without extinguishing her spirit of fire, whilst it gains her much experience in many ways, notwithstanding the humbleness of her position, she never fails to become an influence. 'I never sought to govern any one,' she writes in that manifestation of her life, 'but all my life it has come to me, so that I have never known real subjection.'

14. "Yet, whilst looked up to by all around her, this poor girl is exercising a most severe control on her senses, and, through protracted exercises, is subjugating her spirit to God's direction. For God Himself trains her with His grace and light, and through the discipline of suffering; and He sends her a severe but wise director to teach her the use of His inspirations. She longs to do something for God, and for many years this longing tries her patience; for she knows not what that something is to be, nor can any one tell her.

15. "In that manifestation repeatedly quoted she says: 'When I went to Belgium, God, in His mercy, sent me a guide for twenty years, to whom I feel indebted for my salvation. It was hard work with nature to keep with him, but I did; and I bless God a thousand times that I did. I had all this time a desire to be a religious, but he would



never hear of my going into religion in Belgium. He used to say very often in confession he did not see his way with me. He thought God called me to do something for His glory, but he could not say what. This made me frequently laugh in my own mind; for I used to wonder what I could do, a poor, helpless, friendless girl, without health or means, but the wish to serve God with all my heart. He kept me eight years, trying me, before he let me enter the Third Order.'

16. "And now behold this lonely and poor woman, made ripe in spiritual wisdom and in human experience, returning a stranger and unknown to the land of her birth. Yet God has already prepared a way for her, and she begins a spiritual work, which slowly rises under her hands from humble beginnings into the highest character, and surrounds itself with numerous institutions of mercy and charity. Foundress of a Congregation of the ancient Dominican Order, she trained a hundred religious women, founded five convents, built three churches, established a hospital for incurables, three orphanages, schools for all classes, including a number for the poor, and, what is more, left her own spirit in its full vigor to animate her children, whose work is only in its commencement."



LESSON LV.

THE BROOK.

1. I COME from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern
To bicker down a valley.
2. By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.
3. Till last by Philip's farm I flow .
To join the brimming river ;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.
4. I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.
5. With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.
6. I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river ;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.



7. I wind about, and in and out,
 With here a blossom sailing,
 And here and there a lusty trout,
 And here and there a grayling,
8. And here and there a foamy flake
 Upon me, as I travel
 With many a silvery waterbreak
 Above the golden gravel,
9. And draw them all along, and flow
 To join the brimming river,
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on forever.
10. I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
 I slide by hazel covers ;
 I move the sweet forget-me-nots
 That grow for happy lovers.
11. I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
 Among my skimming swallows ;
 I make the netted sunbeam dance
 Against my sandy shallows.
12. I murmur under moon and stars
 In brambly wildernesses ;
 I linger by my shingly bars ;
 I loiter round my cresses ;
13. And out again I curve and flow
 To join the brimming river,
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on forever.

ALFRED TENNYSON.



LESSON LVI.

A SISTER PLEADING FOR THE LIFE OF A CONDEMNED BROTHER.

Isabella. I am a woful suitor to your honor,
Please but your honor hear me.

Angelo. Well ; what's your suit ?

Isab. There is a vice that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice ;
For which I would not plead, but that I must.

Ang. Well ; the matter ?

Isab. I have a brother is condemned to die :
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it ?
Why, every fault's condemned ere it be done :
Mine were the very cipher of a function,
To fine the faults whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.

Isab. Oh just but severe law !
I *had* a brother, then. Must he needs die ?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Isab. Yes ; I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither Heaven nor man grieve at the mercy.

Ang. I will not do't.

Isab. But can you, if you would ?

Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

Isab. But might you do't, and do the world no
wrong,

If so your heart were touched with that remorse
As mine is to him ?

Ang. He's sentenced ; 'tis too late.



Isab. Too late! Why, no; I, that do speak a word,

May call it back again. Well, believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Becomes them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does. If he had been as you,
And you as he, you would have slept like him;
But he, like you, would not have been so stern.

Ang. Pray you, be gone.

Isab. I would to Heaven I had your potency,
And you were Isabel! Should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.

Isab. Alas! alas!

Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once;
And He that might the vantage best have took
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? Oh, think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.

Ang. Be you content, fair maid;
It is the law, not I condemn your brother:
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him: he must die to-morrow.

Isab. To-morrow? Oh, that's sudden. Spare him,
spare him!

Good, good my lord, bethink you;
Who is it that hath died for this offence?
There's many have committed it.



Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept :

Those many had not dared to do that evil,
If the first that did the edict infringe
Had answered for his deed : now 'tis awake,
Takes note of what is done ; and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass, that shows what future evils,
Either new, or by remissness new-conceived,
And so in progress to be hatched and born,
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But, ere they live, to end.

Isab. Yet show some pity.

Ang. I show it most of all when I show justice ;
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismissed offence would after gall ;
And do him right that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied ;
Your brother dies to-morrow ; be content.

Isab. So you must be the first that gives this sentence,

And he, that suffers. Oh, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength ; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant. Merciful Heaven,
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak
Than the soft myrtle : but man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven
As make the angels weep.

We cannot weigh our brother with ourself :
Great men may jest with saints ; 'tis wit in them,
But in the less, foul profanation.
That in the captain's but a choleric word,



Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?

Isab. Because authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' the top. Go to your bosom ;
Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault : if it confess
A natural guiltiness such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

Ang. She speaks, and 'tis such sense,
That my sense breeds with it. Fare you well.

Isab. Gentle my lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me : come again to-morrow.

Isab. Hark how I'll bribe you : good my lord,
turn back.

Ang. How ! bribe me ?

Isab. Ay, with such gifts that Heaven shall share
with you.

Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,
Or stones whose rates are either rich or poor
As fancy values them ; but with true prayers
That shall be up at Heaven and enter there
Ere sunrise, prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

Ang. Well ; come to me to-morrow.

Isab. Heaven keep your honor safe.

SHAKSPEARE.



LESSON LVII.

MOTHER CATHERINE SPALDING.

1. CATHERINE SPALDING, the first Mother-Superior of the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth, Kentucky, was born on the 23d of December, 1793, in Charles County, Maryland. Her parents were among the early Catholic settlers in Kentucky, where they died when she was but four years old. Though an orphan, she was not left without a home. Her uncle, Mr. Thomas Elder, the grandfather of the present Bishop of Natchez, received her into his family, and brought her up as one of his own children.

2. Father Badin was, at this time, the only priest in Kentucky, and, as the Catholics were scattered over the State and there were no roads, he but rarely saw the different portions of his spiritual flock, and his visits were brief. But the family of Mr. Elder was itself a sanctuary of religion, and here the young orphan, though unable to receive the sacraments, or to assist at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, or to hear the word of God announced by the sacred lips of the priest, was nevertheless brought up to know and love God, and to serve Him by the practice of all Christian virtues. Night and morning all the members of this truly Catholic household united in prayer, sanctifying the beginning and the end of each day; and on Sundays, as there was no church and no priest, family worship was held, accompanied by reading from books of devotion or the Lives of the Saints.

3. Bishop Flaget first arrived in Kentucky in



1811, and in the same year opened the seminary at St. Thomas, near Bardstown. Having in this manner made provision for supplying his diocese with priests, he next turned his thoughts to the founding of a community of religious women who would be capable of giving instruction to children. There was no hope of getting Sisters from France, since the convents had been closed by the Revolution ; nor was any assistance to be expected from other parts of the United States. Indeed, there were at this time but two or three houses of religious women in the whole country.

4. Mother Seton had founded a convent of the Sisters of Charity at Emmitsburg in 1809, just a year previous to Bishop Flaget's consecration ; but help was not to be looked for from her little community. The Carmelite Nuns, who had established themselves in the lower counties of Maryland in 1790, were unable to overcome the difficulties of their position, and were finally compelled to remove to Baltimore.

5. Nothing, then, was to be done except to create a new religious order ; and this seemed to be an almost hopeless undertaking. But to the believing nothing is impossible, and God opens a way for those who, putting their trust in Him, are not afraid. When the bishop's desire to found a religious community was made known, two pious women of mature age declared their willingness to consecrate their lives to God, and on the first day of December, 1812, under the direction of Father David, they took possession of a log cabin near the Church of St. Thomas. There was but one room in their convent, with a kind of loft, which served



as a dormitory. They began their work by making clothes for the seminarians. Two months later Catherine Spalding, who was just nineteen years old, became a member of the little community. On the day on which she entered, Father David read to them the provisional rules which he had drawn up, prescribing the order of the day and the religious exercises. They lived in the greatest poverty, having none of the comforts of life, but kept brave hearts and bore their privations with joy. In June Father David organized the community, which now had six members.

6. Catherine Spalding was elected to the office of mother-superior. For two years they observed the provisional regulations of Father David, when it was finally decided that they should adopt the rules of the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent of Paul, which, with some modifications, had just been adopted by the Sisters at Emmittsburg. Mother Catherine, with her companions, now took up, with new courage and greater confidence, her life-work. They manufactured cloth and made their own uniforms, and in 1814, with the aid of the seminarians, added another log-house to their convent, in which they began a school for girls. The next year they opened a boarding-school, and in 1818 erected a brick building, with capacity for fifty boarders.

7. A few months later they established a day-school in Bardstown, and the following year founded a house in Southern Kentucky. The privations and hardships which the Sisters suffered in these early years of the existence of the community would frighten even strong hearts in our day.



Besides teaching and performing the special duties of their vocation, they were forced to work in the fields, to plant corn, to reap and gather in the harvest, to cut their wood, to make the clothing which they wore, to feed the cattle—in a word, whatever was to be done their own hands wrought ; and yet, in spite of all this, they found peace and contentment in this life of sacrifice, and the thought of it did not keep others out of the convent.

8. There was no lack of vocations, and in 1822 the Sisters bought a farm in the neighborhood of Bardstown, on which they established the mother-house of the order, which was called Nazareth. And here they also opened an academy, which soon grew to be the most popular school in Kentucky, and in which many of the best Catholic, and even Protestant, women of that state and of the South have been educated. In 1823 Mother Catherine opened an academy in Scott County, where a considerable number of Catholics had settled.

9. The rules of the community limited the term of office of the mother-superior to three years ; and when the same person had been chosen twice consecutively she became ineligible for the next term ; and therefore Mother Catherine, after having been superior for six years, retired from office, and was made mistress of novices. But in 1825 she was again chosen mother-superior, and held this position until July, 1831. At the expiration of her second term of office she went to Louisville, and opened there the first Catholic school. It was at this time that she founded the St. Vincent's Orphan



Asylum. Word was brought to her one day that two children, whose parents had died of cholera on the way from New Orleans to Louisville, had been put off the steamboat and left on the wharf without a friend in the world. Mother Catherine at once took charge of them, and, her attention being thus called to the helpless condition of the orphans of that city, she set to work to establish an asylum for them. She met with warm sympathy from the Catholics of Louisville, and in 1833 the Saint Vincent's Orphan Asylum, which has saved hundreds of children from misery and ruin, was opened.

10. From this time the care of the orphans became the favorite work of Mother Catherine's life. She was chosen superior of the community of Nazareth eight times, and at the expiration of each term of office returned to her "dear little orphans." She knew how to make friends for them everywhere, both among Protestants and Catholics; so that her asylum soon grew to be dear to all. There was a peculiar tenderness in her devotion to the orphans, which came no doubt in part from the thought of her own early life, and of the goodness of God in raising up for her friends when she had lost father and mother.

11. She was never happier than when surrounded by these little ones of Christ, ministering to them, encouraging them, consoling them, and lifting their young hearts up to God. She was in the midst of these labors when she heard the call to appear before the Father of the orphan to receive the crown of immortal life. In the winter of 1858, in one of her visits of mercy to relieve the poor, she caught a cold, which brought on the illness of which she



died. Though her sufferings were very great, she bore them without complaint; and when she saw that her end was near, having received the last sacraments, she called the Sisters to her bedside, and begged their pardon for any want of charity that she might have been guilty of; and then, at her urgent request, she was placed upon the floor, and there breathed out her spirit into the keeping of God's angels.

12. Beside her, in her last agony, bowed in grief, there knelt two children of her love, whom, thirty years before, she had found little waifs by the river-side, and whose helpless condition had inspired her to found the orphan asylum.

13. Mother Catherine, though simple and unpretending as a child, had a superior mind, united to great firmness and decision of character. Her good sense and sound judgment were as remarkable as the beauty and purity of her life. She had the secret of giving to others her own confidence and enthusiasm, making them feel that what she undertook could not fail. But, above all, she was a true Sister of Charity, devoting her life to the alleviation of human misery with a love which only Jesus, the God of the poor, can inspire.

14. At her death the little community which had its birth, forty-five years before, in the log-cabin of the backwoods, had established convents, schools, and asylums in many parts of Kentucky. The buildings at Nazareth were among the most magnificent in the country, and in the Academy there more than two hundred young ladies were being trained in the knowledge and practice of all that most becomes the Christian woman.



LESSON LVIII.

THE LOVE OF HOME.

1. It is only shallow-minded pretenders who either make distinguished origin a matter of personal merit, or obscure origin a matter of personal reproach. Taunt and scoffing at the humble condition of early life affect nobody in America but those who are foolish enough to indulge in them, and they are generally sufficiently punished by public rebuke. A man who is not ashamed of himself need not be ashamed of his early condition.

2. It did not happen to me to be born in a log-cabin ; but my elder brothers and sisters were born in a log-cabin, raised among the snow-drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney, and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada.

3. Its remains still exist ; I make it an annual visit. I carry my children to it, to teach them the hardships endured by the generations which have gone before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections, and the touching narratives and incidents which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode.

4. I weep to think that none of those who inhabited it are now among the living ; and if ever I am ashamed of it, or if ever I fail in affectionate veneration for him who reared it and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all the domestic virtues beneath its roof, and, through the

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fire and blood of a seven years' revolutionary war, shrank from no danger, no toil, no sacrifice, to serve his country and to raise his children to a condition better than his own, may my name and the name of my posterity be blotted forever from the memory of mankind !

DANIEL WEBSTER.

LESSON LIX.

SUMMER WIND.

1. It is a sultry day ; the sun has drunk
The dew that lay upon the morning grass ;
There is no rustling in the lofty elm
That canopies my dwelling, and its shade
Scarce cools me. All is silent, save the faint
And interrupted murmur of the bee,
Settling on the sick flowers, and then again
Instantly on the wing. The plants around
Feel the too potent fervors ; the tall maize
Rolls up its long green leaves ; the clover drops
Its tender foliage, and declines its blooms.
But far, in the fierce sunshine, tower the hills,
With all their growth of woods, silent and stern,
As if the scorching heat and dazzling light
Were but an element they loved. Bright clouds,
Motionless pillars of the brazen heaven—
Their bases on the mountains, their white tops
Shining in the far ether—fire the air
With a reflected radiance, and make turn
The gazer's eye away.

2. For me, I lie
Languidly in the shade, where the thick turf,
Yet virgin from the kisses of the sun,
Retains some freshness, and I woo the wind
That still delays its coming. Why so slow,
Gentle and voluble spirit of the air?
Oh, come, and breathe upon the fainting earth
Coolness and life. Is it that in his caves
He hears me? See, on yonder woody ridge
The pine is bending his proud top, and now,
Among the nearer groves, chestnut and oak
Are tossing their green boughs about. He comes!
Lo, where the grassy meadow runs in waves!
The deep, distressful silence of the scene
Breaks up with mingling of unnumbered sounds
And universal motion.

3. He is come,
Shaking a shower of blossoms from the shrubs,
And bearing on their fragrance ; and he brings
Music of birds and rustling of young boughs,
And sound of swaying branches, and the voice
Of distant waterfalls. All the green herbs
Are stirring in his breath ; a thousand flowers,
By the roadside and the borders of the brook,
Nod gayly to each other ; glossy leaves
Are twinkling in the sun, as if the dew
Were on them yet ; and silver waters break
Into small waves, and sparkle as he comes.

BRYANT.



LESSON LX.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

1. LOVE being the supreme act of the soul and the chief potency of man, what we owe to God is to love Him. The love of God is the virtue which crowns all the other virtues, and opens to us, in the way of transformation, the issue nearest to the end. For the peculiar quality of love is to unite those who love one another, to blend their thoughts, their desires, their sentiments, all the expressions and all the blessings of their life, and to penetrate even to the substance of the loved one, in order to cleave to it with a force as invincible as it is ardent.

2. Even when love seizes upon limited beings, it draws from them a degree of energy which enlarges man beyond himself ; what must it be when it takes possession of God ? There it finds and gives to us all that is wanting to our feeble nature ; it finds God, and it gives us God. Already resembling Him by a likeness of nature and a likeness of beauty ; already borne towards Him by the sympathy which springs from likeness, our love seizes Him and clasps Him in an ecstasy which will afterwards become complete in the midst of vision, but which, here below, is a prelude of the eternal embrace in which our life will be consummated.

3. Having reached here the height of the mystery, I am like a man who has been climbing a steep and high mountain, and who, at last standing upon a solitary rock, sees at his feet the road he has tra-



velled over and the abyss which surrounds him on all sides. My head turns ; I ask myself if what I have said to you is not a dream of my thought ; if virtue exists upon earth ; if the heart of man is really capable of the prudence which embraces the interests of mankind ; of the justice which renders to each what is due to him in the order of sensible good and of the good of the soul ; of the temperance which subjects the body to the law of the spirit ; of the force which gives even its life for right and truth.

4. I ask myself if there are men who seek God as the term of their passing existence, as the certain principle of their happiness and perfection. I ask, above all, if there are men who love God. I do not say as we love men, but as we love the most lowly creatures—a horse, a dog, the air, water, light, and heat. I ask myself these things—myself first, and then you—and I wait for my answer and yours with the terror which must decide my life.

5. I hear bold voices which tell me that virtue is but a name. I hear from one end of history to the other the protestation of sceptics, the sarcasm of egotists, the laughter of debauchees, the joy of fortunes acquired by the sweat and blood of others, the plaintive cry of hearts which hope no longer ; and alone, from the heights of these reasonings which have led me to the idea of the true, the good, the just, the holy, steadfastly regarding what I call my soul and what I again call God, I await an answer which will cast me down or confirm me forever. Who will speak it to me ? I will give this answer to you : You seek the just, the strong, the



holy man—the man who loves God. I know him, and I will tell you his name.

6. Eighteen hundred years ago Nero reigned in the world. Inheritor of the crimes which had preceded him upon the throne, he resolved to surpass them, and thereby to make for himself, in the memory of Rome, a name which none of his successors should be able to equal. He did this. One day a man was brought to him in his palace who was laden with chains, and whom he desired to see.

7. This man was a foreigner. Rome had not nurtured him, and Greece ignored his cradle. Nevertheless, interrogated by the emperor, he answered like a Roman, but like a Roman of another race than that of Fabius and Scipio; with graver liberty, higher simplicity, something open and yet profound, which astonished Cæsar. On hearing him the courtiers spoke softly, and the ruins of the orator's tribune moved in the silence of the Forum.

8. Since then the chains of that man are broken; he has passed through the world. Athens received him, and convoked the remains of the Porch and the Academy to meet him; Egypt saw him pass before its temples, disdaining to consult their wisdom; the East knew him, and all the seas have borne him. He came to sit upon the strand of Armorica, after having wandered in the forests of Gaul; and the shores of Great Britain welcomed him as an expected guest.

9. When the ships of the West, weary of the barriers of the Atlantic, opened out new roads toward new worlds, he was there as soon as they, as if no land, no stream, no mountain, no desert, should escape from the ardor of his course and the power



of his speech ; for he spoke, and the same liberty which he displayed before the enslaved Capitol he manifested in face of the whole world.

10. Traveller also to the mystery of life, I have met this man. He bore upon his brow the scars of martyrdom ; but neither the blood shed nor the course of ages had taken from him youth of body and virginity of soul. I saw him ; I loved him. He spoke to me of virtue, and I believed in his *own*. He spoke to me of God, and I believed in his *word*. His spirit brought to me light, peace, affection, honor, and that foretaste of immortality which detached me from myself ; and, in fine, I knew in loving that man that we can love God, and that he was indeed loved. I offered my hand to my benefactor, and I asked his name. He answered me, as he had answered Cæsar : “ I am a Christian ! ”

LACORDAIRE.

LESSON LXI.

AVE.

1. MOTHER of the Fair Delight,
Thou handmaid perfect in God's sight,
Now sitting fourth beside the Three,
Thyself a woman-Trinity—
Being a daughter born to God,
Mother of Christ from stall to rood,
And spouse unto the Holy Ghost—
Oh, when our need is uttermost,
Think that to such as death may strike
Thou once wert sister sisterlike !



Thou headstone of humanity,
Groundstone of the great Mystery,
Fashioned like us, yet more than we !

2. Ah ! knew'st thou of the end when first
That Babe was on thy bosom nursed ?
Or when He tottered round thy knee,
Did thy great sorrow dawn on thee ?
And through His boyhood, year by year
Eating with Him the Passover,
Didst thou discern confusedly
That holier sacrament, when He,
The bitter cup about to quaff,
Should break the bread and eat thereof ?
Or came not yet the knowledge, even
Till on some day, forecast in heaven,
His feet passed through thy door to press
Upon His Father's business ?
Or still was God's high secret kept ?
3. Nay, but I think the whisper crept
Like growth through childhood. Work and
play,
Things common to the course of day,
Awed thee with meanings unfulfilled ;
And all through girlhood something stilled
Thy senses like the birth of light
When thou hast trimmed thy lamp at night
Or washed thy garments in the stream ;
To whose white bed had come the dream
That He was thine and thou wast His
Who feeds among the field-lilies.
Oh solemn shadow of the end,
In that wise spirit long contained !



Oh awful end ! and those unsaid
Long years when It was finishèd.

4. Mindst thou not (when the twilight gone
Left darkness in the house of John)
Between the naked window-bars
That spacious vigil of the stars ?
For thou, a watcher even as they,
Wouldst rise from where throughout the day
Thou wroughtest raiment for His poor ;
And, finding the fixed terms endure
Of day and night which never brought
Sounds of His coming chariot,
Wouldst lift through cloud-waste unexplored
Those eyes which said, ' How long, oh Lord ? '
Then that disciple whom He loved,
Well heeding, haply would be moved
To ask thy blessing in His name ;
And that one thought in both, the same
Though silent, then would clasp ye round
To weep together—tears long bound,
Sick tears of patience, dumb and slow.
Yet ' Surely I come quickly '—so
He said, from life and death gone home.
Amen : even so, Lord Jesus, come !
5. But, oh ! what human tongue can speak
That day when death was sent to break
From the tir'd spirit, like a veil,
Its covenant with Gabriel,
Endured at length unto the end ?
What human thought can comprehend
That mystery of motherhood
When thy Beloved at length renewed



The sweet communion severèd—
His left hand underneath thine head,
And His right hand embracing thee?
Lo! He was thine, and this is He!

6. Soul, is it Faith, or Love, or Hope
That lets me see her standing up
Where the light of the Throne is bright?
Unto the left, unto the right,
The cherubim, arrayed, conjoint,
Float inward to a golden point,
And from between the seraphim
The glory issues like a hymn.
Oh, Mary Mother, be not loath
To listen—thou whom the stars clothe,
Who seest and may'st not be seen!
Hear us at last, oh Mary Queen!
Into our shadow bend thy face,
Bowing thee from the secret place,
Oh, Mary Virgin, full of grace!
- DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

LESSON LXII.

THINGS AS THEY ARE.

1. OUR fellow-mortals, every one, must be accepted as they are; you can neither straighten their noses, nor brighten their wit, nor rectify their dispositions; and it is these people—among whom your life is passed—that it is needful you should tolerate, pity, and love; it is these more or less ugly, stupid, inconsistent people whose movements of goodness



you should be able to admire, for whom you should cherish all possible hopes, all possible patience. And I would not, even if I had the choice, be the clever novelist who could create a world so much better than this, in which we get up in the morning to do our daily work, that you would be likely to turn a harder, colder eye on the dusty streets and the common green fields—on the real breathing men and women, who can be chilled by your indifference or injured by your prejudice; who can be cheered and helped onward by your fellow-feeling, your forbearance, your outspoken, brave justice.

2. So I am content to tell my simple story without trying to make things seem better than they were; dreading nothing, indeed, but falsity, which, in spite of one's best efforts, there is reason to dread. Falsehood is so easy, truth so difficult. The pencil is conscious of a delightful facility in drawing a griffin—the longer the claws and the larger the wings, the better; but that marvellous facility, which we mistook for genius, is apt to forsake us when we want to draw a real, unexaggerated lion. Examine your words well, and you will find that, even when you have no motive to be false, it is a very hard thing to say the exact truth, even about your own immediate feelings—much harder than to say something fine about them which is *not* the exact truth.

3. It is for this rare, precious quality of truthfulness that I delight in many Dutch paintings, which lofty-minded people despise. I find a source of delicious sympathy in these faithful pictures of a monotonous, homely existence, which has been the



fate of so many more among my fellow-mortals than a life of pomp or of absolute indigence, of tragic suffering or of world-stirring actions. I turn without shrinking from cloud-borne angels, from prophets, sibyls, and heroic warriors, to an old woman bending over her flower-pot or eating her solitary dinner, while the noonday light, softened, perhaps, by a screen of leaves, falls on her mob-cap, and just touches the rim of her spinning-wheel and her stone jug, and all those cheap, common things which are the precious necessities of life to her.

4. Or I turn to that village wedding, kept between four brown walls, where an awkward bridegroom opens the dance with a high-shouldered, broad-faced bride, while elderly and middle-aged friends look on with very irregular noses and lips, and probably with quart pots in their hands, but with an expression of unmistakable contentment and good-will. "Foh!" says my idealistic friend, "what vulgar details! What good is there in taking all these pains to give an exact likeness of old women and clowns? What a low phase of life! What clumsy, ugly people!"

5. But may not things be lovable that are not altogether handsome? I have a friend or two whose class of features is such that the Apollo curl on the summit of their brows would be decidedly trying; yet, to my certain knowledge, tender hearts have beaten for them, and their miniatures—flattering, but still not lovely—are kissed in secret by motherly lips. I have seen many an excellent matron who could never in her best days have been handsome, and yet she had a packet of yellow love-



letters in a private drawer, and sweet children showered kisses on her sallow cheeks. And I believe there have been plenty of young heroes, of middle stature and feeble beards, who have felt sure they could never love anything more insignificant than a Diana, and yet have found themselves in middle life happily settled with a wife who waddles. Yes, thank God! human feeling is like the mighty rivers that bless the earth: it does not wait for beauty—it flows with resistless force, and brings beauty with it.

6. All honor and reverence to the sacred beauty of form! Let us cultivate it to the utmost in men, women, and children—in our gardens and in our houses; but let us love that other beauty too which lies in no secret of proportion, but in the secret of deep human sympathy. Paint us an angel, if you can, with a floating violet robe and a face paled by the celestial light; paint us yet oftener a Madonna, turning her mild face upward, and opening her arms to welcome the divine glory; but do not impose on us any æsthetic rules which shall banish from the region of art those old women scraping carrots with their work-worn hands; those heavy clowns taking holiday in a dingy pot-house; those rounded backs and stupid, weather-beaten faces that have bent over the spade and done the rough work of the world; those homes, with their tin pans, their brown pitchers, their rough curs, and their clusters of onions.

7. In this world there are so many of these common, coarse people who have no picturesque, sentimental wretchedness! It is so needful we should remember their existence, else we may happen to

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leave them quite out of our religion and philosophy, and frame lofty theories which only fit a world of extremes. Therefore let art always remind us of them ; therefore let us always have men ready to give the loving pains of a life to the faithful representing of commonplace things—men who see beauty in these commonplace things, and delight in showing how kindly the light of heaven falls on them. There are few prophets in the world—few sublimely beautiful women—few heroes. I can't afford to give all my love and reverence to such rarities ; I want a great deal of those feelings for my every-day fellow-men, especially for the few in the foreground of the great multitude, whose faces I know, whose hands I touch, for whom I have to make way with kindly courtesy.

GEORGE ELIOT.

LESSON LXIII.

THE FEAST OF THE NATIVITY.

1. PRIMEVAL night had repossessed
Her empire in the fields of space ;
Calm lay the kine on earth's dark breast ;
The earth lay calm in heaven's embrace.
2. That hour, where shepherds kept their flocks,
From God a glory sudden fell ;
The splendor smote the trees and rocks,
And lay, like dew, along the dell.
3. God's angel close beside them stood :
"Fear naught," that angel said, and then,



“ Behold I bring you tidings good :
The Saviour, Christ, is born to men.”

4. And straightway round him myriads sang
Loud song, again, and yet again,
Till all the hollow valley rang,
“ Glory to God, and peace to men.”
5. The shepherds went, and, wondering, eyed
In Bethlehem born the heavenly stranger :
Mary and Joseph knelt beside ;
The Babe was cradled in the manger.
6. Thus in the violet-scented grove,
The May breeze murmuring softly by them,
The children sang. Who Mary love
The long year through have Christmas nigh
them !

AUBREY DE VERE.

LESSON LXIV.

LOVE FOR THE CHURCH.

1. GOD, in establishing His Church from the foundation of the world, in giving His life on the cross for her, in abiding always with her, in her tabernacles, unto the consummation of the world, in adorning her as a Bride with all the graces of the Holy Spirit, in denominating her His Beloved, His Spouse, has taught us how He regards her, how deep and tender, how infinite and inexhaustible, His love for her, and with what love and honor we



should behold her. He loves us with an infinite love, and has died to redeem us ; but He loves us, and wills our salvation, only in and through His Church. He would bring us to Himself, and He never ceases as a lover to woo our love ; but He wills us to love, and reverence, and adore Him only as children of His Beloved. Our love and reverence must redound to her glory as His Spouse, and gladden her maternal heart, and swell her maternal joy, or He wills them not, knows them not.

2. Oh, it is frightful to forget the place the Church holds in the love and providence of God, and to regard the relation in which we stand to her as a matter of no moment ! She is the one grand object on which are fixed all heaven, all earth, ay, and all hell. Behold her impersonation in the Blessed Virgin, the Holy Mother of God, the glorious Queen of Heaven. Humble and obscure she lived, poor and silent, yet all heaven turned their eyes toward her ; all hell trembled before her ; all earth needed her. Dear was she to all the hosts of heaven ; for in her they beheld their Queen, the Mother of grace, the Mother of mercies, the channel through which all love, and mercies, and graces, and good things were to flow to man, and return to the glory and honor of their Father.

3. Humblest of mortal maidens, lowliest on earth, under God, she was highest in heaven. So is the Church, our sweet Mother.. Oh, she is no creation of the imagination ! Oh, she is no mere accident in human history, in divine providence, divine grace, in the conversion of souls ! She is a glorious, a living reality, living the divine, the eternal life of God. Her Maker is her Husband, and He places



her, after Him, over all in heaven, on the earth, and under the earth. All that He can do to adorn and exalt her He has done. All He can give He gives ; for He gives Himself, and unites her in indissoluble union with Himself. Infinite love, infinite wisdom, infinite power, can do no more.

4. All hail to thee, dear and ever-blessed Mother, thou chosen one, thou well-beloved, thou Bride adorned, thou chaste, immaculate Spouse, thou Universal Queen ! All hail to thee ! We honor thee, for God honors thee ; we love thee, for God loves thee ; we obey thee, for thou ever commandest the will of thy Lord. The passers-by may jeer thee ; the servants of the prince of this world may call thee black ; the daughters of the uncircumcised may beat thee, earth and hell rise up in wrath against thee, and seek to despoil thee of thy rich ornaments, and to sully thy fair name ; but all the more dear art thou to our hearts ; all the more deep and sincere the homage we pay thee ; and all the more earnestly do we pray thee to receive our humble offerings, and to own us for thy children, and watch over us, that we never forfeit the right to call thee our Mother.

DR. O. A. BROWNSON.

LESSON LXV.

MY GARDEN ACQUAINTANCE.

1. DR. WATTS's statement that "birds in their little nests agree," is very far from being true. On the contrary, the most peaceful relation of the different species to each other is that of armed



neutrality. They are very jealous of neighbors. A few years ago I was much interested in the house-building of a pair of summer yellow-birds. They had chosen a very pretty site near the top of a tall white lilac, within easy eyeshot of a chamber-window. A very pleasant thing it was to see their little home growing with mutual help, to watch their industrious skill, interrupted only by little flirts and snatches of endearment, frugally cut short by the common sense of the tiny housewife. They had brought their work nearly to an end, and had already begun to line it with fern-down, the gathering of which demanded more distant journeys and longer absences.

2. But, alas! the syringa, immemorial manor of the catbirds, was not more than twenty feet away, and these "giddy neighbors" had, as it appeared, been all along jealously watchful though silent witnesses of what they deemed an intrusion of squatters. No sooner were the pretty mates fairly gone for a new load of lining than

"To their unguarded nest these weasel Scots
Came stealing."

Silently they flew back and forth, each giving a vengeful dab at the nest in passing. They did not fall to and deliberately destroy it, for they might have been caught at their mischief. As it was, whenever the yellow-birds came back, their enemies were hidden in their own sight-proof bush. Several times their unconscious victims repaired damages; but at length, after counsel taken together, they gave it up.

3. The robins, by constant attacks and annoy-



ances, have succeeded in driving off the blue-jays who used to build in our pines, their gay colors and quaint, noisy ways making them welcome and amusing neighbors. I once had the chance of doing a kindness to a household of them, which they received with very friendly condescension. I had had my eye for some time upon a nest, and was puzzled by a constant fluttering of what seemed full-grown wings in it whenever I drew nigh. At last I climbed the tree, in spite of angry protests from the old birds against my intrusion. The mystery had a very simple solution. In building the nest a long piece of packthread had been somewhat loosely woven in. Three of the young had contrived to entangle themselves in it, and had become full-grown without being able to launch themselves upon the air. One was unharmed; another had so tightly twisted the cord about its shank that one foot was curled up and seemed paralyzed; the third, in its struggles to escape, had sawn through the flesh of the thigh and so much harmed itself that I thought it humane to put an end to its misery.

4. When I took out my knife to cut their hempen bonds, the heads of the family seemed to divine my friendly intent. Suddenly ceasing their cries and threats, they perched quietly within reach of my hand, and watched me in my work of manumission. This, owing to the fluttering terror of the prisoners, was an affair of some delicacy; but ere long I was rewarded by seeing one of them fly away to a neighboring tree, while the cripple, making a parachute of his wings, came lightly to the ground, and hopped off as well as he



could with one leg, obsequiously waited on by his elders.

5. A week later I had the satisfaction of meeting him in the pine-walk, in good spirits, and already so far recovered as to be able to balance himself with the lame foot. I have no doubt that in his old age he accounted for his lameness by some handsome story of a wound received at the famous Battle of the Pines, when his tribe, overcome by numbers, was driven from its ancient camping-ground. Of late years the jays have visited us only at intervals; and in winter their bright plumage, set off by the snow, and their cheerful cry, are especially welcome. They would have furnished *Æsop* with a fable; for the feathered crest in which they seem to take so much satisfaction is often their fatal snare. Country boys make a hole with their finger in the snow-crust just large enough to admit the jay's head, and, hollowing it out somewhat beneath, bait it with a few kernels of corn. The crest slips easily into the trap, but refuses to be pulled out again, and he who came to feast remains a prey.

6. Twice have the crow-blackbirds attempted a settlement in my pines, and twice have the robins, who claim a right of pre-emption, so successfully played the part of border-ruffians as to drive them away—to my great regret, for they are the best substitute we have for rooks. At Shady Hill (now, alas! empty of its so long loved household) they build by hundreds, and nothing can be more cheery than their creaking clatter (like a convention of old-fashioned tavern-signs), as they gather at evening to debate in mass-meeting their windy politics,



or to gossip at their tent-doors over the events of the day. Their port is grave, and their stalk across the turf as martial as that of a second-rate ghost in *Hamlet*. They never meddled with my corn, so far as I could discover.

7. For a few years I had crows, but their nests are an irresistible bait for boys, and their settlement was broken up. They grew so wonted as to throw off a great part of their shyness, and to tolerate my near approach. One very hot day I stood for some time within twenty feet of a mother and three children, who sat on an elm bough over my head, gasping in the sultry air, and holding their wings half spread for coolness. The crow during the pairing season becomes more or less sentimental, and murmurs soft nothings in a tone very unlike the grinding-organ repetition and loudness of its habitual song. Yet there are few things to my ear more melodious than his caw of a clear winter morning, as it drops to you filtered through five hundred fathoms of crisp blue air. The hostility of all smaller birds makes the moral character of the crow, for all his sober demeanor and garb, somewhat questionable. He could never sally forth without insult. The golden robins, especially, would chase him as far as I could follow with my eye, making him duck clumsily to avoid their importunate bills. I do not believe, however, that he robbed any nests hereabouts, for the refuse of the gas-works, which, in our free-and-easy community, is allowed to poison the river, supplied him with dead alewives in abundance. I used to watch him making his periodical visits to the salt-marshes, and coming back with a fish in his beak to his young

—†—
savages, who, no doubt, like it in that condition which makes it savory to the Kanakas and other corvine races of men.

J. R. LOWELL.

LESSON LXVI.

BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

1. A SOLDIER of the Legion lay dying in Algiers—
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was
dearth of woman's tears;
But a comrade stood beside him while his lifeblood
ebbed away,
And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he
might say.
The dying soldier faltered, as he took that com-
rade's hand,
And he said: "I never more shall see my own, my
native land.
Take a message and a token to some distant friends
of mine;
For I was born at Bingen—at Bingen on the
Rhine.
2. "Tell my brothers and companions, when they
meet and crowd around
To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vine-
yard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely, and, when the
day was done,
Full many a corse lay ghastly pale beneath the set-
ting sun.



And 'midst the dead and dying were some grown
old in wars,
The death-wound on their gallant breasts—the last
of many scars ;
But some were young, and suddenly beheld life's
morn decline,
And one had come from Bingen—fair Bingen on the
Rhine !

3. "Tell my mother that her other sons shall com-
fort her old age,
And I was aye a truant bird, that thought his home
a cage.
For my father was a soldier, and, even as a child,
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles
fierce and wild ;
And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty
hoard,
I let them take whate'er they would, but kept my
father's sword ;
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright
light used to shine
On the cottage-wall at Bingen—calm Bingen on the
Rhine !

4. "Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with
drooping head,
When the troops are marching home again with
glad and gallant tread ;
But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and
steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier too, and not afraid to
die.



And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my
name
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame,
And to hang the old sword in its place—my father's
sword and mine—
For the honor of old Bingen—dear Bingen on the
Rhine!

5. "There's another—not a sister; in the happy
days gone by
You'd have known her by the merriment that spar-
kled in her eye;
Too innocent for coquetry, too fond for idle
scorning—
Oh, friend, I fear the lightest heart makes some-
times heaviest mourning!
Tell her the last night of my life (for ere this moon
be risen
My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of
prison)
I dreamed I stood with *her*, and saw the yellow
sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen—fair Bingen on the
Rhine!

6. "I saw the blue Rhine sweep along; I heard, or
seemed to hear,
The German songs we used to sing in chorus sweet
and clear;
And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting
hill,
That echoing chorus sounded through the evening
calm and still.



And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed
with friendly talk
Down many a path beloved of yore and well-
remembered walk,
And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in
mine;
But we'll meet no more at Bingen—loved Bingen
on the Rhine!"

7. His voice grew faint and hoarser; his grasp was
childish weak;
His eyes put on a dying look—he sighed, and
ceased to speak.
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life
had fled—
The soldier of the Legion, in a foreign land—was
dead!
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she
looked down
On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody
corpses strown;
Yea, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light
seemed to shine,
As it shone on distant Bingen—fair Bingen on the
Rhine!

MRS. NORTON.



LESSON LXVII.

THE VOLUBLE WOMAN.

1. MISS BATES and Miss Fairfax, escorted by the two gentlemen, walked into the room. Everybody's words were soon lost under the incessant flow of Miss Bates, who came in talking, and had not finished her speech under many minutes after being admitted into the circle at the fire. As the door opened she was heard: "So very obliging of you!—No rain at all—nothing to signify. I do not care for myself. Quite thick shoes. And Jane declares—

2. "Well!" (as soon as she was within doors,) "well! This is brilliant indeed! This is admirable. Excellently contrived, upon my word. Nothing wanting. Could not have imagined it. So well lighted up! Jane, Jane, look! did you ever see anything—? Oh, Mr. Weston, you must really have had Aladdin's lamp. Good Mrs. Stokes would not know her own room again. I saw her as I came in; she was standing in the entrance. 'Oh, Mrs. Stokes,' said I—but I had not time for more."

3. She was now met by Mrs. Weston. "Very well, I thank you, ma'am. I hope you are quite well. Very happy to hear it. So afraid you might have a headache!—seeing you pass by so often, and knowing how much trouble you must have! Delighted to hear it, indeed.—Ah! dear Mrs. Elton, so obliged to you for the carriage; excellent time; Jane and I quite ready. Did not keep the horses a moment. Most comfortable carriage. Oh, and I am sure our thanks are due to



you, Mrs. Weston, on that score. Mrs. Elton had most kindly sent Jane a note, or we should have been— But two such offers in one day! Never were such neighbors.

4. "I said to my mother, 'Upon my word, ma'am'—Thank you, my mother is remarkably well. Gone to Mr. Woodhouse's. I made her take her shawl,—for the evenings are not warm,—her large, new shawl, Mrs. Dixon's wedding-present. So kind of her to think of my mother! Bought at Weymouth, you know; Mr. Dixon's choice. There were three others, Jane says, which they hesitated about some time. Colonel Campbell rather preferred an olive.—My dear Jane, are you sure you did not wet your feet? It was but a drop or two, but I am so afraid: but Mr. Frank Churchill was so extremely—and there was a mat to step upon. I shall never forget his extreme politeness.

5. "Oh, Mr. Frank Churchill, I must tell you my mother's spectacles have never been in fault since; the rivet never came out again. My mother often talks of your good nature: does she not, Jane? Do we not often talk of Mr. Frank Churchill? Ah! here's Miss Woodhouse. Dear Miss Woodhouse, how do you do? Very well, I thank you, quite well. This is meeting quite in fairy-land. Such a transformation! Must not compliment, I know" (eyeing Emma most complacently), "that would be rude; but, upon my word, Miss Woodhouse, you do look—how do you like Jane's hair? You are a judge. She did it all herself. Quite wonderful how she does her hair! No hair-dresser from London, I think, could—

6. "Ah! Dr. Hughes, I declare; and Mrs.



Hughes. Must go and speak to Dr. and Mrs. Hughes for a moment. How do you do? How do you do? Very well, I thank you. This is delightful, is it not? Where's dear Mr. Richard? Oh, there he is. Don't disturb him. Much better employed talking to the young ladies. How do you do, Mr. Richard? I saw you the other day, as you rode through the town. Mrs. Otway, I protest! and good Mr. Otway, and Miss Otway, and Miss Caroline. Such a host of friends! and Mr. George and Mr. Arthur! How do you do? How do you all do? Quite well, I am much obliged to you. Never better. Don't I hear another carriage? Who can this be?—very likely the worthy Coles. Upon my word, this is charming, to be standing among such friends! And such a noble fire! I am quite roasted. No coffee, I thank you, for me; never take coffee. A little tea, if you please, sir, by and by; no hurry. Oh, here it comes. Everything so good!" . . .

7. Supper was announced. The move began; and Miss Bates might be heard from that moment without interruption, until seated at table and occupied with her spoon. "Jane, Jane, my dear Jane, where are you? Here is your tippet. Mrs. Weston begs you to put on your tippet. She says she is afraid there will be draughts in the passage, though everything has been done—one door nailed up—quantities of matting—my dear Jane, indeed you must. Mr. Churchill—oh, you are too obliging! How well you put it on!—so gratified! Excellent dancing indeed!—

8. "Yes, my dear, I ran home, as I said I would, to help grandmamma to bed, and got back again,



and nobody missed me. I set off without saying a word, just as I told you. Grandmamma was quite well; had a charming evening with Mr. Woodhouse, a vast deal of chat, and backgammon. Tea was made down-stairs; biscuits and baked apples and wine before she came away: amazing luck in some of her throws; and she enquired a great deal about you—how you were amused, and who were your partners. ‘Oh,’ said I, ‘I shall not forestall Jane; I left her dancing with Mr. George Otway. She will love to tell you all about it herself to-morrow: her first partner was Mr. Elton; I do not know who will ask her next—perhaps Mr. William Cox.’

9. “My dear sir, you are too obliging. Is there nobody you would not rather—? I am not helpless. Sir, you are most kind. Upon my word, Jane on one arm and me on the other! Stop, stop! let us stand a little back; Mrs. Elton is going. Dear Mrs. Elton! how elegant she looks— Beautiful lace! Now we all follow in her train. Quite the queen of the evening! Well, here we are at the passage. Two steps, Jane; take care of the two steps. Oh, no, there is but one. Well, I was persuaded there were two. How very odd! I was convinced there were two, and there is but one.

10. “I never saw anything equal to the comfort and style—candles everywhere. I was telling you of your grandmamma, Jane. There was a little disappointment. The baked apples and biscuits—excellent in their way, you know; but there was a delicate fricassee of sweetbread and some asparagus brought in at first, and good Mr. Woodhouse, not thinking the asparagus quite boiled enough, sent it



all out again. Now, there is nothing that grand-mamma loves better than sweetbread and asparagus, so she was rather disappointed; but we agreed we would not speak of it to anybody, for fear of its getting round to dear Miss Woodhouse, who would be so very much concerned!

11. "Well, this is brilliant! I am all amazement! Could not have supposed anything—! Such elegance and profusion! I have seen nothing like it since— Well, where shall we sit, where shall we sit? Anywhere, so that Jane is not in a draught. ~~Where~~ I sit is of no consequence. Oh, do you recommend this side? Well, I am sure, Mr. Churchill—only it ~~seems~~ too good; but just as you please. What you direct in this house cannot be wrong. Dear Jane, how shall we ever recollect half the dishes for grandmamma? Soup too! Bless me! I should not be helped so soon, but it smells most excellent, and I cannot help beginning."

JANE AUSTEN.

LESSON LXVIII.

GINEVRA.

1. If thou shouldst ever come to Modena,
Stop at the palace near the Reggio Gate,
Dwelt in of old by one of the Orsini.
Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,
And numerous fountains, statues, cypresses
Will long detain thee; but before thou go,
Enter the house—prithee, forget it not—
And look awhile upon a picture there.



2. 'Tis of a lady in her earliest youth :
 She sits inclining forward as to speak,
 Her lips half open and her finger up,
 As though she said, "Beware!"—her vest of gold
 Brodered with flowers, and clasped from head to
 foot,

An emerald stone in every golden clasp,
 And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,
 A coronet of pearls. But then her face,
 So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
 The overflowings of an innocent heart—
 It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,
 Like some wild melody ! Alone it hangs
 Over a mouldering heirloom, its companion,
 An oaken chest half-eaten by the worm.

3. She was an only child ; from infancy
 The joy, the pride, of an indulgent sire.
 Her mother dying of the gift she gave,
 That precious gift, what else remained to him ?
 The young Ginevra was his all in life ;
 Still as she grew, for ever in his sight,
 She was all gentleness, all gayety,
 Her pranks the favorite theme of every tongue ;
 But now the day was come—the day, the hour—
 And in the lustre of her youth she gave
 Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.

4. Great was the joy ; but at the bridal feast,
 When all sat down, the bride was wanting there ;
 Nor was she to be found ! Her father cried,
 " 'Tis but to make a trial of our love !"
 And filled his glass to all ; but his hand shook,
 And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.



'Twas but an instant she had left Francesco,
Laughing and looking back, and flying still,
Her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger.
But now, alas ! she was not to be found,
Nor from that hour could anything be guessed,
But that she was not !

5. **Weary of his life,**
Francesco flew to Venice, and forthwith
Flung it away in battle with the Turk ;
Orsini lived, and long might'st thou have seen
An old man wandering as in quest of something,
Something he could not find—he knew not what ;
When he was gone, the house remained awhile
Silent and tenantless, then went to strangers.

6. Full fifty years were past and all forgot,
When on an idle day—a day of search
'Mid the old lumber in the gallery—
That mouldering chest was noticed ; and 'twas said
By one as young, as thoughtless, as Ginevra,
“ Why not remove it from its lurking-place ? ”
'Twas done as soon as said, but on the way
It burst—it fell, and, lo ! a skeleton !
And here and there a pearl, an emerald stone,
A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold !
All else had perished, save a nuptial ring,
And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
Engraven with a name—the name of both :
“ Ginevra.” There, then, had she found a grave !
Within that chest had she concealed herself,
Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy ;
When a spring-lock, that lay in ambush there,
Fastened her down forever ! ROGERS.

LESSON LXIX.

THE RELIEF OF VIENNA.

1. TOWARDS the close of the seventeenth century, the followers of Mahomet, undaunted by centuries of repulse, made their final assault on Christian Europe. Christendom no longer existed. Protestantism had split it up into two hostile camps. The breaches made by the Reformation in the national ranks had destroyed that Christian unity that in other days enabled men to present a more or less united front to the common foe, and the Turks were not slow to profit by their opportunity.

2. Just at this time Hungary revolted from the Austrian yoke, and to strengthen the revolt, Emerick Tekeli threw open to the infidel the kingdom whose investiture he had basely accepted at their hands. Through the road thus opened before him by the hand of a renegade, Kara Mustapha, the Vizier, marched at the head of four hundred thousand men to invade the Austrian Empire. And such unprecedented speed did he make that within a week after crossing the Hungarian border he sat down before the walls of Vienna.

3. That city was in a sad state to sustain a siege of any kind. A week before the arrival of the Turks the Emperor Leopold had fled his capital, and no less than sixty thousand persons of every rank and state had followed his example. There were left to guard the walls just a single regiment of regular troops, and not two thousand citizens capable of bearing arms. Fortunately, on the eve of the arrival of the main body of the enemy,



thirteen thousand regular troops from the army of Lorraine entered the city, and thus strengthened, the brave governor, Count Stahremberg, prepared for a vigorous defence, aided by the heroic Leopold Von Kollonitsch, Bishop of Neustadt, who in his youth had been a Knight of Malta.

4. Meanwhile Leopold, who knew how hopeless such a defence against such an armament could not fail to be, looked for succor to Poland, at this time ruled by one of the greatest men the world had ever seen. John Sobieski, the elected king, was, as a Christian warrior and ruler, a worthy compeer of Charlemagne, since whose death Europe had not known his like. His very name was a standing terror to the Turks, for, as Pope Innocent XI. said of "the lieutenant of God," as he called him in council, "for thirty years he had been the bulwark of the Christian republic—the wall of brass against which all the efforts of the barbarians had been broken in pieces."

5. Such was the man to whom his old enemy, Leopold of Austria, now appealed piteously for help. The appeal came at an unfortunate moment, for Poland was only just beginning to enter upon a much-needed term of happiness and peace, which the genius of its king had won for it by dint of hard and constant fighting against foreign invasion and domestic strife. Happily, however, for Leopold, happily for Austria, happily indeed for all Europe, the united appeal of Pope and Kaiser fell on the ear of a true soldier of Christ. To the most alluring promises of the Emperor he made the simple and characteristic reply, "I desire no other reward than the glory of doing right before God



and man." But even the greatness and earnestness of Sobieski's desires could not cause armies to rise out of the earth. And while he, still in Poland, was making the most strenuous exertions to raise and equip a force capable of coping with the Turks, four hundred thousand of them, with all the munitions of war and materials for conducting a siege, had pitched their tents around the walls of the doomed city.

6. The siege was conducted with all the ferocity on one side, and the calm heroism on the other, which had marked throughout the long conflict between the Crescent and the Cross. Many a huge breach began to yawn in the walls, on which the fire of the Turkish artillery ceaselessly played ; but not the fiercest of all the janissaries could penetrate one of those breaches and live. The Turkish miners pierced their way by secret excavations to the very heart of the city. They were met by counter-mines on the part of the besieged, so that on and below the surface of the earth the fierce struggle was waged, and the beleaguered forces knew not the moment when a myriad of armed foes might leap up unannounced in their midst.

7. A weary month of unceasing watching and fighting thus passed away. The siege brought famine, and famine brought pestilence, to those within the walls, and as yet no sign of relief. The army of Lorraine maintained its position at Crems, but was far too insignificant in point of numbers to attempt an attack on the Turks. It served instead as a rallying-point for all the chivalrous spirits of Europe, and to it flocked all those nobles and



knights from whose hearts love for Christ's cross and faith in His name had not yet died out. Daring messengers contrived to swim the Danube in the very teeth of the Turks, and convey to and fro news and messages of hope. Autumn had come, and half of it was gone, and Sobieski was still in his own capital. But on the 15th, the Feast of the Assumption, the royal lance of Poland, with its white plume floating from the head, was set up in the streets of Cracow, and then all the world knew that the king was ready for the march.

8. Caraffa, the Austrian general, pushed forward to meet him. "They occupy every space and height around the city, the Kahlenberg alone excepted," was his reply to Sobieski's first query as to the position of the Turkish forces. "Then the Kahlenberg will be the point of attack," the king at once replied. The lofty heights of the Kahlenberg overlook the city and the plains where Mustapha's army lay encamped. With singular oversight the Turkish commander had neglected to guard them. The omission was fatal, and for those heights, that screened his approach from foe and friend alike, Sobieski made his way with all the speed he might. August was closing in while he and his army were as yet only scaling the heights of the Carpathians far away, and piece by piece the walls of Vienna were crumbling to dust under the cannon of the Turk. Mustapha sat placidly in his tent the while, waiting the few days that must intervene before he is master of the Austrian capital.

9. The gloom of despair was settling down on the worn-out watchers and warriors of the city, when, on the night of the second assault, a signal flashed



from the watch-tower of the Jesuits, and men laughed and wept and threw themselves in each other's arms, for that signal meant that Sobieski had come at last. All the day he had been climbing the heights of the Kahlenberg, and it was the signal-rockets of the advanced guard that had flashed the good news of his arrival up to the sky and over the city. His march had been rather a hunter's chase than a military movement, so eager was he to "taste the waters of the Danube and hear the cannon of Vienna." On the 5th of September, Lorraine joined him at Tulu, and while debating as to the point where they should cross the Danube, a messenger came up dripping from its waters with the cry of the despairing citizens: "No time to be lost! no time to be lost!"

10. The next day Sobieski crossed the river at the head of seventy thousand men, a small force indeed compared with the hosts of the enemy, but strong in the leadership of one whom they rightly deemed invincible. By the 10th the main body had succeeded in climbing and taking up their position on the heights, from which the Turks, perceiving when too late their mistake, made a futile attempt to dislodge them. One day was given to repose, while faster and faster rose up the signals of distress from the city. Far down below they could see stretching out in a glittering crescent before them the mighty army of the Ottomans. As they gazed they saw it break into three great divisions. One faced the city to renew the assault; one turned to meet the Polish army; while a third faced about with the camels and horses and baggage, and made for the Hungarian frontier.



11. The morning of the 12th of September, a Sunday morning, dawned down below on the smoke and the thunder of the Turkish artillery, as it poured its destructive fire upon the city; high up on the serene heights of the Kahlenberg, where the Christian army began the fateful day by kneeling to an early Mass. A brief address to the soldiers from Sobieski, spoken in words of flame, and then spurring his horse to the edge of the heights, he pointed to the plains below, thick with the serried masses of the Turk, and cried out: "March on in confidence! God and his Blessed Mother are with us!" Three hours were consumed in the descent, which was made in admirable order. Ten minutes were given to the men to snatch a hasty repast. The king rode all around, addressing a few words in their own language to each body of the troops as he passed, and then the order was given to advance.

12. The fight was stubborn and bloody. By five in the afternoon Sobieski had penetrated to the Turkish camp, where the entire army, its front bristling with cannon, was drawn up to receive him. There he purposed pausing for the night and renewing the attack in the morning. But he caught sight of Mustapha sipping coffee quietly in his tent—he had butchered thirty thousand helpless captives that morning—and the hateful sight kindled anew the wrath of the Christian king. He ordered an attack at once on the Vizier's quarters, which proved so successful that the Mussulmans staggered and wavered a moment. "They are lost men," cried out Sobieski, observing the movement, "let the whole line advance." Brandishing high



his sword, he led the attack in person, straight for the tent of the Vizier, calling aloud: "Not unto us, oh Lord, not unto us, but to thy name give the glory."

13. Led thus, and inspired to superhuman exertions by the words and example of their king, they charged down on the masses before them with such impetuosity that they cut sheer through the Turkish army, dividing it from left to right. So terrible was the shock that scarcely a Polish lance was left unshivered. The Turks, smitten with dismay at so stupendous an onset, turned and fled. In a short hour all was over. Meanwhile as bloody a contest and as stubborn had been raging all day in the breaches of Vienna. But Stahremberg and his heroes sustained the assault until the victory of their comrades without was secured. Then Louis of Baden, pushing on from the reeking field to the Scottish gate, met a sallying party of the garrison, and together they fell upon the janissaries in the trenches, and smote them down to a man.

14. The king slept that night on the battle field, and entered next day, through the breach, the city he had relieved. All Europe rang with the fame of his achievement, and even Protestant nations thanked heaven for the victory of the soldier of the cross. It was a final victory, the last of that long series that began with Charles Martel at Toulouse, and the Turk never again lifted up his head in Europe.



LESSON LXX.

MARGUERITE OF FRANCE.

1. THE Moslem spears were gleaming round Dami-
etta's towers,
Though a Christian banner from her wall waved
free its lily-flowers :
Ay, proudly did the banner wave as queen of earth
and air ;
But faint hearts throbbed beneath its folds in an-
guish and despair.
2. Deep, deep in paynim dungeon their kingly
chieftain lay,
And low on many an Eastern field their knight-
hood's best array.
'Twas mournful when at feast they met, the wine-
cup round to send ;
For each that touched it silently then missed a gal-
lant friend.
3. And mournful was their vigil on the beleaguered
wall,
And dark their slumber—dark with dreams of slow
defeat and fall.
Yet a few hearts of chivalry rose high to breast the
storm,
And one, of all the loftiest there, thrilled in a wo-
man's form !
4. A woman, meekly bending o'er the slumber of
her child,
With her soft, sad eyes of weeping love, as the
Virgin Mother's mild !



Oh, roughly cradled was thy babe, 'midst the clash
of spear and lance,
And a strange wild bower was thine, young queen,
fair Marguerite of France !

5. A dark and vaulted chamber, like a scene for
wizard-spell,
Deep in the Saracenic gloom of the warrior citadel ;
And there 'midst arms the couch was spread, and
with banners curtained o'er,
For the daughter of the minstrel-land, the gay Pro-
vençal shore,

6. For the bright queen of St. Louis, the star of
court and hall !
But the deep strength of the gentle heart wakes to
the tempest's call.
Her lord was in the paynim's hold, his soul with
grief oppressed ;
Yet calmly lay she, desolate, with her young babe
on her breast !

7. There were voices in the city—voices of wrath
and fear :
“The walls grow weak, the strife is vain—we will
not perish here !
Yield ! yield ! and let the crescent gleam o'er tower
and bastion high !
Our distant homes are beautiful—we stay not here
to die.”

8. They bore those fearful tidings to the sad queen
where she lay ;
They told a tale of wavering hearts, of treason and
dismay.

The blood rushed through her pearly cheek, the
sparkle to her eye—

“Now call me hither those recreant knights from
the bands of Italy!”

9. Then through the vaulted chamber stern iron
footsteps rang;

And heavily the sounding floor gave back the
sabre's clang.

They stood around her—steel-clad men, moulded
for storm and fight;

But they quailed before the loftier soul in that
pale aspect bright.

10. Yes! as before the falcon shrinks the bird of
meaner wing,

So shrank they from the imperial glance of her—
that fragile thing!

And her flute-like voice rose clear and high through
the din of arms around—

Sweet and yet stirring to the soul as a silver cla-
rion's sound:

11. “The honor of the Lily is in your hands to
keep,

And the banner of the Cross, for Him who died on
Calvary's steep!

And the city which, for Christian prayer, hath
heard the holy bell:

And is it these your hearts would yield to the
godless infidel?

12. “Then bring me here a breast-plate and a helm
before ye fly,

And I will gird my woman's form and on the ram-
parts die!



And the boy, whom I have borne for woe, but never
for disgrace,
Shall go within mine arms to death—meet for his
royal race!

13. "Look on him, as he slumbers in the shadow
of the lance!

Then go, and with the Cross forsake the princely
babe of France!

But tell your homes you left one heart to perish
undefiled—

A woman, and a queen, to guard her honor and her
child!"

14. Before her words they thrilled, like hares when
winds are in the wood;

And a deepening murmur told of men raised to a
loftier mood.

And her babe awoke to flashing swords, unsheathed
in many a hand,

As they gathered round the helpless one, again a
noble band!

15. "We are thy warriors, lady! true to the Cross
and thee;

The spirit of thy kindling words on every sword
shall be.

Rest, with the fair child on thy breast; rest—we
will guard thee well.

St. Denis for the Lily-flower and the Christian
citadel!"

MRS. HEMANS

LESSON LXXI.

ST. TERESA'S CHILDHOOD.

1. I HAD a father and mother who were devout and feared God. My father was very much given to the reading of good books, and so he had them in Spanish, that his children might read them. These books, with my mother's carefulness to make us say our prayers and to bring us up devout to Our Lady and to certain saints, began to make me think seriously when I was, I believe, six or seven years old.

2. It helped me, too, that I never saw my father and mother respect anything but goodness. They were very good themselves. My father was a man of great charity towards the poor and compassion for the sick, and also for servants—so much so that he never could be persuaded to keep slaves, for he pitied them so much ;





and a slave belonging to one of his brothers, being once in his house, was treated by him with as much tenderness as his own children. He used to say that he could not endure the pain of seeing that she was not free. He was a man of great truthfulness ; nobody ever heard him swear or speak ill of any one ; his life was most pure.

3. My mother also was a woman of great goodness, and her life was spent in great infirmities. She was singularly pure in all her ways. Though possessing great beauty, yet was it never known that she gave reason to suspect that she made any account whatever of it ; for, though she was only three-and-thirty years of age when she died, her apparel was already that of a woman advanced in years. She was very calm, and had great sense. The sufferings she went through during her life were grievous, her death most Christian.

4. We were three sisters and nine brothers. All, by the mercy of God, resembled their parents in goodness except myself, though I was the most cherished of my father. And, before I began to offend God, I think he had some reason ; for I am filled with sorrow whenever I think of the good desires with which our Lord inspired me, and what a wretched use I made of them. Besides, my brothers never in any way hindered me in the service of God.

5. One of my brothers was nearly of my own age ; and he it was whom I most loved, though I was very fond of them all, and they of me. He and I used to read lives of saints together. When I read of martyrdom undergone by the saints for the love of God, it struck me that the vision of God was



very cheaply purchased ; and I had a great desire to die a martyr's death—not out of any love of Him of which I was conscious, but that I might most quickly attain to the fruition of those great joys of which I read that they were reserved in heaven ; and I used to discuss with my brother how we could become martyrs.

6. We settled to go together to the country of the Moors, begging our way for the love of God, that we might be there beheaded ; and our Lord, I believe, had given us courage enough, even at so tender an age, if we could have found the means to proceed. But our greatest difficulty seemed to be our father and mother. (“The two children set out on their strange journey—one of them seven, the other eleven years old—through the Adaja gate ; but when they had crossed the bridge, they were met by one of their uncles, who brought them back to their mother, who had already sent through Avila in quest of them. Rodrigo, like Adam, excused himself, and laid the blame on his sister.”)

7. It astonished us greatly to find it said in what we were reading that pain and bliss were everlasting. We happened very often to talk about this ; and we had a pleasure in repeating frequently, “For ever, ever, ever.” Through the constant uttering of these words, our Lord was pleased that I should receive an abiding impression of the way of truth when I was yet a child.

8. As soon as I saw it was impossible to go to any place where people would put me to death for the sake of God, my brother and I set about becoming hermits ; and in an orchard belonging to the house we contrived, as well as we could, to



build hermitages, by piling up small stones one on the other, which fell down immediately ; and so it came to pass that we found no means of accomplishing our wish. Even now I have a feeling of devotion when I consider how God gave me in my early youth what I lost by my own fault. I gave alms as I could—and I could but little. I contrived to be alone, for the sake of saying my prayers ; and they were many, especially the Rosary, to which my mother had a great devotion, and had made us also in this like herself. I used to delight exceedingly, when playing with other children, in the building of monasteries, as if we were nuns ; and I think I wished to be a nun, though not so much as I did to be a martyr or a hermit.

9. I remember that, when my mother died, I was about twelve years old—a little less. When I began to understand my loss, I went in my affliction to an image of Our Lady, and with many tears implored her to be my mother. I did this in my simplicity, and I believe that it was of service to me ; for I have by experience found the royal Virgin help me whenever I recommended myself to her ; and at last she has brought me back to herself.

ST. TERESA.



LESSON LXXII.

SCENE FROM THE "SIEGE OF VALENCIA."

Elmina. My noble lord,
Welcome from this day's toil ! It is the hour
Whose shadows, as they deepen, bring repose
Unto all weary men ; and wilt not thou
Free thy mailed bosom from the corselet's weight,
To rest at fall of eve ?

Gonzalez. There may be rest
For the tired peasant, when the vesper bell
Doth send him to his cabin, and beneath
His vine and olive he may sit at eve,
Watching his children's sport ; but unto him
Who keeps the watch-place on the mountain height,
When Heaven lets loose the storms that chasten
realms

—Who speaks of rest ?

Ximena. My father, shall I fill
The wine-cup for thy lips, or bring the lute,
Whose sounds thou lovest ?

Gon. If there be strains of power
To rouse a spirit, which in triumphant scorn
May cast off nature's feebleness, and hold
Its proud career unshackled, dashing down
Tears and fond thoughts to earth, give voice to
those !

I have need of such, Ximena ! We must hear
No melting music now !

Xim. I know all high
Heroic ditties of the elder time,
Sung by the mountain Christians, in the holds
Of the everlasting hills, whose snows yet bear



The print of Freedom's step ; and all wild strains
Wherein the dark serranos teach the rocks
And the pine forests deeply to resound
The praise of later champions. Wouldst thou hear
The war-song of thine ancestor, the Cid ?

Gon. Ay, speak of him ; for in that name is
power,
Such as might rescue kingdoms ! ~~Speak of him !~~
We are his children ! They that can look back
In the annals of their house on such a name—
How should *they* take Dishonor by the hand,
And o'er the threshold of their father's halls
First lead her as a guest ?

Elm. Oh, why is this ?
How my heart sinks !

Gon. It must not fail thee *yet*,
Daughter of heroes ! Thine inheritance
Is strength to meet all conflicts. Thou canst
number

In thy long life of glorious ancestry
Men, the bright offering of whose blood hath made
The ground it bathed e'en as an altar, whence
High thoughts shall rise forever. Bore they not,
'Midst flame and sword, their witness of the Cross,
With its victorious inspiration girt
As with a conqueror's robe, till the infidel,
O'erawed, shrank back before them ? Ay, the earth
Doth call them martyrs ; but *their* agonies
Were of a moment, tortures whose brief aim
Was to destroy, within whose powers and scope
Lay naught but dust. And earth doth call them
martyrs !

Why, Heaven but claimed their blood, their lives,
and not



The things which grew as tendrils round their hearts ;

No, not their children !

Elm. Mean'st thou ? Know'st thou aught ?—

I cannot utter it—my sons ! my sons !

Is it of them ? Oh, wouldst thou speak of them ?

Gon. A mother's heart divineth but too well !

Elm. Speak, I adjure thee ! I can bear it all.

Where are my children ?

Gon. In the Moorish camp

Whose lines have girt the city.

Xim. But they live ?

All is not lost, my mother !

Elm. Say, they live !

Gon. Elmina, still they live.

Elm. But captives ! They

Whom my fond heart had imaged to itself

Bounding from cliff to cliff, amidst the wilds

Where the rock eagle seemed not more secure

In its rejoicing freedom ! And my boys

Are captives with the Moor ! Oh, how was this ?

Gon. Alas ! our brave Alphonso, in the pride

Of boyish daring, left our mountain halls,

With his young brother, eager to behold

The face of noble war. Thence on their way

Were the rash wanderers captured.

Elm. 'Tis enough.

And when shall they be ransomed ?

Gon. There is asked

A ransom far too high.

Elm. What ! have we wealth

Which might redeem a monarch, and our sons

The while wear fetters ? Take thou all for them,

And we will cast our worthless grandeur from us,



As 'twere a cumbrous robe ! Why, *thou* art one
To whose high nature pomp hath ever been
But as the plumage to a warrior's helm,
Worn or thrown off as lightly. And for me,
Thou know'st not how serenely I could take
The peasant's lot upon me, so my heart,
Amidst its deep affections undisturbed,
May dwell in silence.

Xim. Father ! doubt thou not
But we will bind ourselves to poverty
With glad devotedness, if this, but this,
May win them back. Distrust us not, my father !
We can bear all things.

Gon. Can ye bear disgrace ?

Xim. We were not born for this.

Gon. No, thou say'st well !

Hold to that lofty faith. My wife, my child !
Hath earth no treasure richer than the gems
Torn from her secret caverns ? If by them
Chains may be riven, then let the captive spring
Rejoicing to the light ! But he for whom
Freedom and life may but be won with shame
Hath naught to do, save fearlessly to fix
His steadfast look on the majestic heavens,
And proudly die !

Elm. Gonzalez, *who* must die ?

Gon. (*hurriedly.*) They on whose lives a fearful price
is set,

But to be paid by treason Is 't enough ?
Or must I yet seek words ?

Elm. That look saith more !

Thou canst not mean—

Gon. I do ! Why dwells there not
Power in a glance to speak it ? They must die !



They—must their names be told ?—*our sons* must
die,

Unless I yield the city !

Xim. Oh, look up !

My mother, sink not thus ! Until the grave
Shut from our sight its victims, there is hope.

Elm. (*in a low voice.*) Whose knell was in the breeze ?

No, no, not *theirs* !

Whose was the blessed voice that spoke of hope ?

And there is hope. I will not be subdued—

I will not hear a whisper of despair !

For nature is all-powerful, and her breath

Moves like a quickening spirit o'er the depths

Within a father's heart. Thou too, Gonzalez,

Wilt tell me there is hope !

Gon. Hope but in Him

Who bade the patriarch lay his fair young son

Bound on the shrine of sacrifice, and when

The bright steel quivered in the father's hand,

Just raised to strike, sent forth his awful voice

Through the still clouds and on the breathless air,

Commanding to withhold ! Earth has no hope ;

It rests with Him.

Elm. *Thou* canst not tell me this !—

Thou, father of my sons, within whose hands

Doth lie thy children's fate.

Gon. If there have been

Men in whose bosoms nature's voice hath made

Its accents as the solitary sound

Of an o'erpowering torrent, silencing

The austere and yet divine remonstrances

Whispered by faith and honor, lift thy hands ;

And, to that Heaven which arms the brave with
strength,



Pray that the father of thy sons may ne'er
Be thus found wanting !

Elm. Then their doom is sealed !
Thou wilt not save thy children ?

Gon. Hast thou cause,
Wife of my youth ! to deem it lies within
The bounds of possible things that I should link
My name to that word—*traitor* ? They that sleep
On their proud battle-fields, thy sires and mine,
Died not for this !

Elm. Oh cold and hard of heart !
Thou shouldst be born for empire, since thy soul
Thus lightly from all human bonds can free
Its haughty flight ! Men ! men ! too much is yours
Of vantage ; ye that with a sound, a breath,
A shadow, thus can fill the desolate space
Of rooted-up affections, o'er whose void
Our yearning hearts must wither ! So it is ;
Dominion must be won ! Nay, leave me not—
My heart is bursting, and I *must* be heard !
Heaven hath given power to mortal agony,
As to the elements in their hour of might
And mastery o'er creation ! Who shall dare
To mock that fearful strength ? I *must* be heard !
Give me my sons !

Gon. That they may live to hide
With covering hands the indignant flush of shame
On their young brows, when men shall speak of
him

They called their father ! Was the oath whereby,
On the altar of my faith, I bound myself
With an unswerving spirit to maintain
This free and Christian city for my God
And for my king, a writing traced on sand,



That passionate tears should wash it from the earth,
Or e'en the life-drops of a bleeding heart
Efface it, as a billow sweeps away
The last light vessel's wake ? Then nevermore
Let man's deep vows be trusted, though enforced
By all the appeals of high remembrances,
And silent claims o' the sepulchres wherein
His fathers with their stainless glory sleep
On their good swords ! Think'st thou I feel no
pangs ?

He that hath given me sons doth know the heart
Whose treasure he recalls. Of this no more :
'Tis vain. I tell thee that the inviolate Cross
Still from our ancient temples must look up
Through the blue heavens of Spain, though at its
foot

I perish, with my race.

MRS. HEMANS.

LESSON LXXIII.

INFALLIBILITY.

1. INFALLIBILITY is an attribute of whatever subject possesses it, which excludes all liability to error. A fallible being is one liable to error. An infallible being is not liable to error. God alone is by nature absolutely, and in respect to everything, infallible. A created intelligent being is by nature fallible, or liable to error, because his intelligence and knowledge are finite. Our Lord Jesus Christ is infallible because He is God. He is also infallible in His human intellect, by virtue



of the union of the human with the divine nature in His person.

2. He has made the Catholic Church, by an act of His supreme and divine power, infallible in respect to faith and morals ; that is, the Church is exempt from liability to err in regard to everything which God has revealed as truth which must be believed, or law which must be fulfilled. Single members of the Church, or even numbers of them, may err more or less in regard to the truths of revelation or in respect to the lawfulness or unlawfulness of certain acts. But the universal Church can never reject any real truth of the divine revelation, or believe anything as being a revealed truth which is not so, much less anything absolutely false or contrary to the true faith.

3. And the universal Church cannot believe that to be lawful which is sin, or believe that to be sin which is lawful. That which is believed always, everywhere, and by all Catholics to be true or right, because it is taught or commanded by the revelation of God, must be true and right ; for in these things Jesus Christ has made the Church infallible.

4. The Catholic Church always professes the true faith and law of Jesus Christ, and rejects everything which is contrary to them. She has done this from the beginning, and will do it to the end, without any liability to change or failure. For the Holy Spirit is in the Church to give it perpetual light and life, and it is joined to Jesus Christ by a bond of union which can never be dissolved. This union is like that which joins the bride to the bridegroom in the sacrament of marriage ; and therefore the Church is the Spouse of Christ.



5. The Divine Founder of the Church has provided for this unfailling, perpetual continuance of His faith and law in their completeness and purity, among all her members, in all times and places, by appointing a supreme teaching and ruling authority in the Church, which is an infallible guide to the faithful in faith and morals. The rule of faith and morals is taught to the people by the priesthood. The universal Church is infallible in faith and morals, because there is an infallible magistracy over all who teach the Catholic doctrine and law.

6. This magistracy is in the bishops, who are the chief pastors and teachers of both priests and people, each one being the ruler of one diocese or particular church. The universal body of bishops, or Catholic episcopate, is infallible in holding and teaching the faith and law handed down from Christ and the apostles, and contained in the written and unwritten word of God, *i.e.*, Holy Scripture and tradition.

7. Individual bishops may err, may become heretics, and may draw away a portion of the faithful after them into new and false churches, or rather sects; but the body of bishops can never err and fall away from the faith, and the body of the faithful can never be drawn into heresy. The heretics or schismatics either leave the great universal body, which is the true, Catholic Church, or they are expelled from it. Their false doctrines are condemned, and the true doctrines of the faith are clearly declared and defined by the Catholic bishops in their councils, and especially in the general councils, in which all the churches of the world are represented.



8. This Catholic episcopate itself is subject to one Supreme Head. There are many particular churches in the world, but there is one supreme church and centre of unity. The Roman Church, the Apostolic See of St. Peter, is the "Mother and Mistress of churches." The Bishop of this Church, who is called the Pope and the Sovereign Pontiff, is the successor of St. Peter, the Prince of the Apostles and the Vicar of Jesus Christ. He is the supreme bishop of the Catholic Church, the chief ruler, pastor, and teacher of all Christians, not only laymen, but also priests and bishops. The definitions of councils are not final and infallible without the assent and sanction of the Pope, who is the supreme judge of all questions of faith and morals.

9. The whole body of the bishops can never teach anything in faith or morals, or make any definition, different from the faith of the universal Church. The Pope cannot teach or define anything different from the faith of the universal Church and the teaching of the body of bishops in all times and places. Neither can the universal Church separate itself from the bishops in faith, or the bishops separate themselves from the Pope. The Holy Spirit is in the whole body of the Church and in the members of the body, preserving the unity of faith, keeping the body united to the head, and the head united to the body.

10. The Church in general is infallible, the episcopate is infallible, and the Pope is infallible, by the perpetual grace and assistance of the Holy Spirit. By this perpetual operation of the Holy Spirit the faithful are preserved in the true faith contained in Holy Scripture and the Apostolic Tra-



dition. By the same grace the whole body of pastors and teachers are preserved in the true teaching, declaration, and definition of the same faith. And, by the same grace, the Roman Church, to which all the churches in the world are subject, and the Pope, to whom all bishops are subject, even when assembled in a general council, are preserved in the faith committed by St. Peter to the Roman Church and the Roman Pontiffs, so as to judge according to truth with supreme authority and without appeal.

11. The supreme authority of the Roman Church and of the Pope has always been a doctrine of the Catholic faith. Some persons in these latter times have held the erroneous opinion that the concurrence of the bishops was necessary to make the judgments of the Pope in matters of faith and morals absolutely final and irreversible. Those who held this opinion were not, however, heretics, because they were willing to submit to the judgment of the Church. This solemn judgment was pronounced by the Council of the Vatican, and the erroneous opinion was condemned as contrary to Scripture and tradition. The Council defined as a doctrine of Catholic faith that the same infallibility which is in the Catholic Church is in the Pope as the Supreme Head of the Church, and that his decrees are final in virtue of his authority as supreme judge, and not on account of the assent of the body of the Church. Therefore, whoever holds the erroneous opinion which was tolerated before the Council had decided the question, with a knowing and obstinate disobedience to its authority, is a heretic.

12. The authority of the Catholic Church is the



rule of faith for Catholics. We believe that which the Church proposes to our belief as our divinely-appointed, infallible guide. The Pope has supreme authority to teach, define, and judge what Catholic faith, doctrine, and law really are. He cannot err in the exercise of this office; for the Holy Spirit always preserves him from error, and assists him to judge with infallible truth.

13. Moreover, the good of the Church and the security of faith and morality require that he should pronounce judgment upon all matters which are connected with the revealed truth and law of God, whenever he thinks it necessary or advisable to do so. Whenever he commands all the members of the universal Church to assent to these judgments in which he declares the truth or condemns what is false or erroneous, it is necessary for every Catholic to obey him. Refusal to submit to his judgments is a sin. And if it is a judgment which defines an article of faith or condemns some opinion which contradicts the Catholic faith, against which a member of the Church rebels, the sin he commits is heresy, by which he loses, not only charity, but also faith.

14. Our senses, our understanding, and our reason are sufficient for the ordinary affairs of this life. Though we are liable to err in using them, yet in many things we are certain that we do not err, and are able to acquire much knowledge which is perfectly sure. But in regard to the highest and most important subjects, which relate to our eternal destiny, our understanding and reason are not sufficient by themselves. Moreover, we are not capable of making a right use even of divine revelation by



our own private judgment or our own personal faith and illumination.

15. We need a supreme authority and an infallible guide, and it is a great blessing that God has given it to us. Our Lord committed His whole flock, both sheep and lambs, to the care of St. Peter. All those who wish to remain in the fold of Christ must therefore obey the voice of the successor of St. Peter. He is the Vicar of Christ, and whoever obeys him obeys Christ, who teaches and governs the Church through him. The bishop rules and teaches his own church by the authority of the Pope, and the priest governs and teaches his parish or other particular charge by the authority of the bishop.

16. In this way every one of the faithful is instructed and guided, without any fear of error, in the knowledge and practice of that holy religion which God has revealed. Every one who faithfully follows until death this infallible guidance of the Catholic Church will certainly be saved ; and whoever wilfully and finally strays away from it will most assuredly lose his soul.

LESSON LXXIV.

THE LILY MAID OF ASTOLAT.

1. THEN spake the lily maid of Astolat :
" Sweet father, all too faint and sick am I
For anger : these are slanders : never yet
Was noble man but made ignoble talk.
He makes no friend who never made a foe.
But now it is my glory to have loved



One peerless, without stain : so let me pass,
My father, howsoe'er I seem to you,



Not all unhappy, having loved God's best
And greatest, though my love had no return :



Yet, seeing you desire your child to live,
Thanks, but you work against your own desire ;
For if I could believe the things you say
I should but die the sooner : wherefore cease,
Sweet father, and bid call the ghostly man
Hither, and let me shrive me clean, and die."

2. So when the ghostly man had come and gone,
She with a face, bright as for sin forgiven,
Besought Lavaine to write as she devised
A letter, word for word ; and when he asked
"Is it for Lancelot, is it for my dear lord ?
Then will I bear it gladly " ; she replied,
"For Lancelot and the Queen and all the world,
But I myself must bear it." Then he wrote
The letter she devised ; which being writ
And folded, "Oh sweet father, tender and true,
Deny me not," she said—"you never yet
Denied my fancies—this, however strange,
My latest : lay the letter in my hand
A little ere I die, and close the hand
Upon it ; I shall guard it even in death.
And when the heat is gone from out my heart,
Then take the little bed on which I died
For Lancelot's love, and deck it like the Queen's
For richness, and me also like the Queen
In all I have of rich, and lay me on it.
And let there be prepared a chariot-bier
To take me to the river, and a barge
Be ready on the river, clothed in black.
I go in state to court, to meet the Queen.
There surely I shall speak for mine own self,
And none of you can speak for me so well.
And therefore let our dumb old man alone



Go with me ; he can steer and row, and he
Will guide me to that palace, to the doors."

3. She ceased : her father promised ; whereupon
She grew so cheerful that they deemed her death
Was rather in the fantasy than the blood.
But ten slow mornings past, and on the eleventh
Her father laid the letter in her hand,
And closed the hand upon it, and she died.
So that day there was dole in Astolat.

4. But when the next sun brake from underground,
Then, those two brethren slowly with bent brows
Accompanying, the sad chariot bier
Past like a shadow through the field, that shone
Full-summer, to that stream whereon the barge.
Palled all its length in blackest samite, lay.
There sat the lifelong creature of the house,
Loyal, the dumb old servitor, on deck,
Winking his eyes, and twisted all his face.
So those two brethren from the chariot took
And on the black decks laid her in her bed,
Set in her hand a lily, o'er her hung
The silken case with braided blazonings,
And kissed her quiet brows, and saying to her,
"Sister, farewell forever," and again,
"Farewell, sweet sister," parted all in tears.
Then rose the dumb old servitor, and the dead
Steered by the dumb went upward with the flood—
In her right hand the lily, in her left
The letter—all her bright hair streaming down—
And all the coverlid was cloth of gold
Drawn to her waist, and she herself in white



All but her face, and that clear-featured face
Was lovely, for she did not seem as dead
But fast asleep, and lay as though she smiled.

TENNYSON.

LESSON LXXV.

THE KINGDOM OF SOULS.

1. THE kingdom of souls was absolutely the very opposite of the Roman Empire, and it is impossible to imagine a more complete antagonism. The Roman Empire was universal servitude; the kingdom of souls, universal liberty. Between them it was a question of being or not being. The struggle was inevitable; it was to be a deadly struggle.

2. Now, what force did the kingdom of souls dispose of against that empire, covered with legions? None. The Forum? It was no more. The Senate? It was no more. The people? They were no more. Eloquence? It was no more. Thought? It was no more. Was it at least permitted to the first Christians whom the Gospel had raised up in the world to gather one against a hundred thousand for the combat? No, that was not permitted them.

3. What, then, was their strength? The same that Jesus Christ had before them. They had to confess His name, and then to die—to die to-day, to-morrow, the day after; to die one after another—that is to say, to vanquish servitude by the peaceful exercise of the liberty of the soul; to vanquish force, not by force, but by virtue. It had been said to them: If for three centuries you can boldly say,



I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ His only Son our Lord, who was born of the Virgin Mary, was dead, and is risen again—if for three centuries you can say this openly, and die daily after having declared it, in three centuries you shall be masters; that is to say, free. And this was done.

4. And this was done in spite of the fury of the Roman Empire converting the universe into a head-man, and losing its terrified reason in the emptiness of its cruelties. I will say no more of the martyrs; they conquered, as the whole world knows. And this kingdom of souls, founded by their blood—this kingdom of souls which was to destroy idolatry, and which has destroyed it; which was to overthrow the Roman Empire, and which has overthrown it in all that was false and unjust in it—where did this kingdom of souls set up its capital? In Rome!

5. The seat of virtue was placed in the seat of power; the seat of liberty, in the seat of bondage; in the seat of shameful idols, the seat of the Cross of Jesus Christ; in the seat whence the orders of Nero issued to the world, the seat of the disarmed and aged pastor who, in the name of Jesus Christ, whose vicar he is, spreads throughout the world purity, peace, and blessing.

6. Oh triumph of faith and love! Oh spectacle which enraptures man above himself by showing him what he can do for good with the help of God! My own eyes have seen that land, the liberator of souls—that soil formed of the ashes and blood of martyrs; and why should I not recur to remembrances which will confirm my words in reinvigoring my life?



7. One day, then, my heart all trembling with emotion, I entered by the Flaminian gate that famous city which had conquered the world by her arms and governed it by her laws. I hurried to the Capitol ; but the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus no longer crowned its heroic summit. I descended to the Forum ; the orator's tribune was broken down, and the voice of herdsmen had succeeded to the voices of Cicero and Hortensius. I mounted the steep paths of the Palatine ; the Cæsars were gone, and they had not even left a pretorian at the entry to ask the name of the inquisitive stranger.

8. Whilst I was pondering those mighty ruins, through the azure of the Italian sky, I perceived in the distance a temple whose dome appeared to cover all the present grandeurs of that city upon whose dust I trod. I advanced toward it, and there, upon a vast and magnificent space, I found Europe assembled in the persons of her ambassadors, her poets, her artists, her pilgrims—a throng diverse in origin, but united, it seemed, in common and earnest expectation.

9. I also waited, when in the distance before me an old man advanced, borne in a chair above the crowd, bareheaded, and holding in his two hands, under the form of mysterious bread, that Man of Judea, aforetime crucified. Every head bent before him, tears flowed in silent adoration, and upon no visage did I see the protestation of doubt, or the shadow of a feeling which was not, at least, respectful.

10. Whilst I also adored my Master and my King, the immortal King of souls, sharing in the triumph, without seeking to express it even to myself, the



obelisk of granite standing in our midst sang for us all, silent and enraptured, the hymn of God victorious : " Christ conquers, Christ reigns, Christ commands, Christ delivers His people from all evil."

11. And, lest an enemy should have been found in that multitude, it answered itself by another celebrated hymn, which warned us to fly from the Lion of Jūda if we would not adore him in his victory. After many years, which have already whitened my brow, I repeat to you those threats and those songs of joy ; happy are you if you do not fly, but if, drawing nearer, you repeat with us all, children of Christ and members of His kingdom : " Christ conquers, Christ reigns, Christ commands, Christ delivers His people from all evil."

LACORDAIRE.

LESSON LXXVI.

MARTYRDOM OF ST. CALLISTA.

1. CALLISTA had sighed for the bright and clear atmosphere of Greece, and she was thrown into the Robur, and plunged into the Barathrum of Sicca. But in reality, though she called it Greece, she was panting after a better country and a more lasting home ; and this country and home she had found. She was now setting out for it.

2. It was, indeed, no slight marvel that she was not already there. She had been lowered into that pit of death before noon on the day of her second



examination, and, excepting some unwholesome bread and water, according to the custom of the prison, had had no food since she came into the custody of the *commentariensis* the day before. The order came from the magistrates to bring her out earlier in the morning than was intended, or the prison might have really effected what Calphurnius had purposed to pretend. When the apparitors attempted to raise her, she neither spoke nor moved, nor could well be seen. "Black as Orcus," said one of the fellows. "Another torch there! I can't see where she nestles." "There she is, like a bundle of 'clothes," said another. "Madam gets up late this morning," said a third. "She's used to softer éouches," said a fourth. "Ha! ha! 'tis a spoiler of beauty, this hole," said a fifth. "She is the demon of stubbornness, and must be crushed," said the jailer; "she likes it, or she would not choose it." "The plague take the witch," said another; "we shall have better seasons when a few like her are ferreted out."

3. They got her out like a corpse, and put her on the ground outside the prison. When she still did not move, two of them took her between them on their shoulders and arms, and began to move forward, the instrument of torture preceding her. The fresh air of the morning revived her; she soon sat up. She seemed to drink in life again, and became conscious. "Oh beautiful Light!" she whispered. "Oh lovely Light, my light and my life! Oh my Light and my Life, receive me!" Gradually she became fully alive to all that was going on. She was going to death, and that rather than deny Him who had bought her by His own death. He had



suffered for her, and she was to suffer for Him. He had been racked on the Cross; she too was to have her limbs dislocated after His pattern. She scarcely rested on the men's shoulders; and they vowed afterwards that they thought she was going to fly away, vile witch as she was.

4. "The witch, the witch!" the mob screamed out; for she had now come to the place of her conflict. "We'll pay you off for blight and pestilence! Where's our bread, where's the maize and barley, where are the grapes?" And they uttered fierce yells of execration, and seemed disposed to break through the line of apparitors, and to tear her to pieces. Yet, after all, it was not a very hearty uproar, but got up for the occasion. The populace had spent their force, not to say their lives, in the riot in which she was apprehended. The priests and priestesses of the temples had sent the poor wretches and paid them.

5. The place of execution was on the northeast of the city, outside the walls, and toward the mountain. It was where slaves were buried, and it was as hideous as such spots usually were. The neighborhood was wild, open to the beasts of prey, who at night used to descend and feast upon the corpses. As Callista approached to the scene of her suffering, the expression of her countenance had so altered that a friend would scarce have known it. There was a tenderness in it and a modesty which never had been there in that old time. Her cheek had upon it a blush, as when the rising sun suddenly touches some gray rock or tower; yet it was white and glistening too, so much so that others might have said it was like silver. Her eyes were larger



than they had been, and gazed steadfastly, as if at what the multitude did not see. Her lips spoke of sweet peace and deep composure. When at length she came close upon the rabble, who had been screaming and yelling so fiercely, men, women, and boys suddenly held their peace. It was first from curiosity, then from amazement, then from awe. At length a fear smote through them, and a strange pity and reverence. They almost seemed inclined to worship what stirred them so much, they knew not how; a new idea had visited those poor ignorant souls.

6. A few minutes sufficed to put the rack into working order. She was laid down upon its board in her poor bedimmed tunic, which once flashed so bright in the sun—she who had been ever so delicate in her apparel. Her wrists and ankles were seized, extended, fastened to the movable blocks at the extremities of the plank. She spoke her last words: "For Thee, my Lord and Love, for Thee! Accept me, oh my Love! upon this bed of pain! And come to me, oh my Love! make haste and come!" The men turned round the wheels rapidly to and fro; the joints were drawn out of their sockets, and then snapped in again. She had fainted. They waited for her coming to; they still waited; they got impatient.

7. "Dash some water on her," said one. "Spit in her face, and it will do," said a second. "Prick her with your spike," said a third. "Hold your wild talk," said a fourth; "she's gone to the shades." They gathered round, and looked at her attentively. They could not bring her back. So it was; she had gone to her Lord and her Love.



8. "Lay her out for the wolves and vultures," said the *cornicularius*, and he was going to appoint guards till nightfall, when up came the *stationarii* and Calphurnius in high wrath.

9. "You dogs!" he cried, "what trick have you been practising against the soldiers of Rome?" However, expostulation and reproach were bootless; nor would it answer here to go into the quarrel which ensued over the dead body. The magistrates, having got scent of Calphurnius's scheme, had outwitted the tribune by assigning an earlier hour than was usual for the execution. Life could not be recalled; nor did the soldiers of course dare publicly to disobey the proconsul's order for the exposure of the corpse. All that could be done they did. They took her down with rude reverence from the rack, and placed her on the sand; and then they set guards to keep off the rabble, and to avail themselves of any opportunity which might occur to show consideration toward her.

J. H. NEWMAN, D.D.

LESSON LXXVII.

PARADISE AND THE PERL

PART I.

1. ONE morn a Peri at the gate
 Of Eden stood, disconsolate;
 And as she listened to the springs
 Of life within, like music flowing,
 And caught the light upon her wings
 Through the half-open portal glowing,



She wept to think her recreant race
Should e'er have lost that glorious place !

2. "How happy," exclaimed this child of air,
"Are the holy spirits who wander there,
'Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall ;
Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea.
And the stars themselves have flowers for me,
One blossom of heaven outblooms them all !

3. "Though sunny the lake of cool Cashmere,
With its plane-tree isle reflected clear,
And sweetly the founts of that valley fall ;
Though bright are the waters of Sing-su-hay,
And the golden floods that thitherward stray,
Yet, oh, 'tis only the blest can say
How the waters of heaven outshine them all !

4. "Go, wing your flight from star to star,
From world to luminous world, as far
As the universe spreads its flaming wall ;
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply each through endless years,—
One minute of heaven is worth them all !"

5. The glorious Angel, who was keeping
The Gates of Light, beheld her weeping ;
And, as he nearer drew and listened
To her sad song, a tear-drop glistened
Within his eyelids, like the spray
From Eden's fountain, when it lies
On the blue flower, which, Brahmins say,
Blooms nowhere but in Paradise !



6. "Nymph of a fair but erring line,"
Gently he said, "one hope is thine.
'Tis written in the Book of Fate,
The Peri yet may be forgiven
Who brings to this eternal gate
The gift that is most dear to heaven !
Go, seek it, and redeem thy sin ;
'Tis sweet to let the pardoned in."

7. Rapidly as comets run
To th' embraces of the sun ;
Fleeter than the starry brands
Flung at night from angel-hands
At those dark and daring sprites
Who would climb th' empyreal heights
Down the blue vault the Peri flies,
And, lighted earthward by a glance
That just then broke from Morning's eyes,
Hung hovering o'er our world's expanse.

8. But whither shall the spirit go
To find this gift for heaven ? "I know
The wealth," she cries, "of every urn,
In which unnumbered rubies burn,
Beneath the pillars of Chilminar ;
I know where the Isles of Perfume are
Many a fathom down in the sea,
To the south of sun-bright Araby ;
I know, too, where the genii hid
The jewelled cup of their king Jamshid,
With life's elixir sparkling high :
But gifts like these are not for the sky.
Where was there ever a gem that shone
Like the steps of Alla's wonderful throne !

And the drops of life—oh, what would they be
In the boundless deep of eternity ?”

9. While thus she mused, her pinions fanned
The air of that sweet Indian land,
Whose air is balm ; whose ocean spreads
O'er coral banks and amber beds ;
Whose sandal groves and bowers of spice
Might be a Peri's paradise !

But crimson now her rivers ran

With human blood ; the smell of death
Came reeking from those spicy bowers,
And man, the sacrifice of man,

Mingled his taint with every breath
Upwafted from the innocent flowers.

10. Land of the Sun ! what foot invades
Thy pagods and thy pillared shades,
Thy cavern-shrines, and idol-stones,
Thy monarchs and their thousand thrones ?

'Tis he of Gazna—fierce in wrath

He comes, and India's diadems
Lie scattered in his ruinous path.

His bloodhounds he adorns with gems,

Torn from the violated necks
Of many a young and loved Sultana ;

Maidens within their pure Zenana,

Priests in the very fane, he slaughters,

And chokes up with glittering wrecks
Of golden shrines the sacred waters !

11. Downward the Peri turns her gaze,
And, through the war-field's bloody haze,



Beholds a youthful warrior stand
Alone beside his native river,—
The red blade broken in his hand,
And the last arrow in his quiver.
“Live,” said the conqueror—“live to share
The trophies and the crowns I bear !”
Silent that youthful warrior stood ;
Silent he pointed to the flood,
All crimson with his country's blood ;
Then sent his last remaining dart,
For answer, to th' invader's heart.

12. False flew the shaft, though pointed well ;
The tyrant lived, the hero fell !
Yet marked the Peri where he lay,
And when the rush of war was past,
Swiftly descending on a ray
Of morning light, she caught the last,
Last glorious drop his heart had shed
Before its free-born spirit fled !

13. “Be this,” she cried, as she winged her flight,
“My welcome gift at the Gates of Light.
Though foul are the drops that oft distil
On the field of warfare, blood like this,
For liberty shed, so holy is
It would not stain the purest rill
That sparkles among the bowers of bliss !
Oh, if there be on this earthly sphere
A boon, an offering heaven holds dear,
'Tis the last libation liberty draws
From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her
cause !”



14. "Sweet," said the Angel, as she gave
 The gift into his radiant hand—
 "Sweet is our welcome of the brave
 Who die thus for their native land ;
 But see, alas ! the crystal bar
 Of Eden moves not—holier far
 Than even this drop the boon must be
 That opes the gates of heaven for thee !"

LESSON LXXVIII.

PARADISE AND THE PERI.

PART II.

1. HER first fond hope of Eden blighted,
 Now among Afric's Lunar Mountains,
 Far to the south, the Peri lighted ;
 And sleeked her plumage at the fountains
 Of that Egyptian tide, whose birth
 Is hidden from the sons of earth.
 Thence over Egypt's palmy groves,
 Her grotts, and sepulchres of kings,
 The exiled Spirit sighing roves ;
 And now hangs listening to the doves
 In warm Rosetta's vale—now loves
 To watch the moonlight on the wings
 Of the white pelicans that break
 The azure calm of Mœris Lake.

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 2. Just then, beneath some orange-trees,
 Whose fruit and blossoms in the breeze
 Were wantoning together, free,
 Like age at play with infancy—



Beneath that fresh and springing bower,
Close by the lake, she heard the moan
Of one who, at this silent hour,
Had thither stolen to die alone.
One who in life, where'er he moved,
Drew after him the hearts of many ;
Yet now, as though he ne'er were loved,
Dies here unseen, unwept by any !

3. But see—who yonder comes by stealth,
This melancholy bower to seek,
Like a young envoy sent by Health,
With rosy gifts upon her cheek ?
'Tis she—far off, through moonlight dim,
He knew his own betrothed bride,
She who would rather die with him
Than live to gain the world beside !
“ Oh ! let me only breathe the air,
The blessed air that's breathed by thee,
And, whether on its wings it bear
Healing or death, 'tis sweet to me !

4. “ Nay, turn not from me that dear face—
Am I not thine—thy own loved bride—
The one, the chosen one, whose place
In life or death is by thy side ?
Think'st thou that she, whose only light
In this dim world from thee hath shone,
Could bear the long, the cheerless night
That must be hers when thou art gone !
That I can live, and let thee go,
Who art my life itself ? No, no ;
When the stem dies, the leaf that grew
Out of its heart must perish too ! ”



She fails—she sinks—as dies the lamp
In charnel airs or cavern damp,
So quickly do his baleful sighs
Quench all the sweet light of her eyes.

5. “Sleep,” said the Peri, as softly she stole
The farewell sigh of that vanishing soul,
As true as e’er warmed a woman’s breast—
“Sleep on, in visions of odor rest,
In balmier airs than ever yet stirred
The enchanted pile of that lonely bird
Who sings at the last his own death-lay,
And in music and perfume dies away !”

6. But morn is blushing in the sky ;
Again the Peri soars above,
Bearing to Heaven that precious sigh
Of pure, self-sacrificing love.
High throbbed her heart, with hope elate,
The Elysian palm she soon shall win,
For the bright Spirit at the gate
Smiled as she gave that offering in ;
And she already hears the trees
Of Eden, with their crystal bells
Ringing in that ambrosial breeze
That from the throne of Alla swells ;
And she can see the starry bowls
That lie around that lucid lake,
Upon whose banks admitted souls
Their first sweet draught of glory take !

7. But, ah ! even Peris’ hopes are vain—
Again the Fates forbade, again
The immortal barrier closed—“Not yet,”
The Angel said, as, with regret,



He shut from her that glimpse of glory—
 “True was the maiden ; and her story,
 Written in light o’er Alla’s head,
 By seraph eyes shall long be read.
 But, Peri, see—the crystal bar
 Of Eden moves not—holier far
 Than even this sigh the boon must be
 That opes the gates of Heaven for thee.”

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8. When, o’er the vale of Baalbec winging
 Slowly, she sees a child at play,
 Among the rosy wild flowers singing,
 As rosy and as wild as they ;
 Chasing, with eager hands and eyes,
 The beautiful blue damsel-flies,
 That fluttered round the jasmine stems,
 Like wingèd flowers or flying gems ;
 And near the boy, who, tired with play,
 Now nestling ’mid the roses lay,
 She saw a wearied man dismount
 From his hot steed, and on the brink
 Of a small imaret’s rustic fount
 Impatient fling him down to drink.

9. Then swift his haggard brow he turned
 To the fair child, who fearless sat,
 Though never yet hath day-beam burned
 Upon a brow more fierce than that—
 Sullenly fierce—a mixture dire,
 Like thunder-clouds, of gloom and fire !
 In which the Peri’s eye could read
 Dark tales of many a ruthless deed.



Yet tranquil now that man of crime
(As if the balmy evening time
Softened his spirit) looked and lay,
Watching the rosy infant's play.



10. But hark ! the vesper call to prayer,
As slow the orb of daylight sets,



Is rising sweetly on the air,
 From Syria's thousand minarets !
 The boy has started from the bed
 Of flowers, where he had laid his head,
 And down upon the fragrant sod
 Kneels, with his forehead to the south,
 Lispering the eternal name of God
 From Purity's own cherub mouth,
 And looking, while his hands and eyes
 Are lifted to the glowing skies,
 Like a stray babe of Paradise,
 Just lighted on that flowery plain,
 And seeking for its home again.

11. And how felt *he*, the wretched man
 Reclining there—while memory ran
 O'er many a year of guilt and strife,
 Flew o'er the dark flood of his life,
 Nor found one sunny resting-place,
 Nor brought him back one branch of grace !
 "There *was* a time," he said, in mild,
 Heart-humbled tones, "thou blessed child !
 When, young, and haply pure as thou,
 I looked and prayed like thee—but now—"
 He hung his head—each nobler aim,
 And hope, and feeling, which had slept
 From boyhood's hour, that instant came
 Fresh o'er him, and he wept—he wept !

12. And now—behold him kneeling there
 By the child's side, in humble prayer,
 While the same sunbeam shines upon
 The guilty and the guiltless one,
 And hymns of joy proclaim through Heaven
 The triumph of a soul forgiven !

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13. 'Twas when the golden orb had set,
While on their knees they lingered yet,
There fell a light more lovely far
Than ever came from sun or star,
Upon the tear that, warm and meek,
Dewed that repentant sinner's cheek :
To mortal eye this light might seem
A northern flash of meteor beam—
But well the enraptured Peri knew
'Twas a bright smile the Angel threw
From Heaven's gate, to hail that tear
Her harbinger of glory near !

14. "Joy, joy forever ! my task is done—
The gates are passed, and Heaven is won !
Oh, am I not happy ? I am, I am !
To thee, sweet Eden ! how dark and sad
Are the diamond turrets of Shadukiam,
And the fragrant bowers of Amberabad !

15. "Farewell, ye odors of earth, that die,
Passing away like a lover's sigh ;
My feast is now of the Tooba tree,
Whose scent is the breath of eternity !
Farewell, ye vanishing flowers, that shone
In my fairy wreath, so bright and brief ;
Oh, what are the brightest that e'er have blown,
To the lote-tree, springing by Alla's throne,
Whose flowers have a soul in every leaf !
Joy, joy forever !—my task is done—
The gates are passed, and Heaven is won !"

MOORE.



LESSON LXXIX.

THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Place : The Centennial Building, Philadelphia. Time : Evening of July 3, 1876.

AMERICA sitting enthroned, AUSTRALASIA standing by her side, a little retired.

Enter ASIA, AFRICA, and EUROPA.

America (rising). Hail ! our beloved sisters of the older hemisphere. Right welcome are you to our shores on this great and auspicious occasion. Be seated, pray ; but first allow me to present to you my young friend Australasia. She is bashful, as becomes her tender years ; but the glow of health on her cheeks and the elasticity of her tread in the path of true progress give token of a long and vigorous career.

Asia. Fair daughter of our Eastern clime, I bow before you ! You are, I know, a near neighbor of mine, and I shall look forward to a better acquaintance with you in the future.

Africa. And of mine a far distant one, but yet, I hope, no less a friend.

Europa. Little one, let me take your hand. To me, I think, belongs the honor of introducing you to the world. May your life be worthy of your parentage, and your happiness and prosperity be ever increasing !

Australasia. To all my most sincere thanks. Supported by the friendship of those so much older and more experienced than myself, and



guided by the example of our kind hostess, America, I trust to prove myself at some future day more worthy of your affection and consideration.

America. Now, ladies, be pleased to make yourselves at home, and, woman-like, tell me what you have had the goodness to bring with you to do honor to the birthday of our latest-born Republic. You, Asia, our eldest sister, who beheld the birth of the human race; you who witnessed the stupendous miracles and revelations of the Great Maker of the universe; nay, upon whose soil Infinite Goodness Himself deigned to walk in human likeness; whose history stretches far beyond even the dim vista of earthly tradition, and who yet shelter under your shield more than half of mankind—speak you first.

Asia. My tributes are, I hope, not unworthy of your acceptance. From Araby I bring you sweet gums to shed an odor round your homes and temples, and to form an invisible ladder by which your prayers may ascend to the Throne of Grace; from the dark mines of Golconda a few jewels to deck your fair daughters. Thibet sends you her softest wool and Cashmere her gayest shawls to clothe their graceful forms. Mocha contributes her delicious berry to enliven your morning repast. China, my celestial kingdom, pours into your lap the most fragrant of herbs, her tea, to beguile your leisure hours and cheer the weary couch of sickness. Our Eastern isles, whose perfumed breezes are wafted far over sea and land, beg you to accept their spices as a token of their desire to live long and gratefully in your memory. Turkey, also, lays at your feet her



richest carpets, such as Persian satraps and Babylonian monarchs would have given a kingdom to have possessed.

America. Such presents are indeed magnificent, and well worthy so great and splendid a continent. Now will our dusky but not less dear friend, Africa, speak?

Africa. Alas! madam, I bring little but friendship and sincere esteem. There was a time when the gifts of Africa were neither few nor worthless. Ere noble Thebes and splendid Carthage fell, when Egypt, the cradle of ancient science and learning, was young, and the ships of the Carthaginian mariners covered every known sea, then, indeed, I could boast of refinement, power, and riches. But our civilization vanished before the storms of paganism and gross idolatry, and disappeared like the magnificent monuments of our material greatness which lie buried under the drifting sands of the desert. For a moment our hopes revived when a ray of Christian light was shed on our northern borders and the great Augustine cast the effulgence of his genius far and near. But again came cruel and unjust wars. The fanatical followers of the false prophet of Medina swept over our towns and cities, levelling their walls and slaughtering their inhabitants. Art, religion, and commerce fled affrighted from our shores, till no traffic remained but that in human flesh, and no law save the will of the strongest. Still, I have brought with me some shining grains from our yet precious rivers, and ivory as pure and white as the hearts and complexions of your fairest daughters.

America. Many thanks, good sister. It is the



good-will of the giver, not the value of the gift itself, that makes it precious. Your condition is, in truth, sadly changed. But take courage and be assured that better days are in store for you. Already the torch of Christian civilization is rekindled on your frontiers, and will soon be seen burning in the now most inaccessible portions of your vast domain. The curse of slavery will ere long be eradicated, and your children, waking from the trance of ages, will once again arise with renewed vigor and energy to take their places among their now more fortunate contemporaries.

Africa. I assure you, madam, your words give me much consolation; for to you in particular do we look for aid and counsel in promoting so desirable a change.

America. And Europa, upon whose brow sit enthroned art and science, enterprise and knowledge, what have you brought to our celebration?

Europa. The statuary of ancient Greece, in which all the graces of form and feature, such as poet never imagined nor philosopher conceived, are wonderfully displayed; the speaking canvas of the Italian painters, with colors as bright and as enduring as the sky that overhangs that sunny land; the generous wines and luscious fruits of Spain to warm the chilled blood of the old and infirm, and make happy the gay and youthful. France sends you her silks and velvets, soft and warm as the cheek of beauty, and her tapestry woven in the cunning looms of Gobelin. Britain contributes the produce of her fruitful mines and of her millions of toilers, her woollens and cloths to keep out the winter's cold, and her metals, skilfully



and curiously fashioned, to meet the various wants of mankind ; while Erin gives her linen, white and soft as new-fallen Alpine snow. Belgium sends her laces, finer than new-spun cobwebs ; and Germany asks you to accept the tributes of her famous authors to the literature of the world, and her music, now the charm of social life. The ingenious Swiss, too, sends you his watches, that you may note the fleeting hours as they pass, and learn to appreciate their value.

America. Timely and most valuable gifts, indeed, my most generous sister ! Let me hope that such evidences of courtesy on your part will add even more strength to the bonds of interest and affection which at present bind us together. And our fair youngest sister, upon whose bosom is reflected the southern Cross—most glorious of constellations, and fit emblem of her destiny—what has she to say ?

Australasia. Little indeed, most excellent madam. Let my youth plead for me, and accept instead of gifts the love and esteem of a heart almost free from contact with the world, and a mind but just springing into verdure and fruitfulness. Give me in return your counsel and support ; and when a similar occasion occurs, and another century has passed away, you will find that I have not neglected the lesson or proved unworthy of your patronage.

America. My sister, you shall not ask in vain. Go on and prosper. Be patient and just, and never forget that the path to true individual happiness and national greatness, though too often beset with thorns and dangers, can be only safely trodden when Peace, Mercy, and Religion lead the way. While this earth lasts there will be



always human passions to be curbed and unreasonable quarrels to be suppressed ; but let it be our duty, dear sisters, by the practice of mutual forbearance and by the exhibition of strict justice towards one another, to mitigate, as far as possible, the evils which infest human society. We meet here as friends, as members of a common family ; may our friendship become so sincere and lasting that posterity shall call themselves citizens, not of one section or continent, but of the united states of the whole world.

LESSON LXXX.

THE ANGELUS.

1. BELLS of the Past ! whose long-forgotten music
Still fills the wide expanse,
Tinging the sober twilight of the Present
With color of romance,
2. I hear your call, and see the sun descending
On rock, and wave, and sand,
As down the coast the Mission voices blending
Girdle the heathen land.
3. Within the circle of your incantation
No blight nor mildew falls ;
Nor fierce unrest, nor lust, nor low ambition,
Passes those airy walls.
4. Borne on the swell of your long waves receding
I touch the farther Past—
I see the dying glow of Spanish glory,
The sunset dream and last !

5. Before me rise the dome-shaped Mission towers,
The white Presidio ;
The swart commander in his leather jerkin,
The priest in stole of snow.
6. Once more I see Portala's cross uplifting
Above the setting sun ;
And past the headland, northward, slowly drifting,
The freighted galleon.
7. Oh, solemn bells ! whose consecrated masses
Recall the faith of old—
Oh, tinkling bells ! that lulled with twilight music
The spiritual fold !
8. Your voices break and falter in the darkness—
Break, falter, and are still ;
And veiled and mystic, like the Host descending,
The sun sinks from the hill !

BRET HARTE.

LESSON LXXXI.

ANCIENT AND MODERN FORMS OF PRAYER.

1. A TWOFOLD scene presents itself to our imagination. On the one side, we seem to ourselves to behold a venerable sanctuary, be its country and character what it may ; whether the dark and awful precincts of the holy house at Loreto, or the silver crypt in which St. Charles Borromeo lies enshrined, or one of our own ancient pilgrimages, the chapel of St. Cuthbert or St. Thomas, restored to its ancient



beauty and splendor. Around the object of common veneration are scattered various suppliants, not marshalled into ranks by vergers' wands, but, as greater earnestness or greater humility, as pious curiosity or desire of concealment prompts, nearer or more afar; some in the bright glow of burning tapers, or of sunbeams streaming through richly-stained window; some half-veiled in the mysterious shadows of clustered pillars or secluded nooks.

2. There we see the Belgian matron, hooded and cloaked in her dark-flowing drapery, a breathing but motionless figure—a living Van Eyck; on another side we have the German peasant, with arms outstretched, as though on a cross; in deep and earnest supplication; further back we find the Swiss pilgrim, leaning on his staff, as, rosary in hand, he kneels with hoary head and flowing beard bowed lowly down; and in front of all, and pressing on nearer to the shrine, the Italian, in the bright attire of the Abruzzi, kneeling as though reclining backwards, in the attitude of Canova's Magdalen, with her hands clasped upon her knees, and her glowing, upturned face streaming with tears.

3. On the other side is another scene. The altar and its appurtenances are finished in the best style of most approved upholstery; the tightly-fitted carpet is well covered to secure its holiday freshness; the marbling and graining are unexceptionable in color and in varnish. Here, too, are worshippers: the Parisian dame reclining on her tall chair *prie-dieu*, with her silver-mounted prayer-book, the English seat-holder surrounded by all the luxury of worsted-worked cushions, and morocco-bound books of devotion.



4. It is far from our intention to make any invidious comparison between the actors in the two scenes, or even to insinuate that the second class may not be as devout and fervent as the first. On the contrary, habit has so much influence on even our most sacred duties, that we believe that the people first described would be as unable to pray and be as cold in their supplications, were they placed amidst the soft accompaniments of the others' prayers, as these would be if dropped down, alone and unsupported, on the cold pavement of an old Gothic church. But, somehow or other, the eye and the thought seem to find a spectacle more akin to the avowed purpose of both scenes in the outward bearing and appearance of those who compose the first.

5. If the painter desired to represent a fervent suppliant, he certainly would look on it for his models; if a poet wished to describe the prayerful outpourings of an afflicted heart, he would make them be expressed in its outward forms; nay, if the preacher or moralist should seek to stir up his hearer or reader to a fitting observance of devotional duties, he would surely draw his imagery and illustrate his meaning from the same source. We, indeed, are not artists nor poets; neither are we intending to deliver a homily upon such sacred topics. We have only wished to present our readers with what we conceive to be accurate types of two species of prayer, and two classes of prayer-books now in use amongst us—the ancient or liturgical, and truly ecclesiastical, and the modern, multifarious, and unauthoritative.

6. In the former are combined all the powerful



and the beautiful, the deep and the sublime, the holy and the poetical, which minds and hearts, gifted by heaven with little less than inspiration, could mingle together. The spirit of celestial harmony pervades their words and combines their phrases, and weaves them into sentences and strains of marvellous art. In them we admire a rich and mellow tone, an almost playful variety, now passing from the grave to the cheerful, as if by a sudden burst, then descending gradually from the sublime to the familiar, with no loss of dignity. Everything is heartfelt, soul-deep; the sob of contrition, the *De Profundis* of the spirit, comes from the innermost caverns of a hollow, sorrow-worn breast; the song of thanksgiving, its *Te Deum*, springs blithe and light from quivering lips, as if to carol among heavenly choirs.

7. The voice of ancient priests must needs, one would think, have been of a rich and solemn modulation, now unknown on earth, to have had such beautiful sentences allotted to it to utter, and the multitudes who answered must have made a sound like to the noise of many waters, to have inspired such responses. What a fitness in the selection of every versicle; what refinement in the choice of allusions and illustrations; what exquisite taste in the application of Holy Writ to every want; what simple and natural, yet most sublime poetry pervading every office, even where metre is excluded; what a noble elevation of thought and expression in the more didactic portions! There is a fragrance, a true incense in those ancient prayers, which seems to rise from the lips, and to wind upwards in soft, balmy clouds, upon which angels may recline and



thence look down upon us as we utter them. They seem worthy to be caught up in a higher sphere, and to be heaped upon the altar above at which an angel ministers.

8. In them we look in vain for that formal arrangement, that systematic distribution of parts which distinguishes our modern prayers. We never have petitions regularly labelled and cut to measure, and yet nothing that we can want that is not there asked for. What seems at first sight almost disorder, is found, on examination, to be a most pleasing variety, produced by most artless, yet most refined, arrangement. They lack the symmetry of the parterre; there seems to have been no line and compass used in laying them out; the flowers are not placed according to a rigid classification, but they have the grandeur, and the boldness, and withal the freshness, of a landscape; their very irregularities give them beauties, their sudden transitions effect, and their colors are blended in a luxurious richness with which no modern art can vie.

9. They partake of all the solemnity and all the stateliness of the places in which they were first recited; they retain the echoes of the gloomy catacomb; they still resound with the jubilee of gilded basilicas; they keep the harmonious reverberations of lofty groined vaults. The Church's sorrows and joys, her martyrs' oblation and confessors' thanksgiving, her anchorites' sighs and virgins' breathings of love—all are registered there. He that would muse over a skull hath his *Dies Iræ*; she that would stand at the foot of the holy rood, her *Stabat Mater*; and they that would adore in concert before the altar, their *Lauda Sion*. CARDINAL WISEMAN.



LESSON LXXXII.

PEACE.

1. THE steadfast coursing of the stars,
The waves that ripple to the shore,
The vigorous trees which year by year
Spread upwards more and more ;
2. The jewel forming in the mine,
The snow that falls so soft and light,
The rising and the setting sun,
The growing glooms of night ;
3. All natural things both live and move
In natural peace that is their own ;
Only in our disordered life
Almost is she unknown.
4. She is not rest, nor sleep, nor death ;
Order and motion ever stand
To carry out her firm behests
As guards at her right hand.
5. And something of her living force
Fashions the lips when Christians say
To Him whose strength sustains the world,
“ Give us Thy peace, we pray ! ”

BESSIE RAYNOR PARKES.



LESSON LXXXIII.

MOTHER MCAULEY.

1. **THE** Order of Mercy, one of the most widely extended of modern religious foundations, is, like the Presentation Order, of Irish origin. Begun in Ireland in 1827, in less than forty years it had spread into England, Scotland, the United States, Newfoundland, Australia, New Zealand, and South America.



More than two hundred convents of the order are now in existence, which count over three thousand inmates engaged in the active works of mercy, and devoting to them, not their lives only, but also a vast amount of private fortune. "During thirty years," says Dean O'Brien, "between endowments and the surplus dowries of their children, the fathers of the Irish race have expended seven hundred thousand pounds for the poor and ignorant



through this order alone, and given their children's lives besides."

2. Catherine Elizabeth McAuley, the foundress of this prolific family, was born near Dublin in the year 1787. She was descended on both sides from ancient and respectable Catholic families, but, having been orphaned at an early age, she had the great misfortune to fall into the hands of guardians who were not only ignorant of the Catholic faith, but who entertained for it a bitter and unusual hatred. Her brother and sister lost their faith; but Catherine, although she grew up without proper instruction, always felt her heart yearn toward the Church of her baptism, and, although forbidden to follow her inclinations, she persistently refused to enter any other.

3. Later on, when her vigorous mind began to develop itself, books of controversy aimed against the faith were put into her hands, with the unlooked-for result of neutralizing their own purpose. History, even as written by the adversaries of the Spouse of Christ, is never a willing witness against her, and cannot be read by those whose minds are honest and whose hearts are unclouded, without revealing the Church in all her fair proportions. Catherine found all her convictions, as well as all her inclinations, bend in one direction, and in her seventeenth year she summoned courage to obey her conscience and seek instruction and the grace of the Sacraments at the hands of Dr. Murray, afterwards Archbishop of Dublin.

4. In these matters, although it is "the first step that counts," yet with many persons, and perhaps with most of those who seem designed by God to



promote His glory in ways beyond the ordinary, there is much to suffer even after the first painful struggles are over between conscience and the contrary impulses which sway the soul. Catherine's difficulties were many. Her natural amiability had too greatly endeared her to those among whom she lived for them to lose her without resistance. Yet, doubtless, her trials seem harder in the accounts given by her biographers than she felt them at the time. Perhaps those only who have sold, as she did, all they had, to buy that one pearl of great price, the Catholic faith, can know how paltry the purchase-money looks beside it. Holding that prize at last, it seems only reasonable to them that no one should win it who is not prepared for its sake to throw away all else.

5. Moreover, Catherine's will was so firm when once it had fixed upon its proper object, that her conflicts with her friends, if sharp, were also short. In the end she not only attained her point of practising her religion without opposition, but had the happiness of seeing the friends by whom she had been adopted embrace it also. At his death, which happened when Catherine was thirty-five years old, her guardian, who had been baptized some months previously, left her sole mistress of a large fortune, and unhampered by any advice as to how it should be used. That it would be devoted to charitable purposes he doubtless thought not unlikely; but her judgment and her heart had long approved themselves worthy of the unlimited confidence which he now placed in them.

6. Nothing, however, was at this time further from her intention than the thought of founding a



religious institute. She felt assured, it is true, that God called her to do some permanent work for the poor, and she seemed never for an instant to have regarded her wealth in any other light than as a trust which He had reposed in her hands. Her first undertaking was that of establishing a refuge where female servants and other women of good character might find a temporary home when out of work, and be sheltered from the many dangers to which poverty exposes them. But her plan for carrying out this work was to form a sort of society of secular ladies, who, between the period of leaving school and settling in life, might, without inconvenience to their families, spend a few hours daily in instructing the poor and preparing them for the sacraments.

7. "One thing," says Dean O'Brien, "which must strike the most cursory reader of her life, is how little Catherine herself knew of the mission for which the Almighty had destined her. Like St. Francis of Assisi, St. Dominic, St. Ignatius, and nearly all, if not quite all, the founders of religious orders, she looks the passive instrument of God's love for man, 'worked by the Spirit,' as the children of God are, and for the beneficent purpose of becoming the stewardess of celestial bounty to those whom the world passes by. She wishes to build a school for poor girls, and her architect builds a convent; she engages a few ladies to help her, and, for convenience' sake, they begin to take a spare meal on the premises; religion suggests a garb grave as their occupations, and a dark costume is assumed; intercourse begets the name of 'sister,' at first playfully applied, and spiritual authority is offended at the usurpation. Thus the casually associated little



band have insensibly come within the charmed circle of monastic feelings and habits ; its spirit has insensibly stolen in among them and shaped their lives and ordinary practices, until at length they stand on the threshold of the sanctuary, and retrogression or progress becomes a necessity. Happily the step is made forward, and the Church has a new gem in her brilliant diadem.

8. "We behold here the full illustration of the words of the Master in Israel : 'If the work be from God, you cannot destroy it.' Catherine's work was like our Divine Lord and His work—'A sign to be contradicted.' She had the crosses, and conflicts, and misconceptions which wait upon great enterprises ; but from all of them the weak woman came forth radiant with the victories the Divine Spirit deigned to bestow. The simple truth is that her work was a plant whose growth was in and of the Church ; which belonged to the special season predetermined by Heaven, and was, therefore, only one of the series of the 'Father's planting' which, in mysterious order, grow along the fields of ages, and mark the necessities of mankind, as well as the vigilance and lovingness of God.

9. "The same Wisdom which gave a Paul and an Antony to piety, a Benedict to learning, a Bernard to discipline, a Dominic to assailed orthodoxy, a Francis to spiritual life, a Peter Nolasco to philanthropy, a Vincent de Paul to ecclesiastical reform and charity, a Nano Nagle and a De la Salle to the education of the poor,—the same gave to Ireland, coming on the famine time, the cholera time, and the days of awful emigration, and Queen's Colleges, and growth of materialism, the Order of Mercy.



Refuge was to be needed for our young women, and homes for our orphans, and education for our girls, and angels of God's love for our decaying and dying brothers in hospitals, garrets, and cabins; and, just as it always happened, at the proper time—neither sooner nor later—God spoke by the presence of the Sisters of Mercy: 'I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world.'"

LESSON LXXXIV.

PICTURES ON MEMORY'S WALL.

1. AMONG the beautiful pictures that hang on memory's wall

Is one of a dim old forest, that seemeth best of all :
Not for its gnarled oaks, olden, dark with the mistletoe,

Nor for the violets golden that sprinkle the vale below ;

Not for the milk-white lilies that lean from the fragrant hedge,

Coquetting all day with the sunbeams, and stealing their golden edge ;

Nor for the vines on the upland where the bright red berries rest,

Nor the pinks, nor the pale, sweet cowslip, it seemeth to me the best.

2. I once had a little brother, with eyes that were dark and deep ;

In the lap of the old dim forest he lieth in peace asleep.



Light as the down of the thistle, free as the winds
that blow,

We roved there the beautiful summers—the sum-
mers of long ago ;

But his feet on the hills grew weary, and one of the
autumn eyes

I made for my little brother a bed of the yellow
leaves.

3. Sweetly his pale arms folded my neck in a meek
embrace,

As the light of immortal beauty silently covered his
face ;

And when the arrows of sunset lodged in the tree-
top's height,

He fell, in his saint-like beauty, asleep by the gates
of light !

Therefore of all the pictures that hang on memory's
wall,

The one of the dim old forest seemeth the best
of all.

ALICE CARY.

LESSON LXXXV.

SOME THOUGHTS ON WOMEN.

1. WOMAN, in the substance of humanity, feels less than man the changes of ages and civilization. Revolution does not act on woman as it does on man ; it does not enter so radically into her mental organization ; therefore, throughout the mutations of history, she remains a clear and exhaustless spring in the depths of life, for its perennial beauty and



refreshment ; a constant heart in the midst of nations, for their vitality, purity, and charities. Her being, more than man's, entrenched in everlasting instincts and affections, is not as his—so moulded by the outward world ! Thus woman is not so transformed as man is by the influence of successive generations.

2. That elemental humanity which institutions, laws, manners, cannot alter, is more a necessity of her consciousness than it is of man's ; she, therefore, preserves, through all vicissitudes, a constitution, in mind and body, nearer than his to primitive simplicity. Creature as she may seem of art, of artifice, of fantasy, she is never able effectually to overlay nature, nor long successfully to disguise it. Solomon was aware of this when he ordered the dividing of the child. In spite of any training, in spite of any seeming, when there is aught to touch her nearly she quickly reveals herself ; and though at times equal to the most insidious deceit, yet all her contrivance, her stratagems, her cunning and skill are ever at the mercy of an impulse.

3. Woman lives always more in home than man ; and there she lives amidst those relations in which the world is again young, in which the life is begun anew in the nursery of society. There she sees the material from which society is evolved by tradition, custom, and education. There she has before her the radicalism of society—society in its roots ; and whether she understands her position or does not understand it, the facts of a philosophy are within the touch of her hand, more original than any which metaphysicians or statesmen have faculty or time to study.



4. Womanhood thus, by its own instinctive life, and by its constant nearness to the world's instinctive life, reveals itself with a peculiar unity amidst the diversities of time ; it shows itself with no less of unity amidst the diversities of condition. Women may be proud, haughty, vain, exclusive, sensitively jealous of privilege and station ; but with all outward divisions sharply defined and severely guarded, women are yet more really in unity than men. Nay, the very instinct of this unity adds force to the restrictive conventionalism which rules so despotically among women. They know how vitally near they are to each other. Nature, therefore, the more securely entrenches itself within the barriers of rank, fashion, and ceremony.

5. A woman knows that she could not keep separate from a woman as a man can from a man. Intimacy among women merges into equality, companionship into community, and all into confidence. When women thus come together, they meet in the centre of a deep common life ; for women have in common, more than men, feelings that are strong, natural, and sacred. Men, at the extremes of life in station or experience, never thus come together in the interchange of feelings and ideas essential to their life. In the most cordial outward familiarity, they would still be as far as could be from any approach to the intercourse of equal and reciprocal sympathies. A king would speak familiarly with his shepherd or his ploughman, but the king and the hind would never meet in a point at which the differences of station were lost in unity of nature. Yet we would not say that the king's conversation



was not manly ; we do not look for any such intercommunion as a condition of his manliness.

6. But let the queen talk familiarly with the shepherd's or the ploughman's wife—both would soon forget the difference of stations in the unity of sex ; monarch and menial would gradually melt into the gossip of matrons and mothers, and, before they were aware of it, would be deep in the philosophy of babies and the mysteries of husbands. Exactly in the degree that the conversation was *womanly*, it would be an intercommunion of essential feminine life, and the woman of the throne would in this be *one* with the woman of the hut. If, then, women have antagonisms which men have not, woman has a sympathy for woman which man has nothing like for man. Every woman feels in herself the totality of womanhood. The individual woman identifies herself with sex ; she makes the dignity of her sex her own, and any word hurtful to it she takes as a personal insult. Thus, through her very sense of instinctive community, she often seems towards the sins of her sisterhood hard, intolerant, and unmerciful. The reason is that she feels as if *she* herself in some way shared in their dishonor and suffered by their obloquy.

HENRY GILES.



LESSON LXXXVI.



MOTHER SETON.

1. ELIZABETH ANN BAYLEY, the foundress of the Sisterhood of Charity in the United States, was born in the city of New York, on the 28th of August, 1774. Her father, Dr. Richard Bayley, was a physician of good family and distinguished position, a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and a man of many natural virtues. Her mother



died while Elizabeth was a child. Under the care of her father, she was well educated and trained to domestic duties. At the age of nineteen she married Mr. William Magee Seton, the eldest son of a prosperous New York merchant, and a descendant of an old Scottish family whose head is the Earl of Winton.

2. Their married life was eminently happy, and for several years fortune smiled upon them; but commercial disasters at length swept away their property. Dr. Bayley died suddenly of a malignant fever contracted in the discharge of his duty as health officer of the port of New York; Mr. Seton's health failed, and in 1803 the husband and wife determined to make a voyage to Italy. They suffered a long and painful quarantine at Leghorn, and a week after their release Mr. Seton died, leaving his wife in a strange land with her eldest child, a girl of nine years.

3. Mrs. Seton was not, however, without comfort and protection. Two estimable Italian gentlemen, Philip and Anthony Filicchi, personal friends and business correspondents of the Setons, took her to their home and treated her with brotherly kindness. Under the influence of the devout household of which they were the heads, her religious sentiments, always deep, were gradually developed into a strong attraction towards the Catholic Church. She seems to have been particularly struck with the reality of Catholic faith as exemplified in Catholic practices, and to have contrasted these very sharply with those to which she had been accustomed.

4. Thus she wrote to an intimate friend in Amer-



ica, while still in Leghorn: "All the Catholic religion is full of those meanings, which interest me so. Why, Rebecca, they believe that all we do and suffer, if we offer it for our sins, serves to expiate them. You may remember when I asked Mr. Hobart" (afterwards the Protestant Bishop of New York) "what was meant by fasting in our prayer-book,—as I found myself on Ash-Wednesday morning saying so foolishly to God, 'I turn to you in fasting, weeping, and mourning,' and I had come to church after a hearty breakfast and full of life and spirits, with little thought of my sins,—you may remember what he said about its being old customs, etc. Well, the dear Mrs. Filicchi, with whom I am, never eats, this season of Lent, till after the clock strikes three. Then the family assemble, and she says she offers her weakness and pain of fasting for her sins, united with her Saviour's sufferings. I like that very much; but what I like better, dearest Rebecca, they go to Mass here every morning. Ah! how often you and I used to give the sigh, and you would press your arm in mine of a Sunday evening and say, 'No more until next Sunday,' as we turned from the church door which closed on us. Well, here they can go to church at four every morning."

5. Early in February, 1804, about six weeks after Mr. Seton's death, she sailed for home. But, in a severe storm, the vessel in which she had taken passage was badly injured and driven back to port. Before another was ready to sail, Mrs. Seton's child was taken sick. Close upon the recovery of the child followed the illness of the mother. When, in April, they were ready to depart, Anthony Fi-



licchi offered to bear them company. The voyage lasted nearly two months, and during that period Mrs. Seton found frequent opportunities to talk with her friend upon religious subjects, and before the vessel reached New York she was virtually a convert. By the advice of Mr. Filicchi, however, she did not at once act upon her convictions, but submitted the state of her mind to Rev. Mr. Hobart, Protestant clergyman to whom she refers in the letter we have quoted. The result was to plunge her into the most painful state of anxiety and doubt, in which she remained for nearly a year before seeking admission into the Church. That great act was finally made on the first day of Lent, 1805, when Father O'Brien, of St. Peter's Church in New York, received her into the fold of Christ.

6. Mrs. Seton seems to have formed at an early period of her widowhood the project of devoting herself to God in a religious order, and her first plan was to go to Canada and join a sisterhood there. Providential obstacles defeated this design and reserved her for the establishment of the noble institute with which her name will always be connected. In the year 1808, she went to Baltimore and opened a school, at the invitation of Father Dubourg, then President of St. Mary's College in that city. Some months later, a wealthy convert, Mr. Samuel Cooper, of Virginia, who was studying for the priesthood, offered Father Dubourg the sum of \$8,000, with the suggestion that Mrs. Seton might be able to use it in the instruction of poor children. With this money it was resolved to form a community of Sisters of Charity, a plan subsequently carried out at Emmitsburg, Maryland. Several nuns



ladies had already joined Mrs. Seton in the conduct of her school, and with her formed the germ of that Sisterhood which is now so widely known.

7. During the first autumn and winter at Emmitsburg the institution was little better than a hospital. The farm-house, into which the whole community, then numbering ten, moved in the course of the summer, consisted of but two rooms on the ground floor and two in the attic, and these had to afford accommodations not only for the ten sisters, but for Mrs. Seton's three daughters, her sister-in-law Harriet, and two pupils who followed her from Baltimore. Added to the discomfort of their narrow quarters was a state of poverty so extreme that they sometimes knew not where to look for their next meal. For coffee they substituted a beverage made of carrots sweetened with molasses. Their bread was of rye and of the coarsest description. At Christmas they thought themselves fortunate in having for dinner smoked herrings and a spoonful of molasses apiece. In the course of the winter, however, a two-story log house of convenient size was put up for their use, and now they were able to open a day-school and take more boarding-pupils, and so provide at least for their daily expenses. The debt incurred in making these improvements was, nevertheless, a severe burden for them, and at one time it seemed inevitable that they should have to sell out and disperse; but charitable friends came to their relief at the last moment, and, little by little, with many fluctuations of fortune, they got out of their difficulties.

8. When they determined, about the time of com-



ing to Emmitsburg, to adopt the rule of St. Vincent of Paul, they sent to France and begged some of the Sisters of the society to come over and place themselves at the head of the new American community. The invitation was accepted ; but the French government would not allow the Sisters to sail, so the most that Mrs. Seton could get was a copy of the rules and a kind letter of encouragement. These rules, modified to meet the peculiar wants of the new institution, by permitting it to receive pay-scholars in connection with its labors of charity, and with special provisions to allow Mrs. Seton to devote the necessary care to her young children, were approved by Bishop Carroll as the rule for the " Sisters of Charity of St. Joseph," and so the community which has done such a noble work in the United States came into existence with Mrs. Seton for its first mother superior.

9. Mrs. Seton remained at the head of this community until her death on the 4th of January, 1821. Since then the institution which she founded has assumed vast proportions. In nearly every large city of the United States her children are to be found engaged in works of active charity. They teach many of the parochial schools, and have founded large private academies of their own. They also direct orphan and foundling asylums and take charge of hospitals. In 1875 the city authorities of New York, despairing of finding elsewhere courageous hearts and skilful hands, entreated them to take charge of the small-pox hospital. The charge was accepted, for neither pestilence nor death has terrors for a Sister of Charity, who fears nothing but faithlessness to Him who is the God of charity.



LESSON LXXXVII

INFLUENCE OF THE REFORMATION ON WORSHIP.

1. IN nothing perhaps was the influence of the Reformation more pernicious than in the changes which it caused to be introduced into public worship. It stripped the ancient Catholic service of its beauty and simple grandeur; it dried up the deep fountains of its melody—hushed its organs, muffled its Angelus bells, and put out its lights. It rudely tore away the ornaments of its priesthood, stripped its altars, and chased away the clouds of its ascending incense.

2. It did even more. It destroyed the beautiful paintings and sculptures with which art, paying tribute to religion, had decorated the walls of the churches, and when it did not ruthlessly destroy, it entirely removed those sacred emblems of piety. Tearing them in shreds or breaking them in pieces, it gave them in almost numberless instances to the flames, and then scattered their ashes to the winds. And, as if these feats of vandalism were not enough to prove its burning zeal for religion, it aimed a mortal blow at the very substance of worship; it abolished the daily sacrifice, removed the altars, and annihilated the priesthood. And then, exhausted with its labors, Protestantism lay down and fell asleep amidst the ruins it had made.

3. But Luther, however he might deplore, could not curb the destructive spirit of his disciples. He could not prevent them from wielding the weapons which he himself had placed in their hands. He could not control the storm which he himself had



put in motion. The work of destruction went on till scarce a vestige of the venerable and time-honored Catholic worship remained behind. He himself was uncertain and wavering as to the portion of Catholic worship he should retain. His whole career, in fact, is marked with hesitancy and doubt as to what he should reject and what he should retain of the old Catholic institutions.

4. He often found himself in trying and difficult positions. His impatient disciples sought to drag him down the declivity of reform much faster than he wished to travel. Sometimes he listened to their clamors; sometimes he sternly rebuked them for their over-ardent zeal. Hence, his perpetual inconsistencies. He stood on the brink of a precipice, and yielded at times to dizziness ere he took the fatal leap from the summit-level of Catholicity into the yawning abyss, the boiling and hissing noise of whose troubled waters already grated harshly on his ears.

5. But his disciples were not so scrupulous. They boldly rejected five out of the seven sacraments, and even stripped the two they retained—Baptism and the Lord's Supper—of every life-giving principle. Luther retained, indeed, a belief in the Real Presence, blended, however, with the palpable absurdity of consubstantiation, by which he maintained the simultaneous presence of the substances of the bread and wine with the Body of Christ.

6. But even many among the disciples of the reformer have long since rejected this monstrous system. After six different modifications of the creed on the subject, to suit the taste or to meet



the objections of the Sacramentarians, they seem at length to have substantially coalesced with their former opponents, and the doctrine of the Real Presence has thus grown obsolete among Protestants. Thus, throughout almost the whole land of Protestantism, this beautiful doctrine, which gives sublime character to the Catholic worship, and is a key to all its magnificent ceremonial, has been utterly banished.

7. The Protestant Church and worship are no longer ennobled and vivified by this life-giving presence of the Word made flesh. Christ is banished from his own holy temple ; he is no longer in the midst "of the children of men," where he before delighted to dwell. And the domain of Protestantism presents, in its bleak and dreary waste, a sad proof of his absence ! It is a land "of closed churches and hushed bells, of unlighted altars and unstoled priests."

ARCHBISHOP SPALDING.

LESSON LXXXVIII.

THE GOOD PARISH PRIEST.

1. A PARISH priest was of the pilgrim train ;
An awful, reverend, and religious man.
His eyes diffused a venerable grace,
And charity itself was in his face.
Rich was his soul, though his attire was poor
(As God has clothed his own ambassador) ;
For such, on earth, his blessed Redeemer bore.



2. Of sixty years he seemed ; and well might last
To sixty more, but that he loved to fast ;
Refined himself to soul, to curb the sense,
And made almost a sin of abstinence.
Yet had his aspect nothing of severe,
But such a face as promised him sincere.

3. Nothing reserved or sullen was to see ;
But sweet regards, and pleasing sanctity.
Mild was his accent, and his action free ;
With eloquence innate his tongue was armed ;
Though harsh the precept, yet the preacher
 charmed.

For, letting down the golden chain from high,
He drew his audience upward to the sky ;
And oft with holy hymns he charmed their ears
(A music more melodious than the spheres).
He bore his great commission in his look,
But sweetly tempered awe, and softened all he
 spoke.

He preached the joys of heaven and pains of hell,
And warned the sinner with becoming zeal,
But on eternal mercy loved to dwell.

4. The tithes his parish freely paid he took,
But never sued or threatened bell and book ;
With patience bearing wrong, but offering none,
Since every man is free to lose his own.
Yet some there were, according to their kind
(Who grudge their dues and love to be behind),
The less he sought his offerings pinched the more,
And praised a priest contented to be poor.
Yet of his little he had some to spare,
To feed the famished and to clothe the bare ;



For mortified he was to that degree,
A poorer than himself he would not see.

5. Wide was his parish ; not contracted close
In streets, but here and there a straggling house .
Yet still he was at hand, without request,
To serve the sick, to succor the distressed ;
Tempting, on foot, alone, without affright,
The dangers of the dark, tempestuous night.
All this the good old man performed alone,
Nor spared his pains, for curate he had none.
The proud he tamed, the penitent he cheered ;
Nor to rebuke the rich offender feared.
His preaching much, but more his practice, wrought
(A living sermon of the truths he taught) ;
For this, by rules severe, his life he squared,
That all might see the doctrine which they heard.

6. Such was the saint, who shone with every grace,
Reflecting, Moses-like, his Maker's face.
God saw his image lively was expressed,
And his own work, as in creation, blessed.
Still cheerful, ever constant to his call ;
By many followed, loved by most, admired by all.
With what he begged, his brethren he relieved,
And gave the charities himself received :
Gave, while he taught, and edified the more,
Because he showed by proof 'twas easy to be poor.

DRYDEN.



LESSON LXXXIX.

LAND AND SEA BREEZES.

1. THE inhabitants of the sea-shore in tropical countries wait every morning with impatience for the coming of the sea-breeze. It usually sets in about ten o'clock. Then the sultry heat of the oppressive morning is dissipated, and there is a delightful freshness in the air which seems to give new life to all for their daily labors. About sunset there is again another calm. The sea-breeze is now over, and in a short time the land-breeze sets in. This alternation of the land and sea breezes—a wind from the sea by day and from the land by night—is so regular in tropical countries that it is looked for by the people with as much confidence as the rising and setting of the sun.

2. In extra-tropical countries, especially those on the polar side of the trade-winds, these breezes blow only in summer and autumn; for then only is the heat of the sun sufficiently intense to produce the requisite degree of atmospherical rarefaction over the land. This depends in a measure, also, on the character of the land upon which the sea-breeze blows; for when the surface is arid and the soil barren, the heating power of the sun is exerted with most effect. In such cases the sea-breeze amounts to a gale of wind.

3. In the summer of the southern hemisphere the sea-breeze is more powerfully developed at Valparaiso than at any other place to which my services afloat have led me. Here regularly in the afternoon, at this season, the sea-breeze blows furi-



ously ; pebbles are torn up from the walks and whirled about the streets ; people seek shelter ; the Almendral is deserted, business is interrupted, and all communication from the shipping to the shore is cut off. Suddenly the winds and the sea, as if they had again heard the voice of rebuke, are hushed, and there is a great calm.

4. The lull that follows is delightful. The sky is without a cloud ; the atmosphere is transparency itself ; the Andes seem to draw near ; the climate, always mild and soft, becomes now doubly sweet by the contrast. The evening invites abroad, and the population sally forth—the ladies in ball-costume, for now there is not wind enough to disarrange the lightest curl.

5. In the southern summer this change takes place day after day with the utmost regularity ; and yet the calm always seems to surprise one, and to come before one has had time to realize that the furious sea-wind could so soon be hushed. Presently the stars begin to peep out ; timidly at first, as if to see whether the elements here below have ceased their strife, and whether the scene on earth be such as they, from their bright spheres aloft, may shed their sweet influence upon.

6. Sirius, or that blazing world Argus, may be the first watcher to send down a feeble ray ; then follow another and another, all smiling meekly ; but presently, in the short twilight of the latitude, the bright leaders of the starry host blaze forth in all their glory, and the sky is decked and spangled with superb brilliants. In the twinkling of an eye, and faster than the admiring gazer can tell, the



stars seem to leap out from their hiding-places. By invisible hands, and in quick succession, the constellations are hung out ; but first of all, and with dazzling glory, in the azure depths of space appears the Great Southern Cross. That shining symbol lends a holy grandeur to the scene, making it still more impressive.

7. Alone in the night-watch, after the sea-breeze had sunk to rest, I have stood on the deck under those beautiful skies gazing, admiring, rapt. I have seen there, above the horizon at the same time, and shining with a splendor unknown to northern latitudes, every star of the first magnitude—save only six—that is contained in the catalogue of the one hundred principal fixed stars of astronomers. There lies the city on the sea-shore, wrapped in sleep. The sky looks solid, like a vault of steel set with diamonds! The stillness below is in harmony with the silence above ; and one almost fears to speak lest the harsh sound of the human voice, reverberating through those vaulted “chambers of the south,” should wake up echo and drown the music that fills the soul. One who has never watched the southern sky in the stillness of the night can have no idea of its grandeur, beauty, and loveliness.

8. Within the tropics the land and sea breezes are more gentle ; and though the night-scenes there are not so suggestive as those just described, yet they are exceedingly delightful and altogether lovely. The oppressive heat of the sun is mitigated, and the climate of the sea-shore is made both refreshing and healthful by the alternation of those winds which invariably come from the cooler place—the



sea, which is the cooler by day ; and from the land, which is the cooler by night.

9. About ten in the morning the heat of the sun has played upon the land with sufficient intensity to raise its temperature above that of the water. A portion of this heat being imparted to the superincumbent air, it causes it to rise ; when the air, first from the beach, then from the sea, to the distance of several miles, begins to flow in with a most invigorating freshness.

10. When a fire is kindled on the hearth we may see, if we observe the motes floating in the room, that those nearest to the chimney are the first to feel the draught and to obey it—they are drawn into the blaze. The circle of inflowing air is gradually enlarged until it is scarcely perceived in the remote parts of the room. Now, the land is the hearth ; the rays of the sun the fire ; and the sea, with its cool and calm air, the room ; and thus have we at our firesides the sea-breeze in miniature. When the sun goes down the fire ceases ; then the dry land commences to give off its surplus heat by radiation, so that by dew-fall it and the air above it are cooled below the sea temperature. The atmosphere on the land thus becomes heavier than on the sea, and, consequently, there is a wind seaward, which we call the land-breeze.

MATTHEW F. MAURY.



LESSON XC.

THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. CATHERINE OF ALEXANDRIA.

1. FIFTY of the most learned doctors whom all Egypt could furnish had been summoned by Maximin to confute one meek Christian maiden. It was a strange sight there, in a hall of the palace, set apart for justice, or what passed as such. The tyrant in his chair of state, supported by cushions of royal purple, inwoven with gold; Catherine in the midst, like a prisoner at the bar; in her white tunic, spotless as herself, and as simple. All around, those sage philosophers were gathered, with their scrolls of manuscript. They were unfolding and turning over the writings of Plato, Anaxagoras, and many another learned author.

2. To one who looked on, with the eye of faith, this assembly was most significant. Doubtless, some few Christians, hardly known to be so, had pressed through the crowd, and stood looking upon that young, slight girl in the midst, hedged in by those gray beards, bent brows, and philosophers' cloaks. They saw there all the learning of earth arrayed against "the wisdom that is from above, chaste and peaceable." They saw what appeared weak, but was indeed endued with power from on high; invincible in the might of truth, conquering and to conquer. "The word of the Cross," though it may seem foolishness, "is the power of God. For it is written: I will destroy the wisdom of the wise; and the prudence of the prudent I will reject. Where is the wise? Where is the scribe?



Where is the disputer of this world? Hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world?"

3. At least two chapters of this Epistle of the great doctor of the Gentiles might be transcribed, in commentary on the scene before us. But we may ascend to a yet higher parallel, to be found in the Temple at Jerusalem. We see there a Boy of twelve years old, seated amid the teachers of the law, the learned and the Pharisees. He is hearing them, as they expound the law and the prophets. He then meekly, simply, puts to them questions which they cannot answer, unless they are prepared to confess that the law was to pass into the Gospel, His own word; and that the legal sacrifices only pointed forward to the divine Victim, even Himself.

4. And so, Catherine in the midst of the doctors, herself a doctor equal to them in human learning, superior in heavenly light, is "hearing them and asking them questions." And all that hear her are astonished at her wisdom and her answers. For our Lord fulfils His promise, made to those whom He summons to speak in His name; and He has now given her "a mouth and wisdom," which all her adversaries are not able to resist and gainsay.

5. They ask her why she is a Christian. She answers, first, that faith in the Christ, the Deliverer, responds to the best wishes of the poor human heart; as witnessed by the yearning guesses of philosophers, the lament of poets, the indignant records of satirists and historians, the wild, fierce, despairing cry of the millions. "We know that every creature groaneth, and travaileth in pain



even till now." "Captives as men are," pursues the gentle maiden, with a plainness and a courage given to her from on high, "laden, as men are, with the fetters of sin, plunged in the noisome dungeon of their own corrupt lives, dark with ignorance of God, powerless under the slavery of evil passions, they have not quite lost a glimmer of light, that visits them through their prison-bars. They have still a vague, undefined hope. Conscious of corruption, they turn, so far as their chains will let them, to whatever whispers release."

6. In proof of this, she quoted Pindar; she quoted Æschylus; she expounded sentences of Plato. She showed how heathen writers, wandering through the maze of error, here and there touched upon the truth. With a deep feeling that they needed a deliverer, they gathered up what scattered traditions remained to them of the promise made in Paradise; handed on by patriarchs and prophets; distorted them indeed in their heathen minds, but clung to them passionately.

7. Having thus prepared the way, by showing that the human heart yearned for a Saviour, Catherine turned to the other side of the proof. She appealed to the reason of these wise men to say, whether the One whom they felt to be truth and goodness, who "did them good from heaven, giving rains and fruitful seasons," would leave His creatures without a distinct revelation of Himself. Would He create them with a deep desire for truth, and leave it unsatisfied? Would He send the ray of light through the prison-bars, only to mock the captive's misery, by showing him his chains?



8. These words of the gentle maiden produced their effect in different degrees—as the Word of God always does—according to the hearer. “As many as were ordained to life everlasting believed;” some are at once stirred to receive the truth; others have at least a portion of their ancient misbelief broken down before its force; others, it is likely, were hardened all the more by the fact that they could not answer. So, when St. Paul preached a future life on the Areopagus, “some mocked, but others said: ‘We will hear thee again concerning this matter.’” So, in his last recorded word to the Jews, who visited him in his prison: “Some believed the things that were said, but some believed not. . . . And when he had said these things, the Jews went out from him, having much reasoning among themselves.” So, in every Catholic sermon and exposition to which non-Catholics find their way, the seed is dropped into one heart and strikes root, while another remains unmoved and barren. “The one is taken, and the other left.” One comes to scoff, remains to pray; another comes to play the critic, and he criticises to the end. “Oh, the depth of the riches of the wisdom and of the knowledge of God! How incomprehensible are His judgments,” and how unsearchable are His ways!

9. We need not follow the holy maiden through her “Apology” for the faith; for it was much the same in that century as in our own. We have to make it ourselves, in a poor way, almost daily. When candid enquirers come to hear why they ought to be Catholics, we do not indeed begin with the proof of Christianity, though that, too, becomes



more necessary every day, and will, as time goes on. But we have again to knit the link between two things, which the craft of men, three hundred years ago, did its best to dis sever—the Christian faith and the Catholic Church. We have to show that the one means the other ; that what men call “Popery” is the religion of Cephas, which is the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ.

10. The conversion of many of these philosophers by Catherine’s persuasive words excited, of course, the wrath of the tyrant Maximin. Then followed the usual consequences ; for which the martyr was prepared. She was beaten, was cruelly scourged and bruised with the heavy whips loaded with lead ; thrust into prison, kept there eleven days without food. But Divine grace sends thither two catechumens, and notable ones ; so that Catherine will not enter heaven alone. Maximin’s own wife, and Porphyrius, the commander of his forces, come to visit the suffering virgin in her dungeon. Her constancy now is as eloquent as her words before. They are convinced, converted, and soon afterwards martyred. But before their triumph, she is brought out to die.

11. Oh, the grisly sight of those preparations for her death ! With what fiendish cruelty has that engine been prepared : that wheel, bristling with its many sharp blades, while the sullen, heavy-browed African executioner bares his arm and grasps the handle to twirl it round ! At every turn the tender frame of this young maiden will be slashed, torn piecemeal—one cannot go on with the description.

12. “Accept, oh Lord, my entire liberty :—whatsoever I have or possess, is Thy gift alone ; to Thee



do I restore it wholly, and resign it to be governed entirely by Thy will." The heart's prayer of the martyr was this, as they brought her before the appalling wheel. Perchance her imagination shrank at it, as well she might; she may have prayed, in union with the Soul of the Divine Sufferer in Gethsemani: "Father, if thou wilt, remove this chalice from me." She added, without any doubt, like her Divine Model: "But yet, not my will, but thine be done." We are only told, that at a brief prayer of Catherine's, the hideous wheel was broken. It was the lictor's axe, instead, that released her soul to bliss. Then, whether invisibly, or with the awe-struck gaze of the multitude looking upward and following her flight, a wondrous troop of bright angels bore away her sacred body, and laid it to rest on Mount Sinai.

13. There was tempest and fire on Sinai, there were mighty thunderings, sheets of vivid flame, "and a whirlwind, and darkness, and storm, and the sound of a trumpet, and the voice of words," a voice of unendurable majesty and awe—when the law was anciently given from its heights to Moses and to Israel. But there was calm on Sinai, as there was to Elias on Carmel after the great and strong wind, and the earthquake and the fire were past—a calm, deep and holy, while the angels bore Catherine to her rest. How should it not be calm when she had entered upon her eternal Sabbath? For rejoicing angels had also accompanied her soul higher than Mount Sinai, and presented it before the throne of Him for whom she died. And there, the first moment when she gazed on the Beatific Vision, she knew more, "with all the saints," of



“the breadth and length, and height, and depth, and the charity of Christ, which surpasseth all knowledge,” than the previous studies of herself, and of all who could have ever studied, imagined, or apprehended, before they *saw*.

W. H. ANDERDON, S.J.

LESSON XCI.

THE MAID OF THE INN.

1. Who is she, the poor maniac, whose wildly-fixed
eyes
Seem a heart overcharged to express !
She weeps not, yet often and deeply she sighs ;
She never complains, but her silence implies
The composure of settled distress.
2. No aid, no compassion the maniac will seek ;
Cold and hunger awake not her care ;
Through the rags do the winds of the winter blow
bleak
On her poor withered bosom half bare ; and her cheek
Has the deadly pale hue of despair.
3. Yet cheerful and happy, nor distant the day,
Poor Mary, the maniac, has been ;
The traveller remembers, who journeyed this way,
No damsel so lovely, no damsel so gay,
As Mary, the maid of the inn.



4. Her cheerful address filled the guests with delight,
 As she welcomed them in with a smile;
 Her heart was a stranger to childish affright,
 And Mary would walk by the abbey at night
 When the wind whistled down the dark aisle.

5. She loved, and young Richard had settled the
 day,
 And she hoped to be happy for life;
 But Richard was idle and worthless, and they
 Who knew her would pity poor Mary, and say
 That she was too good for his wife.

6. 'Twas in autumn, and stormy and dark was the
 night,
 And fast were the windows and door;
 Two guests sat enjoying the fire that burnt bright,
 And, smoking in silence, with tranquil delight,
 They listened to hear the wind roar.

7. "'Tis pleasant," cried one, "seated by the fire-
 side,
 To hear the wind whistle without."
 "A fine night for the abbey," his comrade replied.
 "Methinks a man's courage would now be well tried,
 Who should wander the ruins about.

8. "I myself, like a schoolboy, should tremble to hear
 The hoarse ivy shake over my head;
 And could fancy I saw, half persuaded by fear,
 Some ugly old abbot's white spirit appear,
 For this wind might awaken the dead."



9. "I'll wager a dinner," the other one cried,
 "That Mary would venture there now."
 "Then wager and lose," with a sneer he replied,
 "I'll warrant she'd fancy a ghost by her side,
 And faint if she saw a white cow."

10. "Will Mary this charge on her courage allow?"
 His companion exclaimed with a smile;
 "I shall win, for I know she will venture there now,
 And earn a new bonnet by bringing a bough
 From the alder that grows in the aisle."

11. With fearless good humor did Mary comply,
 And her way to the abbey she bent;
 The night it was dark, and the wind it was high,
 And as hollowly howling it swept through the sky,
 She shivered with cold as she went.

12. O'er the path, so well known, still proceeded
 the maid,
 Where the abbey rose dim on the sight;
 Through the gateway she entered, she felt not afraid,
 Yet the ruins were lonely and wild, and their shade
 Seemed to deepen the gloom of the night.

13. All around her was silent, save when the rude
 blast
 Howled dismally round the old pile;
 Over weed-covered fragments still fearless she
 passed,
 And arrived at the innermost ruin at last,
 Where the alder-tree grows in the aisle.



14. Well pleased did she reach it, and quickly drew near,
 And hastily gathered the bough—

When the sound of a voice seemed to rise on her ear—

She paused, and she listened, all eager to hear,
 And her heart panted fearfully now !

15. The wind blew, the hoarse ivy shook over her head ;

She listened ; naught else could she hear.

The wind ceased, her heart sunk in her bosom with dread,

For she heard in the ruins—distinctly—the tread
 Of footsteps approaching her near.

16. Behind a wide column, half breathless with fear,
 She crept to conceal herself there ;

That instant the moon o'er a dark cloud shone clear,

And she saw in the moonlight two ruffians appear,
 And between them—a corpse did they bear !

17. Then Mary could feel her heart's-blood curdle cold !

Again the rough wind hurried by—

It blew off the hat of the one, and behold !

Even close to the feet of poor Mary it rolled !—

She fell—and expected to die !

18. “Curse the hat !” he exclaims ; “Nay, come on and first hide

The dead body,” his comrade replies—

She beheld them in safety pass on by her side,

She seizes the hat, fear her courage supplied,

And fast through the abbey she flies,



19. She ran with wild speed, she rushed in at the door,
 She gazed horribly eager around ;
 Then her limbs could support their faint burden no more,
 And exhausted and breathless she sunk on the floor,
 Unable to utter a sound.

20. Ere yet her pale lips could the story impart,
 For a moment the hat met her view ;
 Her eyes from that object convulsively start,
 For, oh God ! what cold horror thrilled through her heart,
 When the name of her Richard she knew.

21. Where the old abbey stands, on the common hard by,
 His gibbet is now to be seen ;
 Not far from the inn it engages the eye,
 The traveller beholds it, and thinks, with a sigh,
 Of poor Mary, the maid of the inn.

SOUTHEY.

LESSON XCII.

THE BATTLE OF LEPANTO.

1. It is not to be supposed that Pope St. Pius V., upon whom lay "the solicitude of all the churches," should neglect the tradition, which his predecessors of so many centuries had bequeathed to him, of zeal and hostility against the Turkish power. He was only six years on the Pontifical throne, and



the achievement of which I am going to speak was among his last; he died the following year. At this time the Ottoman armies were continuing their course of victory; they had just taken Cyprus, with the active co-operation of the Greek population of the island, and were massacring the Latin nobility and clergy, and mutilating and flaying alive the Venetian governor; yet the Pope found it impossible to move Christendom to its own defence.

2. How, indeed, was that to be done, when half Christendom had become Protestant, and secretly, perhaps, felt, as the Greeks felt, that the Turk was its friend and ally? In such a quarrel, England, France, and Germany were out of the question. At length, however, with great effort, he succeeded in forming a holy league between himself, King Philip of Spain, and the Venetians; Don John of Austria, King Philip's half-brother, was appointed commander-in-chief of the forces, and Colonna admiral. The treaty was signed on the 24th of May, 1571; but such was the cowardice and jealousy of parties concerned that the autumn had arrived and nothing of importance was accomplished. With difficulty were the armies united; with difficulty were the dissensions of the commanders brought to a settlement. Meanwhile the Ottomans were scouring the Gulf of Venice, blockading the ports, and terrifying Venice itself.

3. But the holy Pope was securing the success of his cause by arms of his own, which the Turks understood not. He had been appointing a triduo of supplication at Rome, and had taken part in the procession himself. He had proclaimed a jubilee to the whole Christian world for the happy issue of the



war. He had been interesting the Holy Virgin in his cause. He presented to his admirals, after High Mass in his chapel, a standard of red damask, embroidered with a crucifix, and with the figures of St. Peter and St. Paul, and the legend *In hoc signo vinces*. Next, sending to Messina, where the allied fleet lay, he assured the general-in-chief and the armament that "if, relying on divine rather than on human help, they attacked the enemy, God would not be wanting to His own cause. He augured a prosperous and happy issue; not on any light or random hope, but on a divine guidance, and by the anticipations of many holy men."

4. Moreover, he enjoined the officers to look to the good conduct of their troops; to repress swearing, gaming, riot, and plunder, and thereby to render them more deserving of victory. Accordingly, a fast of three days was proclaimed for the fleet, beginning with the Nativity of Our Lady; all the men went to confession and communion, and appropriated to themselves the indulgences which the Pope attached to the expedition. Then they moved across the foot of Italy to Corfu, with the intention of presenting themselves at once to the enemy; being disappointed in their expectations, they turned back to the Gulf of Corinth; and there at length, on the 7th of October, they found the Turkish fleet, half-way between Lepanto and the Echinades on the north, and Patras in the Morea on the south; and though it was towards evening, strong in faith and zeal, they at once commenced the engagement.

5. The night before the battle, and the day itself, aged as he was, and broken with a cruel malady,



the Pope had passed in the Vatican in fasting and prayer. All through the Holy City the monasteries and the colleges were in prayer too. As the evening advanced, the Pontifical treasurer asked an audience of the Sovereign Pontiff on an important matter. Pius was in his bedroom, and began to converse with him ; when suddenly he stopped the conversation, left him, threw up the window, and gazed up into heaven. Then closing it again, he looked gravely at his official, and said, "This is no time for business ; go, return thanks to the Lord God. In this very hour our fleet has engaged the Turkish, and is victorious!" As the treasurer went out, he saw him fall on his knees before the altar in thankfulness and joy.

6. And a most memorable victory it was ; upwards of thirty thousand Turks are said to have lost their lives in the engagement, and three thousand five hundred were made prisoners. Almost their whole fleet was taken. I quote from Protestant authorities when I say that the Sultan, on the news of the calamity, neither ate, nor drank, nor showed himself, nor saw any one for three days ; that it was the greatest blow which the Ottomans had had since Timour's victory over Bajazet, a century and a half before ; nay, that it was the turning-point in Turkish history, and that though the sultans have had isolated successes since, yet from that day they have undeniably and constantly declined ; that they have lost their prestige and their self-confidence ; and that the victories gained over them since are but the complements and the reverberations of the overthrow at Lepanto.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, D.D.



LESSON XCIII.

THE CATHEDRALS OF EUROPE.

1. To a soul appreciative of the most solemn and enduring interests of human nature susceptible to the grandeur and opulence of the world and our fate in it, there are no other buildings on earth so affecting as those religious structures in which humanity has embodied its aspirations and worship, its spiritual glory and grief. And at the head among these stand the old cathedrals of Europe, overpowering shrines of the awe and love of other days, the faith, sacrifice, pain, and peace of departed generations. Soaring into the sky, rich and wondrous as the inspiration that built them, they seem to the gazer almost as lovely, reverend, and lasting as the realities they typify.

2. When the American, escaping from the storm of cares and rivalries that make the atmosphere of life in this land so corrosive, leaving behind him the newness and irreverent eagerness that prevail here, strays to the shores where solemn antiquity broods, and enters these old fabrics, tender and mysterious as the emotions out of which they sprang; as he contemplates the stains and traces so many ages of his race have left there; as his awe-struck eyes follow the long aisles and springing arches, the tremendous vaults, the cloud-rifting and ungilt spires; as he gazes around on the gray monuments of the dead, whose occupants lie figured on them in marble or bronze, while over their slumber a shower of pictures and sculptures



image the achievements and shadow forth the secrets of the Christian faith, he becomes the subject of indescribable emotions, holy and sweet even to awfulness.

3. The hallowed peace pervading the place falls on his exasperated and jaded spirit like some divine dew out of the covering heavens, charged to heal his hurts and wash away his guilt, and when, in addition to these concreated environments, the strains of music, loaded with all that is most touching and most sublime in human experience, float over altar and tomb, wailing through the crypts and dying off in the dome, not only conjuring up the most powerful associations of human grandeur and grief, but also bringing down the world of supersensual realities, his brain throbs with a wondering excitement, his heart aches with a blissful pain.

4. The very essence of all organized religion gathers around the altar—a word which inevitably suggests the idea of sacrifice, something lower offered up to something higher—the annihilation of man before God. Now, no sooner do we cross the threshold of one of the old Gothic cathedrals than all conceit, ambition, sensuality, ostentation, doubt, fear, worry, and discontent, are struck dumb, and, as it were, extinguished, while the qualities of humility, trust, dependence, meekness, reverence, disinterested sympathy, expressive of self-surrender, are powerfully appealed to and called out, so wonderfully do the ideas and sentiments, consolidated in the very stones of those sacred buildings, breed in the spectator emotions of penitence and adoration.



5. Especially powerful is this appeal upon an American, who is so unused to anything of the kind, who comes from a country where everything—except the hills, streams, fields, forests, and stars—is new, where a prosaic and garish procession of duties and struggles is ever drifting in the way where the prizes, impartially flung open to all, engender conflict, a morbid ambition and self-assertion, a haggard worldliness. To such an one how surprisingly benign and redeeming are the subduing emotions of tenderness, wonder, and awe poured over the spirit as he opens the mediæval door, and for the first time finds himself enveloped in the enigmatical dimness of human life and death. A flood of plaintive wonder and delicious sorrow falls on the soul like the contents of a baptismal vase dashed on its burning fever, and the weeping worshipper, hardly knowing whether he is on earth or in heaven, yields to the spirit of the place in a blended feeling of self-surrender and divine desire.

6. The first religious impression made on the visitor to the churches is the profound sense of his own nothingness. Their prodigious magnitude, capable of holding the population of a city, the suggestion of endlessness in the aspiring lines and vaulted arches, the symbols of infinity in the silence, humble man to the dust, make him feel himself and his fellows to be as insignificant as so many insects creeping across the eternal floors, and vanishing while the hoary edifice still reverberates, as before, the thunders of chant and dirge.

7. The same influences that thus convince man of his personal littleness and helplessness also create



in him an irresistible persuasion of the nothingness of his life, the nothingness of the pomp, pride, and cares with which he vexes himself. In contrast with these weather-beaten walls, by which the successive waves of humanity for a thousand years have rippled and sunk into the grave, he cannot help feeling that his existence is but a bubble that breaks in a moment on a river that flows for ever.

8. The ecclesiastical idea claimed the whole epoch from the eleventh to the fifteenth century, rolling wave after wave of its contagious fervor through the Christian nations, and leaving these peerless edifices scattered over half Europe as its trophies. The doctrines and hopes of Christianity were taken into the social imagination of Christendom with such realizing vividness that it took fire under them with creative impulse, and the people began to build. Moved by a common desire to perpetuate their faith in sensible forms, entire populations toiled at the sacred task age after age, lavishing all that they held most precious on the work.

9. The results which they produced were less the products of individual designers than exhalations of the imagination, concretions of the feeling of society, symbolical embodiments of a common faith and a public inspiration. The great artists in whom this impulse of the age attained its height, who contrived and oversaw the marvellous erections, are, in most instances, utterly unknown. This lofty self-abnegation, this hiding away of pride and vanity in sacred oblivion, this fusion of private feeling in public feeling, of man in God, is profoundly religious and is most appropriate in a



work symbolical of religion, and surely those meek and patient builders have their reward.

10. Pausing before the grand perspectives of Salisbury, Rouen, Strasbourg, one feels in each instance, while he gazes, as if the aspirations of millions of believing souls had suddenly materialized themselves on their way to heaven and formed—a cathedral. The music-like sweetness of some of these structures suggest that they are translations into visible forms of the delicate carolling of some band of celestials. The chords of exquisite lines of small arches that sweep along in successive ranges flow out with effects like audible harmonies. They are successive waves of beauty, which rolled along after one another till, in the distance, they dissolved into light.

11. When an American, a representative of this young and rash democracy, confronts the venerable antiquity, the accumulated beliefs, and affections, and sorrows, the victorious perseverance, the awful authority typified in the old churches of Europe, he experiences a religious impression in the feeling that although he and his are but momentary vapors, these are things which endure for ever. Though he arose but yesterday, and dies to-morrow, there were shadowy ages full of men before, and will be mysterious ages full of men after.

ALGER.



LESSON XCIV.

AT THE SHRINE.

1. THE sunset's dying radiance falls
 On chancel-gloom and sculptured shrine,
 A splendor wraps the pictured walls,
 Where painted saints in glory shine !
 And blent with sweet-tongued vesper-bells,
 Through echoing aisles and arches dim
 The organ's solemn music swells,
 The sweetly-chanted evening hymn.

2. Low at Our Lady's spotless feet
 A white-robed woman kneels in prayer :
 The *Deus Meus* murmurs sweet,
 While *Glorias* throb on perfumed air ;
 Before the circling altar-rail
 She breathes her *Aves* soft and low—
 The golden hair beneath her veil
 Wreathed like a glory on her brow.

3. The sunset's purple splendors fade,
 The dark'ning shades of twilight fall,
 The moonbeam's silver touch is laid
 On sculptured saint and pictured wall :
 And while the weeping watcher kneels,
 And silence weaves her magic spells,
 The gray dawn thro' the oriel steals,
 And morning wakes the matin-bells.





LESSON XCV.

THE SECRET OF CONTENT.



1. THE other day, as I was walking on one of the streets of Newport, I saw a little girl standing before the window of a milliner's shop. It was a very rainy day. The pavement of the sidewalks on this street is so sunken and irregular that in wet weather, unless one walks with very great care, he steps continually into small wells of water. Up to her ankles in one of these wells stood the little girl, apparently as unconscious as if she were high and dry before a fire. It was a very cold



day, too. I was hurrying along, wrapped in furs, and not quite warm enough even so.

2. The child was but thinly clothed. She wore an old plaid shawl and a ragged knit hood of scarlet worsted. One little red ear stood out unprotected by the hood, and drops of water trickled down over it from her hair. She seemed to be pointing with her finger at articles in the window, and talking to some one inside. I watched her for several moments, and then crossed the street to see what it all meant.

3. I stole noiselessly up behind her, and she did not hear me. The window was full of artificial flowers, of the cheapest sort, but of very gay colors. Here and there a knot of ribbon or a bit of lace had been tastefully added, and the whole effect was really remarkably gay and pretty. Tap, tap, tap went the small hand against the window-pane, and with every tap the unconscious little creature murmured, in a half-whispering, half-singing voice: "I choose *that* color." "I choose *that* color." "I choose *that* color."

4. I stood motionless. I could not see her face, but there was in her whole attitude and tone the heartiest content and delight. I moved a little to the right, hoping to see her face without her seeing me, but the slight movement caught her ear, and in a second she had sprung aside and turned toward me. The spell was broken. She was no longer the queen of an air-castle, decking herself in all the rainbow-hues which pleased her eye. She was a poor beggar child, out in the rain, and a little frightened at the approach of a stranger.



She did not move away, however, but stood eyeing me irresolutely, with that pathetic mixture of interrogation and defiance in her face which is so often seen in the prematurely-developed faces of poverty-stricken children.

5. "Aren't the colors pretty?" I said. She brightened instantly. "Yes, ma'am; I'd like a dress of that blue color." "But you will take cold standing in the wet," said I. "Won't you come under my umbrella?" She looked down at her wet dress suddenly, as if it had not occurred to her before that it was raining. Then she drew first one little foot and then the other out of the muddy puddle in which she had been standing, and moving a little closer to the window, said, "I'm not going home just yet, ma'am. I'd like to stay here a while."

6. So I left her. But after I had gone a few blocks the impulse seized me to return by a cross street and see if she were still there. Tears sprang to my eyes as I first caught sight of the upright little figure, standing in the same spot, still pointing with the rhythmic finger to the blues and reds and yellows, and half chanting under her breath as before: "I choose *that* color." "I choose *that* color." "I choose *that* color."

7. I went quietly on my way, without disturbing her again. But I said in my heart, "Little messenger, interpreter, teacher, I will remember you all my life!" Why should days ever be dark, life ever be colorless? There is always sun; there are always blue and scarlet and yellow and purple. We cannot reach them, perhaps, but we can see them; if it is only "through a glass" and "dark-



ly," still we can see them. We can "choose" our colors.

8. It rains, perhaps, and we are standing in the cold. Never mind. If we look earnestly enough at the brightness which is on the other side the glass, we shall forget the wet and not feel the cold. And now and then a passer-by who has rolled himself up in furs to keep out the cold, but shivers nevertheless, who has money in his purse to buy many colors, if he likes, but, nevertheless, goes grumbling because some colors are too dear for him—such a passer-by, chancing to hear our voice, and see the atmosphere of our content, may learn a wondrous secret—that pennilessness is not poverty and ownership is not possession; that to be without is not always to lack, and to reach is not to attain; that sunlight is for all eyes that look up, and color for those who "choose."

HELEN HUNT.

LESSON XCVI.

THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. AGNES.

1. CALM she stood,
An ivory statue, yet instinct with life,
So stately was that gently breathing form
Of grace and dignity so perfect, yet
With all youth's pliant softness.
2. On her brow,
White as the ocean pearl when first the waves
Complaining cast their treasure on the shore,

Was stamped the seal of that creating hand
Whose spirit dwelt within that temple rare,
Her holy virgin heart ; and from her eyes,



Soul-lit, beamed forth the splendor and the depth
Of that informing mind whose lights they were,
Until you heeded not their violet hues,
Their lashes long, or nobly arching brows.
Her flossy hair was colored like the sun,
Her cheeks were opal-tinted, like the hues
Of rosy sunset mingled with the pure
Soft paly whiteness of the maiden moon.
Her mouth was a pomegranate-flower, with all
Its crimson sweetness, and her rounded chin,
Love's finger touching, had impressed therein



A lovely dimple, thus completing well
The virgin beauty of that angel face.

3. A young and princely Roman knight drew near,
And bent upon the noble maid his glance,
Wherein the fire of earthly passion blazed,
Yet tempered by a tear of pity born.
“Agnes! my Agnes!” in a suppliant voice
He spake; “oh! dost thou shun my clasping arms,
And rather choose this grim and ghastly death,
To dower with all thy charms? Oh! let me place
Upon that fairest hand this spousal ring,
Pledge of our future nuptials; then shall all
This dark and bloody pageantry of death,
The axe, the block, the gloomy lictors, all
Pass from thy sight for ever. Agnes! speak!”

4. The virgin answered not nor seemed to hear,
Her eyes in raptured trance raised to the skies,
Till from her parted lips in angel tones
Low murmuring music broke: “O Thou my Lord!
Jesus! my Spouse! my All! my only Love!
Am I not Thine alone? upon my brow
Hast Thou not left Thy signet? on this hand
Hast Thou not placed Thy ring—the golden ring,
Of our divine espousals heavenly pledge?
Come, O my Love! I long to view Thy face,
Come, take Thine Agnes to Thine own embrace;
For ever with the Lord!” The thrilling tones
Lapsed into silence. On the lictors all
She smiled—a heavenly smile; and then she knelt,
Bowing her gentle head upon the block,
Her golden tresses, parted for the blow,
Swept the dry sand so soon to drink her blood.



5. An instant, and the dazzling gleam of steel
Flashed through the air ; it fell, and rose again—
All, all was o'er ; e'en then the virgin bride
Stood on the sea of glass before her Lord.
The martyred virgin bride, crowned by His hand
With palms of triumph, and the lilies white,
Meet emblems of her purity and faith.

LESSON XC VII.

WASHINGTON'S JOURNEY TO HIS INAUGURATION.

1. ON the fourteenth of April, 1789, he received a letter from the President of the Congress duly notifying him of his election ; and he prepared to set out immediately for New York, the seat of government. An entry in his diary, dated the 16th, says : “ About ten o'clock I bade adieu to Mount Vernon, to private life, and to domestic felicity ; and, with a mind oppressed with more anxious and painful sensations than I have words to express, set out with the best disposition to render service to my country in obedience to its call, but with less hope of answering its expectations.”

2. At the first stage of his journey a trial of his tenderest feelings awaited him at a public dinner given him in Alexandria by his neighbors and personal friends, among whom he had lived in the constant interchange of kind offices, and who were aware of the practical beneficence of his private character. A deep feeling of regret mingled with their festivity. The mayor, who presided, and spoke the sentiments of the people of Alexandria,



deplored in his departure the loss of the first and best of their citizens, the ornament of the aged, the model of the young, the improver of their agriculture, the friend of their commerce, the benefactor of their poor; but "go," added he, "and make a grateful people happy, who will be doubly grateful when they contemplate this new sacrifice for their interests."

3. Washington was too deeply affected for many words in reply. "Just after having bade adieu to my domestic connections," said he, "this tender proof of your friendship is but too well calculated to awaken still further my sensibility and increase my regret at parting from the enjoyments of private life. All that now remains for me is to commit myself and you to the care of that beneficent Being who, on a former occasion, happily brought us together after a long and distressing separation. Perhaps the same gracious Providence will again indulge me. But words fail me. Unutterable sensations must, then, be left to more expressive silence, while, from an aching heart, I bid all my affectionate friends and kind neighbors farewell!"

4. His progress to the seat of government was a continual ovation. The ringing of bells and roaring of cannonry proclaimed his course through the country. The old and young, women and children, thronged the highways to bless and welcome him. Deputations of the most respectable inhabitants from the principal places came forth to meet and escort him. Washington had hoped to be spared all military parade, but found it was not to be evaded. Cavalry had assembled from the surrounding country; a superb white horse was led



out for Washington to mount ; and a grand procession set forward, with Gen. St. Clair, of Revolutionary notoriety, at its head. It gathered numbers as it advanced ; passed under triumphal arches entwined with laurel, and entered Philadelphia amid the shouts of the multitude.

5. A day of public festivity succeeded, ended by a display of fireworks. Washington's reply to the congratulations of the mayor, at a great civic banquet, spoke the genuine feelings of his modest nature amid these testimonials of a world's applause. "When I contemplate the interposition of Providence, as it was visibly manifested in guiding us through the Revolution, in preparing us for the reception of the general government, and in conciliating the good-will of the people of America toward one another after its adoption, I feel myself oppressed and almost overwhelmed with a sense of divine munificence. I feel that nothing is due to my personal agency in all those wonderful and complicated events, except what can be attributed to an honest zeal for the good of my country."

6. We question whether any of these testimonials of a nation's gratitude affected Washington more sensibly than those he received at Trenton. It was on a sunny afternoon when he arrived on the banks of the Delaware, where, twelve years before, he had crossed in darkness and storm, through clouds of snow and drifts of floating ice, on his daring attempt to strike a blow at a triumphant enemy. Here, at present, all was peace and sunshine ; the broad river flowed placidly along ; and crowds awaited him on the opposite bank to hail him with love and transport.



7. We will not dwell on the joyous ceremonials with which he was welcomed ; but there was one too peculiar to be omitted. The reader may remember Washington's gloomy night on the banks of the Assunpink, which flows through Trenton ; the camp-fires of Cornwallis in front of him, the Delaware full of floating ice in the rear, and his sudden resolve on that midnight retreat which turned the fortunes of the campaign. On the bridge crossing that eventful stream the ladies of Trenton had caused a triumphal arch to be erected. It was entwined with evergreens and laurels, and bore the inscription : "The Defender of the Mothers will be the Protector of the Daughters."

8. At this bridge the matrons of the city were assembled to pay him reverence ; and, as he passed under the arch, a number of young girls, dressed in white and crowned with garlands, strewed flowers before him, singing an ode expressive of their love and gratitude. Never was ovation more graceful, touching, and sincere ; and Washington, tenderly affected, declared that the impression of it on his heart could never be effaced. His whole progress through New Jersey must have afforded a similar contrast to his weary marchings to and fro, harassed by doubts and perplexities, with bale-fires blazing on its hills instead of festive illuminations, and when the ringing of bells and booming of cannon, now so joyous, were the signals of invasion and maraud.

9. In respect to his reception at New York, Washington had signified in a letter to Governor Clinton that none could be so congenial to his feelings as a quiet entry, devoid of ceremony ; but his



modest wishes were not complied with. At Elizabethtown Point a committee of both Houses of Congress, with various civic functionaries, waited by appointment to receive him. He embarked on board of a splendid barge constructed for the occasion. It was manned by thirteen branch-pilots, masters of vessels, in white uniforms, and commanded by Commodore Nicholson. Other barges fancifully decorated followed, having on board the heads of departments and other public officers, and several distinguished citizens. As they passed through the strait between New Jersey and Staten Island, called the Kills, other boats decorated with flags fell in their wake, until the whole, forming a nautical procession, swept up the broad and beautiful bay of New York to the sound of instrumental music.

10. On board of two vessels were parties of ladies and gentlemen, who sang congratulatory odes as Washington's barge approached. The ships at anchor in the harbor, dressed in colors, fired salutes as it passed. One alone, the *Galveston*, a Spanish man-of-war, displayed no signs of gratulation until the barge of the general was nearly abreast, when suddenly, as if by magic, the yards were manned, the ship burst forth, as it were, into a full array of flags and signals, and thundered a salute of thirteen guns. The barge approached the landing-place of Murray's Wharf amid the ringing of bells, the roaring of cannon, and the shouting of multitudes collected on every pier-head.

11. On landing Washington was received by Governor Clinton. General Knox, too, who had taken such affectionate leave of him on his retirement from



military life, was there to welcome him in his civil capacity. Other of his fellow-soldiers of the Revolution were likewise there, and mingled with the civic dignitaries. At this juncture an officer stepped up and requested Washington's orders, announcing himself as commanding his guard. Washington desired him to proceed according to the directions he might have received in the present arrangements; but that, for the *future*, the affection of his fellow-citizens was all the guard he wanted

12. Carpets had been spread to a carriage prepared to convey him to his destined residence; but he preferred to walk. He was attended by a long civil and military train. In the streets through which he passed the houses were decorated with flags, silken banners, garlands of flowers and evergreens, and bore his name in every form of ornament. The streets were crowded with people, so that it was with difficulty a passage could be made by the city officers. Washington frequently bowed to the multitude as he passed, taking off his hat to the ladies, who thronged every window, waving their handkerchiefs, throwing flowers before him, and many of them shedding tears of enthusiasm.

IRVING.



LESSON XCVIII

THE ANGEL'S STORY.

PART I.

1. THROUGH the blue and frosty heavens
Christmas stars were shining bright ;
Glistening lamps throughout the city
Almost matched their gleaming light ;
While the winter snow was lying,
And the winter winds were sighing,
Long ago, one Christmas night.



2. While from every tower and steeple
 Pealing bells were sounding clear
(Never with such tones of gladness,
 Save when Christmas time is near),
Many a one that night was merry
 Who had toiled through all the year.

3. That night saw old wrongs forgiven,
 Friends, long parted, reconciled ;
Voices all unused to laughter,
 Mournful eyes that rarely smiled,
Trembling hearts that feared the morrow,
 From their anxious thoughts beguiled.

4. Rich and poor felt love and blessing
 From the gracious season fall ;
Joy and plenty in the cottage,
 Peace and feasting in the hall ;
And the voices of the children
 Ringing clear above it all !

5. Yet one house was dim and darkened ;
 Gloom, and sickness, and despair,
Dwelling in the gilded chambers,
 Creeping up the marble stair,
Even stilled the voice of mourning—
 For a child lay dying there.

6. Silken curtains fell around him,
 Velvet carpets hushed the tread,
Many costly toys were lying,
 All unheeded, by his bed ;
And his tangled golden ringlets
 Were on downy pillows spread.

7. The skill of that mighty city
To save one little life was vain—
One little thread from being broken,
One fatal word from being spoken;
Nay, his very mother's pain,
And the mighty love within her,
Could not give him health again.
8. So she knelt there still beside him,
She alone with strength to smile,
Promising that he should suffer
No more in a little while,
Murmuring tender song and story
Weary hours to beguile.
9. Suddenly an unseen Presence
Checked those constant moaning cries,
Stilled the little heart's quick fluttering,
Raised those blue and wondering eyes,
Fixed on some mysterious vision,
With a startled sweet surprise.
10. For a radiant angel hovered,
Smiling, o'er the little bed;
White his raiment, from his shoulders
Snowy, dove-like pinions spread,
And a starlike light was shining
In a glory round his head.
11. While, with tender love, the angel,
Leaning o'er the little nest,
In his arms the sick child folding,
Laid him gently on his breast,
Sobs and wailings told the mother
That her darling was at rest.



12. So the angel, slowly rising,
Spread his wings, and through the air
Bore the child, and, while he held him
To his heart with loving care,
Placed a branch of crimson roses
Tenderly beside him there.

LESSON XCIX.

THE ANGEL'S STORY.

PART II.

1. While the child, thus clinging, floated
Towards the mansions of the blest,
Gazing from his shining guardian
To the flowers upon his breast,
Thus the angel spake, still smiling
On the little heavenly guest:
2. " Know, dear little one, that Heaven
Does no earthly thing disdain,
Man's poor joys find there an echo
Just as surely as his pain ;
Love, on earth so feebly striving,
Lives divine in Heaven again !.
3. " Once in that great town below us,
In a poor and narrow street,
Dwelt a little sickly orphan ;
Gentle aid, or pity sweet,
Never in life's rugged pathway
Guided his poor tottering feet,



4. " All the striving, anxious forethought
That should only come with age
Weighed upon his baby spirit,
Showed him soon life's sternest page ;
Grim want was his nurse, and sorrow
Was his only heritage.
5. " All too weak for children's pastimes,
Drearly the hours sped ;
On his hands so small and trembling
Leaning his poor aching head ;
Or, through dark and painful hours,
Lying sleepless on his bed.
6. " Dreaming strange and longing fancies
Of cool forests far away ;
And of rosy, happy children,
Laughing merrily at play,
Coming home through green lanes, bearing
Trailing boughs of blooming May.
7. " Scarce a glimpse of azure heaven
Gleamed above that narrow street,
And the sultry air of summer
(That you call so warm and sweet)
Fevered the poor orphan, dwelling
In the crowded alley's heat.
8. " One bright day, with feeble footsteps
Slowly forth he tried to crawl,
Through the crowded city's pathways,
Till he reached a garden-wall,
Where 'mid princely halls and mansions
Stood the lordliest of all.



9. "There were trees with giant branches,
Velvet glades where shadows hide;
There were sparkling fountains glancing,
Flowers, which in luxuriant pride
Even wafted breaths of perfume
To the child who stood outside.
10. "He against the gate of iron
Pressed his wan and wistful face,
Gazing with an awe-struck pleasure
At the glories of the place;
Never had his brightest day-dream
Shone with half such wondrous grace.
11. "You were playing in that garden,
Throwing blossoms in the air,
Laughing when the petals floated
Downwards on your golden hair;
And the fond eyes watching o'er you,
And the splendor spread before you,
Told a house's hope was there.
12. "When your servants, tired of seeing
Such a face of want and woe,
Turning to the ragged orphan,
Gave him coin, and bade him go,
Down his cheeks so thin and wasted
Bitter tears began to flow.
13. "But that look of childish sorrow
On your tender child-heart fell,
And you plucked the reddest roses
From the tree you loved so well,
Passed them through the stern cold grating,
Gently bidding him 'Farewell!'



14. "Dazzled by the fragrant treasure
And the gentle voice he heard,
In the poor forlorn boy's spirit,
Jôy, the sleeping seraph, stirred ;
In his hand he took the flowers,
In his heart the loving word.
15. "So he crept to his poor garret ;
Poor no more, but rich and bright,
For the holy dreams of childhood—
Love, and rest, and hope, and light—
Floated round the orphan's pillow
Through the starry summer night.
16. "Day dawned, yet the visions lasted ;
All too weak to rise he lay ;
Did he dream that none spake harshly—
All were strangely kind that day ?
Surely then his treasured roses
Must have charmed all ills away.
17. "And he smiled, though they were fading ;
One by one their leaves were shed ;
'Such bright things could never perish,
They would bloom again,' he said.
When the next day's sun had risen
Child and flowers both were dead.
18. "Know, dear little one, our Father
Will no gentle deed disdain :
Love on the cold earth beginning
Lives divine in heaven again,
While the angel hearts that beat there
Still all tender thoughts retain."
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19. So the angel ceased, and gently
O'er his little burden leant ;
While the child gazed from the shining,
Loving eyes that o'er him bent,
To the blooming roses by him,
Wondering what that mystery meant.

20. Thus the radiant angel answered,
And with tender meaning smiled :
“ Ere your childlike, loving spirit,
Sin and the hard world defiled,
God has given me leave to seek you—
I was once that little child ! ”

21. In the churchyard of that city
Rose a tomb of marble rare,
Decked, as soon as spring awakened,
With her buds and blossoms fair ;
And a humble grave beside it—
No one knew who rested there.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER



LESSON C.



ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

1. IN the spring of the year 1853 I observed, as conductor of the weekly journal *Household Words*, a short poem among the proffered contributions, very different, as I thought, from the shoal of verses perpetually setting through the office of such a periodical, and possessing much more merit. Its



authoress was quite unknown to me. She was one Miss Mary Berwick, whom I had never heard of; and she was to be addressed by letter, if addressed at all, at a circulating library in the western district of London.

2. How we came gradually to establish, at the office of *Household Words*, that we knew all about Miss Berwick, I have never discovered. But we settled somehow, to our complete satisfaction, that she was governess in a family; that she went to Italy in that capacity, and returned; and that she had long been in the same family. We really knew nothing whatever of her, except that she was remarkably business-like, punctual, self-reliant, and reliable; so I suppose we insensibly invented the rest. For myself, my mother was not a more real personage to me than Miss Berwick the governess became.

3. This went on until December, 1854, when the Christmas number was sent to press. Happening to be going to dine that day with an old and dear friend, distinguished in literature as Barry Cornwall, I took with me an early proof of that number, and remarked, as I laid it on the drawing-room table, that it contained a very pretty poem written by a certain Miss Berwick. Next day brought me the disclosure that I had so spoken of the poem to the mother of its writer, in its writer's presence, that I had no such correspondent in existence as Miss Berwick, and that the name had been assumed by Barry Cornwall's eldest daughter, Miss Adelaide Anne Procter.

4. Miss Procter was born in Bedford Square, London, on the 30th of October, 1825. Her love of



poetry was conspicuous at so early an age that I have before me a tiny album made of small note-paper, into which her favorite passages were copied for her by her mother's hand before she herself could write. It looks as if she had carried it about as another little girl might have carried a doll. She soon displayed a remarkable memory and great quickness of apprehension. When she was quite a young child she learnt with facility several of the problems of Euclid. As she grew older she acquired the French, Italian, and German languages, became a clever pianoforte player, and showed a true taste and sentiment in drawing.

5. But as soon as she had completely vanquished the difficulties of any one branch of study, it was her way to lose interest in it and pass to another. While her mental resources were being trained it was not at all suspected in her family that she had any gift of authorship or any ambition to become a writer. Her father had no idea of her having ever attempted to turn a rhyme until her first little poem saw the light in print.

6. When she attained to womanhood she had read an extraordinary number of books, and throughout her life she was always largely adding to the number. In 1853, she went to Turin and its neighborhood on a visit to her aunt, a Roman Catholic lady. As Miss Procter had herself professed the Roman Catholic faith two years before, she entered with the greater ardor on the study of the Piedmontese dialect and the observation of the habits and manners of the peasantry. In the former she soon became proficient.

7. Those readers of Miss Procter's poems who



should suppose from their tone that her mind was of a gloomy or despondent cast would be curiously mistaken. She was exceedingly humorous, and had a great delight in humor. Cheerfulness was habitual with her; she was very ready at a sally or a reply, and in her laugh (as I remember well) there was an unusual vivacity, enjoyment, and sense of drollery. She was perfectly unconstrained and unaffected; as modestly silent about her productions as she was generous with their pecuniary results.

8. She was a friend who inspired the strongest attachments; she was a finely sympathetic woman, with a great, accordant heart and a sterling, noble nature. No claim can be set up for her, thank God! to the possession of any of the conventional poetical qualities. She never by any means held the opinion that she was among the greatest of human beings; she never suspected the existence of a conspiracy on the part of mankind against her; she never recognized in her best friends her worst enemies; she never cultivated the luxury of being misunderstood and unappreciated.

9. Always impelled by an intense conviction that her life must not be dreamed away, and that her indulgence in her favorite pursuits must be balanced by action in the real world around her, she was indefatigable in her endeavors to do some good. Naturally enthusiastic, and conscientiously impressed with a deep sense of her Christian duty to her neighbor, she devoted herself to a variety of benevolent objects. Now, it was the visitation of the sick that had possession of her; now, it was the sheltering of the houseless; now, it was the



elementary teaching of the densely ignorant ; now, it was the raising up of those who had wandered and got trodden under foot ; now, it was the wider employment of her own sex in the general business of life ; now, it was all these things at once.

10. Perfectly unselfish, swift to sympathize and eager to relieve, she wrought at such designs with a flushed earnestness that disregarded season, weather, time of day or night, food, rest. Under such a hurry of the spirits and such incessant occupation the strongest constitution will commonly go down. Hers, neither of the strongest nor the weakest, yielded to the burden and began to sink.

11. To have saved her life, then, by taking action on the warning that shone in her eyes and sounded in her voice, would have been impossible without changing her nature. As long as the power of moving about in the old way was left to her, she must exercise it or be killed by the restraint. And so the time came when she could move about no longer, and took to her bed.

12. All the restlessness gone then, and all the sweet patience of her natural disposition purified by the resignation of her soul, she lay upon her bed through the whole round of changes of the seasons. She lay upon her bed through fifteen months. In all that time her old cheerfulness never quitted her. In all that time not an impatient or a querulous minute can be remembered. At length, at midnight, on the 2d of February, 1864, she turned down a leaf of a little book she was reading and shut it up.

13. The ministering hand that had copied the verses into the tiny album was soon around her



neck, and she quietly asked, as the clock was on the stroke of one: "Do you think I am dying, mamma?"

"I think you are very, very ill to-night, my dear."

"Send for my sister. My feet are so cold. Lift me up!"

Her sister entering as they raised her, she said: "It has come at last!" And with a bright and happy smile looked upward and departed.

14. Well had she written:

"Why shouldst thou fear the beautiful angel,
Death,

Who waits thee at the portals of the skies,
Ready to kiss away thy struggling breath,
Ready with gentle hand to close thine eyes?

"Oh, what were life, if life were all? Thine eyes
Are blinded by their tears, or thou wouldst see
Thy treasures wait thee in the far-off skies,
And Death, thy friend, will give them all to thee."

CHARLES DICKENS.

LESSON CI.

ST. CECILIA'S DAY IN ROME.

PART I.

1. ST. CECILIA is one of the few figures among the representative throng of virgin-martyrs that strike us at once as the most familiar, the most lovable, and the most to be exalted. Every one knows



the legend of her life, and the conversion of her husband and his brother, brought about by her prayers, as also by the miracles she obtained for their further confirmation in the faith. Her death, in itself a miracle, needs no retelling, neither does the history of her wondrously preserved remains that are now laid in the shrine beneath the altar of St. Cecilia, a church erected, by her own wish and behest, on the spot where her palace stood.

2. This church is a basilica, and has its altar raised many steps above the level of the mosaic floor of the nave, and the front of the altar turned away from the people, so that the celebrant at Mass stands facing the congregation, as in many other ancient Roman churches. Under the altar, on the lower level of the nave, is the shrine of the saint, and there lies her marble image, small and frail, though it is said to be life-sized, and reverently and truly copied from the sleeping body, whose form remained entire and uncorrupted, at least until the last time it was solemnly uncovered. To the right of the church is a dark side-chapel, floored with rare mosaic, once the bath-room of the young and wealthy patrician, and the consecrated spot where heathen cruelty twice endeavored to put an end to the sweet singer's life. The actual bath is said to be within the railings that divide a narrow portion of the chapel from the rest.

3. There was the first miracle performed of her preservation from the boiling water ; there also the second, of the prolongation of her life after the three deadly yet ineffectual strokes of the unskilful executioner's sword. One can fancy the young matron, so childlike in years, so experienced in



holiness, lying in meek and chaste expectation of the embraces of her heavenly Bridegroom, and of the purified reunion with her earthly and virgin spouse—while all the time the wondrous, angel-sustained life lasted, the Christians, her brethren in the faith, her children through charity, would be coming and going, silently as to an altar, rejoicingly as to a saint, and learning, from lips on whom the kiss of peace of the glorified Jesus was already laid, lessons of fortitude and love most precious to their faithful souls. We are told, also, that Urban, the pope, visited her on her glorious death-bed, and, no doubt, he learnt from her entranced soul more than he could teach it in its passing hour; learnt, perhaps, things whose sweetness became strength to him in the hour of his own not far distant martyrdom.

4. Cecilia, in her short and heavenly life, seems a fitting model for all women, and especially for young maidens and wives. She was of those who know well how to put religion before men in its most beautiful garb and most enthralling form; purity with her was no ice-cold stream and repellent rocky fastness; it was beauty, it was reward, it was glory. Crowns of lilies and roses, heavenly perfume, and angelic companionship were to be its lovely guerdon; and not otherwise should it ever be preached, nor otherwise surrounded, when its precepts are presented to man.

5. Had we more Cecilians among our Christian women of to-day there would be more Valeriani and Tiburtii among our men, and virtue would be more readily deemed an honor than a yoke; home would be more of a temple than a mere resting-



place ; home-life more of a prayer than a simple idyl: For blamelessness is not Christian purity ; righteousness is not Christian faith. We want the visible blessings of the church on our daily lives, even as Cecilia brought into the circle of home the visible, angelic gifts of flowers ; and we know that to those who seek them where Valerian and his brother sought the heavenly apparition—that is, through faith and prayer—these blessings, these gifts, these blossoms, these safeguards are never denied.

LESSON CII.

ST. CECILIA'S DAY IN ROME.

PART II.

1. AND to pass from these aspirations after a more Christian ideal of home to the impressions made on an eye-witness by the feast of St. Cecilia in Rome, we will merely say that this feast had been eagerly looked forward to, and had always held a special charm over the mind of the writer of these pages. On this day, the 22d of November, Mass is said from dawn till noon in the catacomb chapel, where the martyr was first buried. This chapel is one of the largest and most interesting in the Catacomb of St. Callixtus. The distance from the Eternal City to this shrine is not long, but the old Appian Way that leads from the one to the other is crowded with memories and monuments, each a history in itself.



2. The avenues of the perplexing labyrinth of the catacomb are all guarded by the government on this day of St. Cecilia, so that no one may stray from the one chapel where service is going on. Close to the entrance is the small recess where the saint was laid in her first sleep. It is low and reaches far back into the damp earth-wall ; myrtle and bay-leaves are strewn over its floor, and flowers and little oil-lamps are spread about like stars. As each person leaves the chapel he takes away a leaf or flower as a holy remembrance. Two altars are erected, one close to the martyr's grave, just beneath a Byzantine fresco head of our divine Lord, the other on the opposite side of the chapel.

3. The space, small enough for a modern congregation; though large for a catacomb chapel, is so crowded that it is difficult for the priests to pass in and out from the altars to the temporary sacristy, and the worshippers almost lean upon them when they stand to say the "Judica me, Deus." No noise is heard save the murmured words of the Mass and the tinkling of the elevation-bell. Foreigners are there with fair-haired boys serving the Mass of some favorite friend and accompanying chaplain ; Romans are there with their intense, if not deep, southern devotion ; rich and poor, prince and beggar, student and peasant, are alike crowding the virgin-martyr's shrine. A few hundred years ago this was the Church's cradle, and patrician and slave came to be baptized together and wear for one day the white robes that to-morrow's twilight would see red with blood on the deserted sand of the gladiator's amphitheatre.



4. The priest who said Mass in those days hardly knew, when he came to the consecration, whether the hands of the pagan soldiery might not be upon him before the communion ; the mother who knelt in tears, half of natural sorrow, half of heavenly joy, and thought of the fair young boy she had but yesterday given back to God on the scaffold, did not know whether to-morrow's dawn might not see her prostrate and headless on the same place of execution. Partings then were seldom for long, and, even when the Christians parted with our Lord on the hidden altars, they knew they would meet him soon again at the right hand of his Father.

5. Not unfrequently the Blessed Sacrament was kept in a silver vessel made in the shape of a dove, and one cannot help thinking how sweet a union must have existed between this custom and the idea of the protection and the teaching the Holy Spirit was to afford to His spouse, the Church. "When the Spirit of truth cometh," Jesus had said, "he shall teach you all things." And so the Dove of heaven taught the Church the hidden beauties of the ineffable sacrament, and protected this greatest treasure of the Bride in its integrity of doctrine and its continuity of love. May we not so interpret, lovingly and reverentially, the olden custom of the dove-shaped tabernacle ?

6. Beautiful as the day was, it was a sore trial to leave the darksome, silent chapel where generations of older and braver Christians than ourselves had spent their triumphant vigils and been brought back to sleep their peaceful hero-slumbers—it was a trial, I say, to return to the carelessly beautiful



earth, the unheeding theatre of such wondrous mysteries. To leave the catacombs in Cecilia's times was to go forth to almost certain death ; to leave prayer and solitude, the catacombs of the earth in our day, is to encounter certain sorrow and possible sin. It is hard to leave God's temple and mingle with the chattering throng ; it is hard to lift the curtain of silence and mix with the wrangling world. Yet it is our duty. Few are privileged to be hermits, and those few not until the privilege is turned into a trial, and the apparent retreat is no other than a hard-won stronghold. In the battle we must fight, and fight manfully, in the foremost rank ; it is only the generals and the chiefs among us that watch from afar, and feel, like wearied Moses, the weight of victory or defeat hanging on the issue of their prayers. Our part seems the harder, but it is only because our nature is so little that dissatisfaction with our present lot is the very air we breathe.

7. After all, if we could look around us, we should see many beautiful things ; if we are bound in fetters of duty, they are golden fetters, with the word of God carved all over the sunlike sheen ; if we are led in one way and forced to wear the harness of unalterable circumstances, the reins are broidered with fair work that tells the story of how the angel led the ass of Balaam, and how palms were strewn on the path of Jesus ; the way is emblazoned with rarest flowers and sweetest fruits, the heraldry of grace ; if we bear a yoke and a burden, they are but spices and ointments, wine and oil, and milk and honey, all fair and gracious merchandise from the great mart of heaven to be borne over the



world as the clouds bear the rain, in fertilizing charity and fruit-bearing meekness.

8. So let us leave the dear catacomb where even Music hushed her sighs, and come forth across the Roman campagna, with the mist-veils rolled off it, and the noonday sun, with its reminiscences of summer, gilding its fringe of distant mountains and its strange rifts of sudden, unsuspected valleys. Here and there an aqueduct or a proud stone pyre, a mound of stones, each of which bears an imperial inscription, a rude shepherd's fence, or irregular stone wall—that is all you see. Not far from here, in a corn-field whose waves of brown and gold a few months ago kissed the foot of an ilex-crowned hillock, is the fountain of Egeria, a grotto, fern-clothed, with a broken goddess of mouldering stone.

9. The water and the "maiden-hair" fern are there still, as beautiful as when the king of Rome is said to have wandered here in search of wisdom; the sage himself and the problematic nymph of tradition are dead and gone, forgotten by the owner of the corn-field, ignored by the peasant who drinks at the fountain, unknown to the brown, bare-footed child who gathers the feathery fern. Of what use is it to say any more? Facts are more cruel commentaries on the past than any words. Yet we have just seen children and peasants, women from northern lands, men from eastern climes, bearing away as a relic a leaf of bay or a starry flower from the once-filled recess where Cecilia lay in peace-sealed slumber. Where is the difference, and why? A little child can tell, but the philosopher will not listen.

LESSON CIII.

THE MESSIAS.

1. YE nymphs of Solyma ! begin the song :
 To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
 The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
 The dreams of Pindus and the Aonian maids,
 Delight no more. Oh Thou my voice inspire,
 Who touched Isaias' hallowed lips with fire !
 Rapt into future times, the bard begun :
 A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son !
 From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
 Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies :
 The ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
 And on its top descends the mystic dove.
 Ye heavens ! from high the dewy nectar pour,
 And in soft silence shed the kindly shower !
 The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
 From storm a shelter and from heat a shade.
 All crimes shall cease, and ancient frauds shall fail,
 Returning Justice lift aloft her scale ;
 Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
 And white-robed Innocence from heaven descend.

2. Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn !
 Oh, spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born.
 See, Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
 With all the incense of the breathing spring :
 See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
 See nodding forests on the mountains dance ;
 See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,
 And Carmel's flowery top perfume the skies.
 Hark ! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers :



Prepare the way ! A God, a God appears !
A God, a God ! the vocal hills reply ;
The rocks proclaim the approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives Him from the bending skies !
Sink down, ye mountains, and ye valleys rise !
With heads declined, ye cedars, homage pay ;
Be smooth, ye rocks ! ye rapid floods give way !
The Saviour comes ! by ancient bards foretold :
Hear Him, ye deaf ! and all ye blind, behold !
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day.
'Tis He the obstructed paths of sound shall clear
And bid new music charm the unfolding ear :
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting, like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear ;
From every face He wipes off every tear.
In adamant chains shall death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal wound.

3. As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air,
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them and by night protects ;
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms :
Thus shall mankind His guardian care engage,
The promised father of the future age.
No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more ;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.



4. Then palaces shall rise ; the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun ;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sowed shall reap the field.
The swain in barren deserts with surprise
Sees lilies spring and sudden verdure rise ;
And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles and the bulrush nods.
Waste sandy valleys, once perplexed with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn :
To leafless shrubs the flowery palms succeed,
And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead
And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead.
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleased, the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forky tongue shall innocently play.

5. Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise !
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes !
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn ;
See future sons and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies !
See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend ;
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
And heaped with products of Sabea springs !
For thee Idumea's spicy forests blow,



And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow :
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon them in a flood of day !
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn ;
But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze,
O'erflow thy courts : the Light himself shall shine
Revealed, and God's eternal day be thine !
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;
But fixed His word, His saving power remains ;
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns !
POPE.

LESSON CIV.

EASTER EVE.

1. THE midnight chimes had just done ringing, and the old church was very still. All day long there had been comers and goers, and the altar had been wreathed, the stone church carpeted, the clustered pillars entwined with flowers and with evergreens. Round the altar, that stood among the cavern stalls like a May-shrine in a dark forest-glade, was an amphitheatre of blossoming verdure ; boys' hands had piled up the lilies, the violets, the roses, the fuchsias ; and monks' hands had reared up the pyramid of palm, and ivory magnolia, and many-colored rhododendron beyond. The palms were golden, not green, it is true, but they were very precious, and could not be spared to-day from the



festive decoration, for they had come from Palestine, and only last Sunday had been offered to the church. An Eastern guest had walked in the procession on Palm Sunday, and had dedicated these lovely foreign boughs to the God of East and West alike.

2. Everything was ready for the early celebration of the Paschal Mass—even the golden chalice lay under its pall of satin upon the altar of sculptured cedar-wood. Perhaps the transverse timbers of the rare wood had not forgotten the time when the sea-breezes blew on them on Lebanon's heights, and when the voice of the young Crusader, Hugh of Devereux, had bidden them fall in the service of God and help to build him another sepulchre in a Christian land.

“The voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars!”

And now there was no one in the old church but the youngest chorister, Benignus, the nephew of the monk Cuthbert. The child was never happy save by the altar, and had no friend but Cuthbert, because he was of the blood of the lords of Devereux, and his poor mother was no more.

3. Midnight chimes are sweet, and the child had a weird passion for their sound, and would sit entranced while they slowly rang out an old, well-known church-chant. But when they had done, and he thought there was silence, he heard a sound he knew not growing out of the chimes, but different from them, something graver than his childish companions' prattle, something sweeter than the monks' low tones, something that seemed like his own soul speaking to itself. It came from the belfry, straight like an arrow of sound, and muffled



itself in a faint echo among the flower-forest round the altar.

4. And presently he could make out the words: "I have spoken to God, and offered Him the last vows of dying Lent, and woven into song the speechless prayers breathed over and yet trembling on thy jewelled brim." And the child knew it was the angel of the bell who spoke. And presently there rose a sound from the dim-robed altar, and the voice of the angel of the chalice made answer: "My cup is as a bell uplifted, with its song of joy hushed in the very words of God, and drowned in the flood of ruby light that quivers, living and sensitive, within my golden walls."

5. "And my cup," returned the voice of the bell, "is as a chalice inverted, with its saving wealth outpoured in strains that reach the human ken; endowed with a speaking, living tongue that can touch the human heart."

"I speak of men to God, while my fragile stem bears the wondrous purple flower of the Precious Blood, and while I am reared aloft with the divine burden weighing on me, even as the cross was reared up high over Jerusalem's walls."

"And I speak of God to men while my brazen clangor is heard afar like the trumpets of Israel before the crumbling walls of Jericho."

And here the soft breeze from the open lancet-windows rustled among the sweet-smelling shrubs around the altar's base, and, as the night-wind passed over them, their voices seemed blended into its sighs, and to have found an interpreter in its fitful sound.

6. "We are children of many climes, and some of

us are exiles in this land ; but under this roof we are at home again, and at this festival none of us are strangers. We, too, in all our variety have scarce one blossom among us that is not a chalice or a bell ; that holds not high its crimson cup towards heaven to receive the crystal dew, or hangs not its white or purple bell with golden tongue towards the unheeding earth. On the altar of green turf, on the swaying columns of interwoven boughs, on the storm-tossed belfries of vine-surrounded trees, in southern swamp or northern forest, in tropical wilderness or rosy-tinted orchard, everywhere is stamped the semblance of the church, with chalices upreared, with bells anxiously bent humanward. O brothers of the altar and the tower, let us sing together the same hymn."

7. And the child Benignus said softly to himself : "O God ! make *my* heart a chalice, and *my* lips a Christian bell."

The voices of the flower-chorus spoke again, and the lilies of the valley sang a silver peal behind their grass-green curtains :

"Every day we die by thousands, but our seed is borne afar, and drops in some fair nook at last, beside a running brook or beneath a spreading beech, even as the last echo of the unwearied bell that knocks at some heart's door, far away in the mountains of worldly care, and strikes a well-known, long-silent chord, and draws the exile back to the fruitful plains of God's own church."

8. The voice from the wind-rocked steeple came in swift and loving answer :

"Even so, my blossom-sisters ; for to us the word was given to increase and multiply and fill the



earth, and at every step bring forth fresh glory and conquer fresh realms for the God of our creation." Then the living gems stirred again under the breath of the still midnight breeze, and the voice came forth anew as the royal cactus and the purple morning-glories flashed like sun-touched clouds in the dusky foliage :

"Every day our lives are drained and our treasures rifled to adorn with living beauty the banquets of great men, and to strew the halls of marble palaces ; and yet every day, as the sun comes forth again, our parent stem is laden once more with exhaustless riches and a more abundant harvest of loveliness, even as the lavished treasures and the scattered wealth of the daily chalice are ever being shed without intermission from the altar into the hearts of thankless men."

9. And the sweet, low voice came back from the shrouded altar : " Yes, dear emblems of God's loving prodigality ; for hath He not said : ' Cast your bread upon the waters, and after many days it shall return to thee ' ? "

The scarlet fuchsia shook its clusters of purple bells, planted on a blood-red cross, as if it would say to men that none could proclaim God save they proclaimed Him from Calvary ; the tall Nile lily, whose cup is as a spotless shroud wrapped round a golden nail, swayed in the night air as if whispering that the way to the resurrection lay across the instruments of the passion ; the ivory-tinted roses, the first-born among their kind, whose clustering, half-blown buds made a sculptured reredos of living alabaster behind the altar-cross, wept tears of dew when the midnight breeze shook their curled petals,



as if weeping like sinless virgins over the wrongs they knew only by name. A carpet of violets was spread below, the last offering of Lent, the fringes of the sweet pall of penance under whose folds the church spends her yearly vigil of reparation.

10. The heart of the child Benignus was breaking with joy and love, and he longed to be a flower himself, that he might sing the hymn the living grove had sung. The voice of the angel of the bell answered his unspoken wish :

“Wish not that thou wert other than thou art, for Jesus said, ‘Unless ye become even as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.’ ”

And the flowers sighed and gave forth a sweeter fragrance, because they longed to be little children, and could not. Then Benignus wished he might be an angel, if he could not be a flower, and the voice from the altar sounded very softly, so low he thought no one could hear it but himself :

11. “This wish will I put into my cup, and when to-morrow dawns, and Jesus finds the first-fruits of this new Easter laid at His feet, thou shalt have thy answer.”

Then came a soft chorus of welcome and congratulation, breaking forth among the flowery worshippers ; but the angel of the bell held his peace. And in the morning, when the sun flung his golden curtains across the east window and crowned the saints and virgins thereon with richer gems than living monarchs wear, the Paschal procession came winding through All Hallow’s church, and no one missed the little chorister Benignus.

12. But when his turn in the anthem came, a



voice seemed to float from some unseen corner, and a shower of bell-like crystal tones rang in triumphant cadence to the very roof, and no one could tell if it were Benignus or an angel singing. The organ ceased, and the monk Cuthbert looked anxiously along the lines of white-robed choristers, but the child was not there. Still the voice sang on, and it seemed as if it floated now from the chalice on the altar to the distant belfry tower, and then back again to the fragrant forest of exotics in the choir.

13. And Cuthbert, looking up among the half-opened buds of the early roses that were piled up directly over the tabernacle, thought he saw one more lovely than the others just break gently from the frail green stem, and fall in showering petals around the pall-covered chalice at the very minute the wondrous voice ceased in one long reverberating "Alleluia."

Then Cuthbert knew who had been singing and where Benignus was, and he sang the "Gloria in excelsis" as he had never done before.

But the angel of the bell was sad, because the child would have helped him to bear abroad the message of God's truth to men.



LESSON CV.

MOTHER MOST PURE.

1. MARY has been made more glorious in her person than in her office; her purity is a higher gift than her relationship to God. This is what is implied in Christ's answer to the woman in the crowd who cried out when He was preaching, "Blessed is the womb that bare Thee." He replied by pointing out to His disciples a higher blessedness. "Yea, rather blessed," He said, "are they who hear the word of God and keep it."

2. Protestants take these words in disparagement of our Lady's greatness, but they really tell the other way. For consider them: He lays down a principle that it is more blessed to keep His commandments than to be His mother; but who will say that she did *not* keep His commandments? She kept them surely, and our Lord does but say that such obedience was in a higher line of privilege than her being His mother; she was more blessed in her detachment from creatures, in her devotion to God, in her virginal purity, in her fulness of grace than in her maternity.

3. This is the constant teaching of the holy Fathers. "More blessed was Mary," says St. Augustine, "in receiving Christ's faith than in conceiving Christ's flesh"; and St. Chrysostom declares that she would not have been blessed, though she had borne Him in the body, had she not heard the word of God and kept it. This, of course, is an impossible case; for she was made holy that she might be made His mother, and the two blessed-



nesses cannot be divided. She who was chosen to supply flesh and blood to the Eternal Word was first filled with grace in soul and body ; still, she had a double blessedness, of office and of qualification for it, and the latter was the greater.

4. And it is on this account that the angel calls her blessed. "*Full of grace*," he says, "blessed among women" ; and St. Elizabeth also, when she cries out, "Blessed art thou that hast *believed*." Nay, she herself bears a like testimony when the angel announced to her the favor which was coming on her. Though all Jewish women in each successive age had been hoping to be the Mother of the Christ, so that marriage was honorable among them, celibacy a reproach, she alone had put aside the desire and the thought of so great a dignity.

5. She alone, who was to bear Christ, all but refused to bear Him ; He stooped to her, she turned from Him ; and why ? Because she had been inspired, the first of womankind, to dedicate her virginity to God, and she did not welcome a privilege which seemed to involve a forfeiture of her vow. How shall this be, she asked, seeing I am separate from man ? Nor till the angel told her that the conception would be miraculous, and from the Holy Ghost, did she put aside her "trouble" of mind, recognize him securely as God's messenger, and bow her head in awe and thankfulness to God's condescension.

6. Mary, then, is a specimen, and more than a specimen, in the purity of her soul and body, of what man was before his fall, and what he would have been had he risen to his full perfection. It had been hard, it had been a victory for the Evil



One, had the whole race passed away, nor any one instance in it occurred to show what the Creator had intended it to be in its original state. Adam, you know, was created in the image and after the likeness of God; his frail and imperfect nature, stamped with a divine seal, was supported and exalted by an indwelling of divine grace. Impetuous passion did not exist in him except as a latent element and a possible evil; ignorance was dissipated by the clear light of the Spirit; and reason, sovereign of every motion of his soul, was simply subjected to the will of God.

7. Nay, even his body was preserved from every wayward appetite and affection, and was promised immortality instead of dissolution. Thus he was in a supernatural state; and, had he not sinned, year after year would he have advanced in merit and grace, and in God's favor, till he passed from paradise to heaven. But he fell; and his descendants were born in his likeness; and the world grew worse instead of better, and judgment after judgment cut off generations of sinners in vain, and improvement was hopeless "because man was flesh" and "the thoughts of his heart were bent upon evil at all times."

8. But a remedy had been determined in heaven; a Redeemer was at hand; God was about to do a great work, and He purposed to do it suitably; "where sin abounded, grace was to abound more." Kings of the earth, when they have sons born to them, forthwith scatter some large bounty or raise some high memorial; they honor the day, or the place, or the heralds of the auspicious event with some corresponding mark of favor; nor did the



coming of Emmanuel innovate on the world's established custom. It was a season of grace and prodigy, and these were to be exhibited in a special manner in the person of His mother. The course of ages was to be reversed; the tradition of evil was to be broken; a gate of light was to be opened amid the darkness, for the coming of Christ—a Virgin conceived and bore Him.

9. It was fitting, for His honor and glory, that she who was the instrument of His bodily presence, should first be a miracle of His grace; it was fitting that she should triumph where Eve had failed, and should "bruise the serpent's head" by the spotlessness of her sanctity. In some respects, indeed, the curse was not reversed; Mary came into a fallen world and resigned herself to its laws; she, as also the Son she bore, was exposed to pain of soul and body; she was subjected unto death; but she was not put under the power of sin.

10. As grace was infused into Adam from the first moment of his creation, so that he never had experience of his natural poverty till sin reduced him to it, so was grace given from the first in still ampler measure to Mary, and she never incurred, in fact, Adam's deprivation. She began where others end, whether in knowledge or in love. She was from the first clothed in sanctity, sealed for perseverance, luminous and glorious in God's sight, and incessantly employed in meritorious acts which continued till her last breath. Hers was emphatically "the path of the just, which, as the shining light, goeth forward and increaseth even to the perfect day"; and sinlessness in thought, word, and deed, in small things as well as great, in venial



matter as well as grievous, is surely but the natural and obvious sequel of such a beginning. If Adam might have kept himself from sin in his first state, much more shall we expect immaculate perfection in Mary.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

LESSON CVI.

SCHOOL SISTERS OF NOTRE DAME.

PART I.

1. AMONG the religious orders now devoting themselves to the cause of education, there is one that for many years has been silently and steadily doing its good work in the United States and Canada—the School Sisters of Notre Dame. This Order was founded in the early part of the seventeenth century by Blessed Peter Fourier, parish priest of Mat-taincourt, France, being one of the first congregations of women devoted to the gratuitous education of girls.

2 Convents were at that time remarkable seats of learning, but their exertions were entirely confined to the cloister, as cloistered nuns were absolutely forbidden to give instruction to out-door scholars. Almost every order then observed the strictly cloistered rule. So strong was the opposition to religious coming in contact with the world that Blessed Peter Fourier found it difficult to obtain an exception to this rule for his new community.

3. Thus, while the daughter of the castle was



educated, the village girl was left without instruction. Or if women were instructed in fashionable institutions, they were more or less imbued with the frightful demoralization of the time of the last Valois. It was therefore necessary to regenerate female society from the highest to the lowest. This end was obtained by the simultaneous formation of boarding-schools and gratuitous day-schools for poor children.

4. Such was the work of the Saints, admirably seconded by those apostolic men, noble ladies, and illustrious widows who, in the seventeenth century, played so great a part in the history of the Church; among others St. Francis de Sales, St. Vincent de Paul, St. Jane Frances de Chantal, Madame Accarie.

5. Blessed Peter Fourier took up this movement; or rather, he conceived the idea in the midst of his retirement, and advanced it, as his project dates from the end of the sixteenth century. By a wonderful disposition of Divine Providence he found a fitting instrument in the person of Alice Leclerc, a young girl of his parish, who, awakened to the folly of the vanity in which she had indulged, consecrated herself to God, and felt called to found a society of religious women. She herself relates the history of her conversion as follows:

6. "For three Sundays, while assisting at Mass, I seemed to hear the sound of a drum calling to a ball, and, as I was passionately fond of dancing, I took delight in the sound. But very soon I fancied I saw a demon seizing the drum and drawing after him a train of youths. My nature changed and I was filled with new aspirations. I abandoned my life of gayety and made a vow of chastity. Devo-



tion was a new thing at Mattaincourt, so when I prayed, the thought always came into my mind of the necessity of a new religious house, where women might practise all manner of good works."

7. The Society of Jesus was then, as now, engaged in the educational movement. It was before the image of its sainted founder that Alice felt herself called to teach. She thus speaks of her vision to a Jesuit Father: "Methought I was in one of your houses, where there were a great many Fathers. . . . And I, holding a rake, went about collecting the little pieces of straw which were in the cloister.

8. "The Fathers took no notice of me, or seemed rather to despise what I was doing; but one of them, who appeared to have authority over the others, regarded me mildly, and made me a sign to persevere in my work. It was St. Ignatius, who encouraged me to undertake the instruction of girls, then as little esteemed as straws. I at the same time heard a voice say: 'I desire that these little souls shall henceforth find a mother in you.'"

9. To prove her vocation Blessed Peter Fourier at first dissuaded her, but, observing evident marks of a divine inspiration, at length permitted her to make the attempt. Four of her companions having, in the meantime, expressed their determination to join her, he permitted them to attend Midnight Mass on Christmas, 1598, dressed in black and wearing veils, so that the manger of our Saviour was, as it were, the birthplace of this humble and glorious institution.

10. He confided them to the care of the Countess d'Apremont, canoness of the noble chapter of Pous-

sey. On their arrival they gave their provisions to the poor, and cast the little money they possessed at the foot of the altar, wishing to confide entirely in Divine Providence.

11. Here they were formed for a religious life, and, as a contemporary author writes: "It seems God caused them to arise from the obscurity of a village, in order to show that, in calling them to this asylum of nobility, they were destined for the instruction of all classes; they were to treat poor children as sisters, and to instil humility into the hearts of the rich." Blessed Peter drew up rules for them, which the Bishop of Toul approved. The mother-house was subsequently removed to Mattaincourt and then to St. Mihiel.

12. The Order had now acquired permanence; many joined it, and houses were opened at various places. The venerable foundress sought to obtain an express approval, and Pope Paul V., in his bull of October, 1616, recognized it as a cloistered order, empowered to conduct even day-schools. The constitutions were formally approved by the Holy See in 1645.

13. The congregation spread rapidly, and Mother Alice, before her holy death, in January, 1622, had the consolation of seeing it extend over France. In one of these houses, that at Troyes, Ven. Margaret Bourgeois, a courageous and holy woman, inspired by the spirit of the foundress, determined to establish a similar Order at Montreal, Canada, which still exists and conducts numerous schools in all parts of the Dominion of Canada.

14. So much good did these religious effect in France that neighboring states sought to profit by

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their labors; ere long the Order numbered houses in Lorraine, Germany, and Savoy. The French Revolution at the close of the last century swept away all the houses of the Order in France. Thanks to God! some of these have since been restored; three exist even in Paris.

LESSON CVII.

SCHOOL SISTERS OF NOTRE DAME.

PART II.

1. WHILE revolutionary fury was abolishing religious orders in France, the schismatical innovations of Joseph II. of Austria produced nearly the same effects in Germany. Of the two thousand religious communities scattered over the whole face of his empire he left only seven hundred in existence. The houses of the Order of Blessed Peter Fourier were suppressed in the electorate of Bavaria, and the Sisters dispersed in 1809. This branch of the Order thus disappeared from view, but only to strike its roots deeper and to sprout forth from Bavarian soil as a new, vigorous, and independent plant, extending its branches even across the wide Atlantic.

2. Not many years elapsed before the evil consequences of the unchristian policy of Joseph II. were felt. Irreligion, as in the days of Blessed Peter Fourier, again held sway; error and vice prevailed, and, like this blessed father, the sainted Bishop of Ratisbon, George Michael Wittmann, with his zealous co-operator, Rev. Francis Sebastian Job, con-



ceived the design of founding an institute for the education of young ladies.

3. Laboring only for the glory of God, which he sought to promote by every means in his power, Bishop Wittmann felt the necessity of a Christian education of children. Amid his numerous and laborious occupations he devoted three or four hours daily to their instruction. A man of prayer, penance, and mortification, he was never seen to laugh; but when a child met him, a sweet, celestial smile overspread his countenance, betraying the serene delight of his heart. He saw Christ, loved Christ, and served Christ in every child.

4. The same spirit animated the pious and learned priest, Rev. Sebastian Job. He writes: "For many years I cherished the design to cast my hoarded pennies into God's treasury for establishing a girls' school to be conducted by religious. The man of God, Rt. Rev. Bishop Wittmann, knowing my resolution, worked hand in hand with me. The members who formed this society have been trained by my aforesaid friend.

5. "For the internal domestic life of the Sisters Bishop Wittmann has established the rules and constitutions Blessed Peter Fourier composed for the Congregation de Notre Dame. Concerning external relations and labor as teachers, they resemble in organization the Sisters of Charity, whose beneficial efficacy extends to small villages without any peril or detriment to their own virtue or spiritual union."

6. Applications were made to the government for the restoration of the former house of the Order at Stadt-am-hof, but the government refused. The good bishop was not daunted by this. "Now,



then," said he, "we must begin from the beginning, from poverty itself, and they must be the Poor School Sisters, but still of Notre Dame of the old Order of Blessed Peter Fourier."

7. The old rule was modified to meet the changed circumstances of the times, for, alas! in one short generation revolutionary fury had wrought changes which time and nature had in centuries failed to effect. The object of the institute is education, chiefly that of the poor in parochial schools, though the Sisters also have charge of boarding-schools, reformatory schools, and orphan asylums.

8. They are subject to episcopal enclosure, being thus, like the original Order, cloistered, but modified to such an extent that the smallest village, having its parish church, may possess its Catholic school, since the Sisters are often sent out two by two, and regard as convent their humble cottage, frequently one of the lowliest in the village.

9. The first founders of the institute did not live to see the blessed accomplishment of their holy desires; ere the Sisterhood was on a solid footing both were called to receive the reward of their labors in the vineyard of our Lord. Bishop Wittmann departed this life March 8, 1833; Rev. Sebastian Job, February 13, 1834. The labor of continuing the work then principally devolved on the first mother and foundress, Mary Teresa à Jesu Gerhardinger, the zealous and worthy pupil of Bishop Wittmann.

10. How well she has acquitted herself of her arduous task may be inferred from the fact that before the May laws of Prussia (1873), in the space of forty years, she has sanctioned 264 convents of her association in Europe and America. The first house



of the Order was founded at Neunburg-vor-dem-Wald; the mother-house is at present at Munich, Bavaria, on which all other houses depend.

11. Twenty years' experience had now proved the value of the institute and the fitness of its rule; the Sisters sought a formal approbation, and His Holiness, Pope Pius IX., January 23, 1854—year of the Immaculate Conception—confirmed the Order as distinct from the original institute, and also the regulations under which it is governed. The daughters of Wittmann and Job gratefully remember their first origin, daily invoking Blessed Peter Fourier as their celestial protector and imploring the intercession of Venerable Mother Alice Leclerc.

12. On the Feast of St. Ignatius, 1847, the first colony of School Sisters, four in number, landed in New York and proceeded to found the first house of the Order in America, at St. Mary's, Pa. They were subsequently called to Baltimore, and with the increase of members, many being zealous volunteers from Munich for the American mission, had opened several schools in Maryland and Pennsylvania, when Bishop (now Archbishop) Henni called the School Sisters to his new diocese. Soon after, in 1850, the mother-house of the Order in this country was established at Milwaukee, Ven. Mother Mary Caroline Friess having previously been appointed Superior-General of all the School Sisters in America.

13. It may be interesting to state that during the first year of their residence in Milwaukee the poverty of the religious was so great that credit for even a pound of coffee or sugar was with great difficulty obtained; indeed, they were often in want of the bare necessities of life! During these years of



poverty and struggle the bishop was a true father to his suffering children, and, besides the small assistance his slender means afforded, he acted for a time as their first chaplain, ministering to them, helping, and encouraging all. He dedicated the first chapel, or room used for that purpose, Christmas Eve, 1850.

14. Ven. Mother Mary Caroline, one of those generous, heroic souls God chooses to accomplish great designs, the spiritual mother not only of thousands of little ones, but also of hundreds of virgins who cease not "to instruct others unto justice," has now governed the Order in America upwards of twenty-six years.

15. With the blessing of God, under her wise and maternal guidance, the Order numbers at present nearly one thousand members of various nations—American, German, Irish, English, Scotch, French, Dutch, Polish, Bohemian—all animated by the same spirit and devoted by a special vow to the teaching and training of young ladies.

16. May Divine Providence continue to bless their self-sacrificing charity, and may they widely extend their sphere of usefulness in the great cause, at present so universally discussed and often so grossly misrepresented—CHRISTIAN EDUCATION!

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the same time, the number of people who are able to work has declined. The result is that the economy is producing less than it could.

the 1990s, the number of people in the world who are undernourished has declined from 1.1 billion to 800 million. The number of people who are malnourished has declined from 1.5 billion to 1 billion. The number of people who are obese has increased from 100 million to 300 million. The number of people who are overweight has increased from 100 million to 300 million. The number of people who are obese and overweight has increased from 100 million to 300 million. The number of people who are obese and overweight has increased from 100 million to 300 million.

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